

Wm. Fuller

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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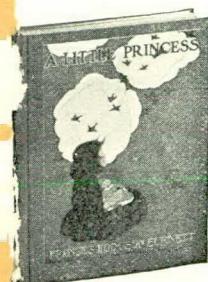
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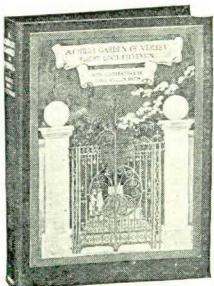


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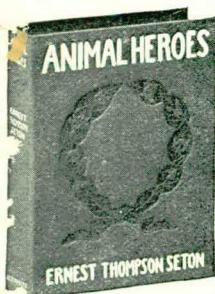


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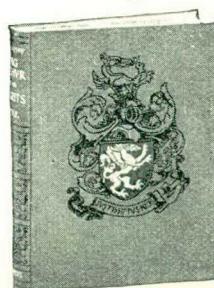
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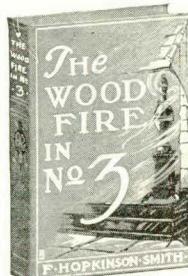
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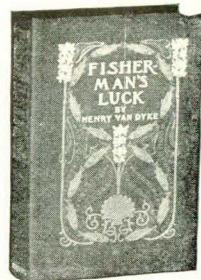
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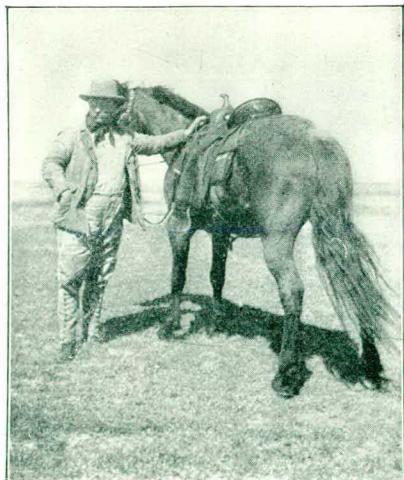


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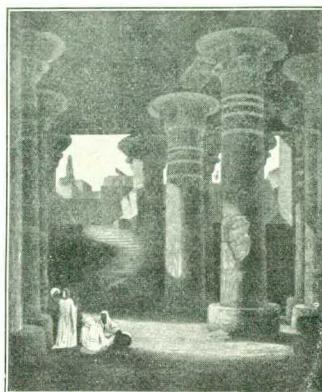
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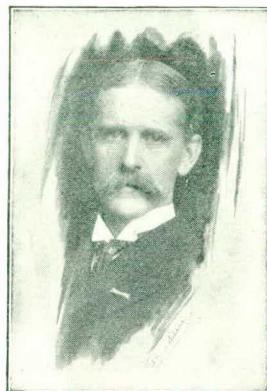
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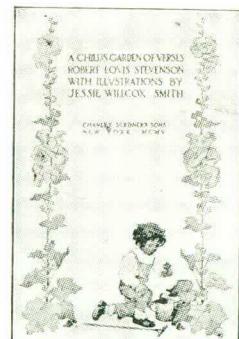
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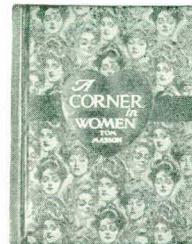
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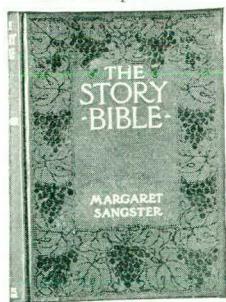


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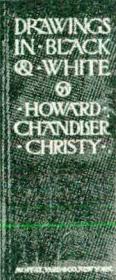
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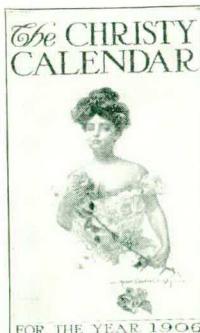
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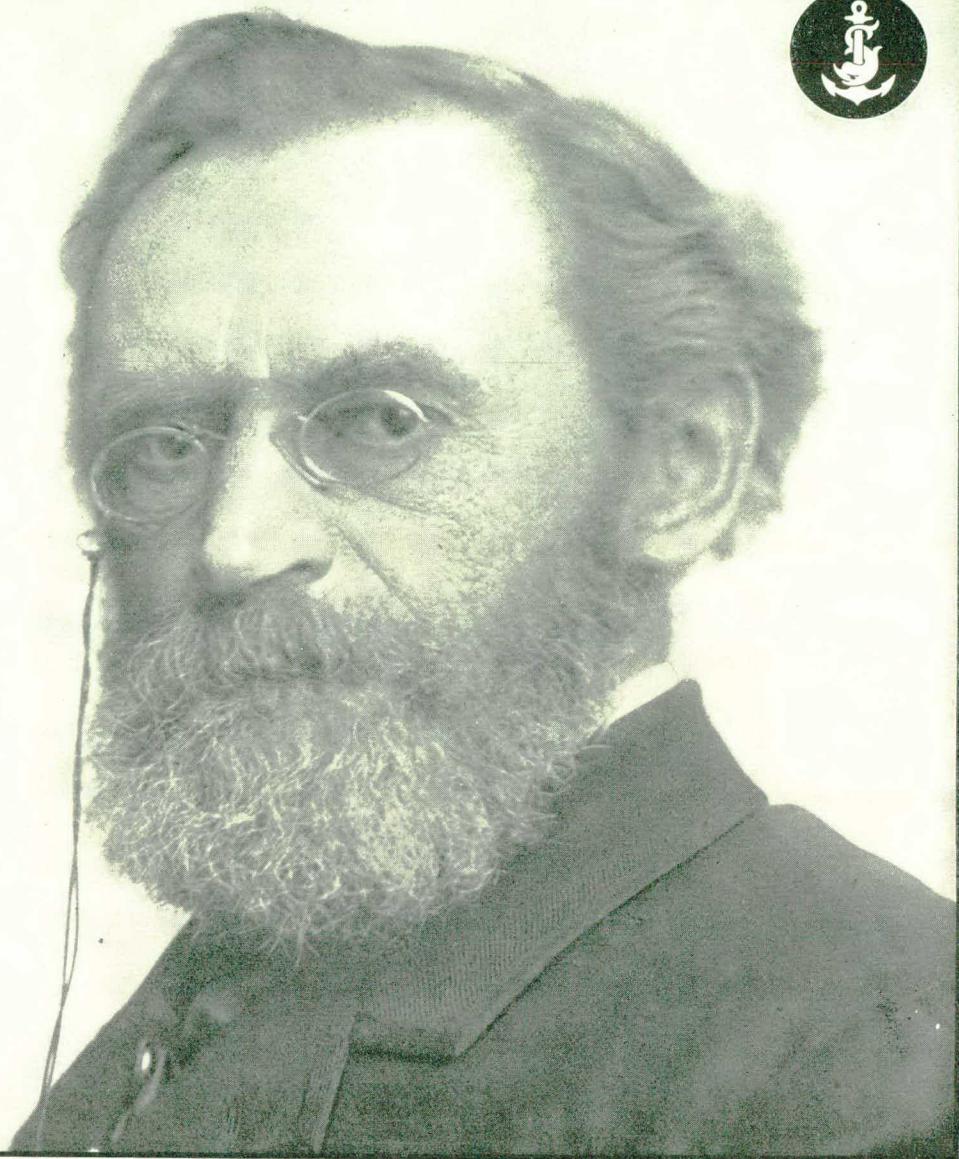
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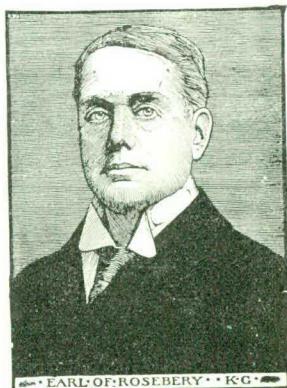


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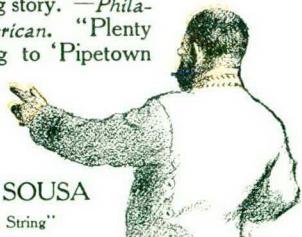
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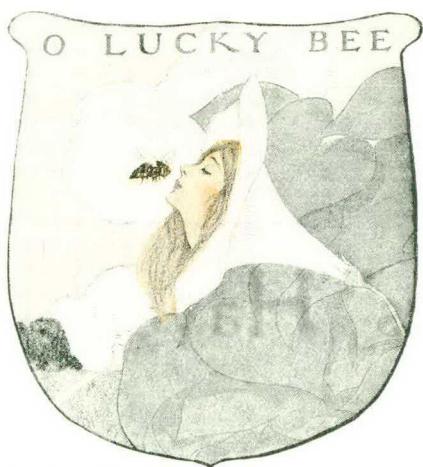
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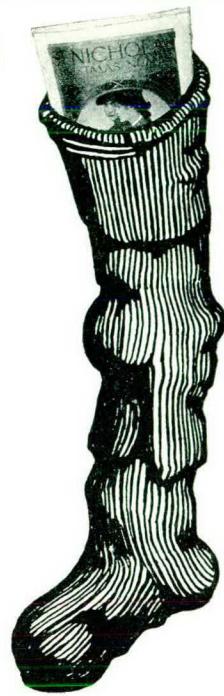
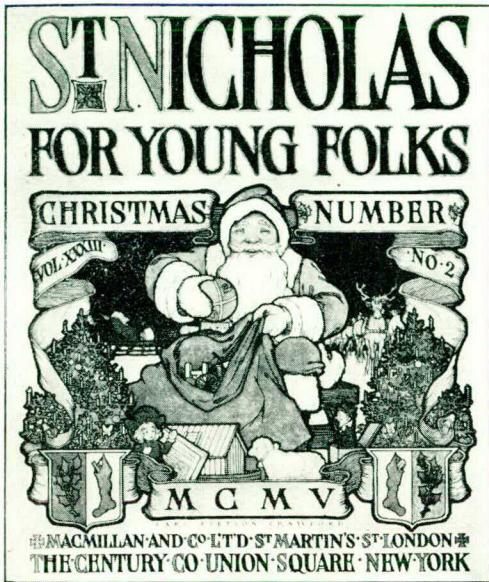
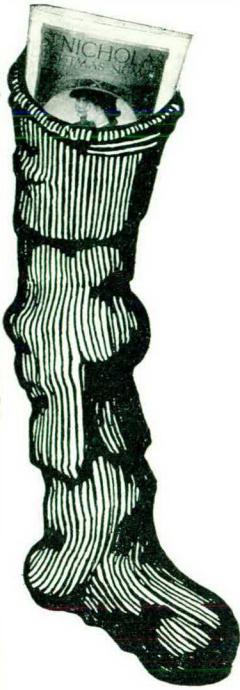
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Dec. 1905.

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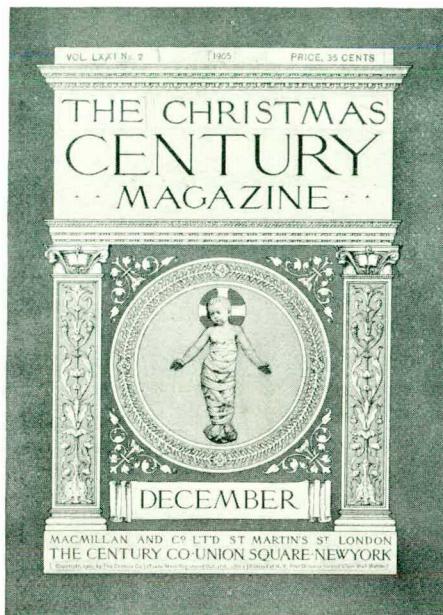
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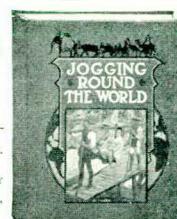
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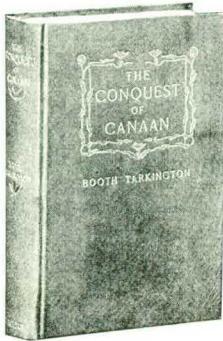
THE outlook of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1906 is rich in its promises of notable literary and artistic features. The first great serial of the year will be a novel by Margaret Deland — a dramatic story of the awakening of a woman's soul. It will be followed by the long-awaited novel by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Mark Twain, who, with W. D. Howells, writes only for Harpers, has written a remarkable horse story. Booth Tarkington, Mary E. Wilkins, Maurice Hewlett, Jack London, Thomas A. Janvier, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, J. M. Forman, James Branch Cabell, and practically every other writer of note in America and England, will contribute to the list of short stories which will appear during the year.

The serious features of the year will be quite as attractive as the fiction. Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, the distinguished scientist, has gone to Europe for the MAGAZINE, to look into the great foreign laboratories — to see what new discoveries are being made, and how the manufacturer is applying these scientific discoveries to his industries. Miss Agnes Laut will write of some dramatic periods in the history of one of the world's greatest and oldest leading institutions — the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. H. W. Nevinson will continue his astounding revelations about the African slave-trade. Bishop Talbot will tell of his dangerous and humorous experiences as a bishop in the far West, when the West was west.

One of the most distinguished of our statesmen — a man who has been constantly in public life since the days of Lincoln — will give his personal views of many of the great men whom he has known and of certain chapters of our more recent history.

Mr. Howard Pyle will paint for the MAGAZINE a group of pictures of characters from Thackeray, which will be printed in full color. Mr. Pyle, Edwin A. Abbey, and many of the other foremost painters and illustrators of the day will work exclusively for Harpers. There will be at least seven short stories in every number, in addition to articles in every field of general interest, and each number will contain pictures in full color and tint. There will be nothing about graft, reform, etc.



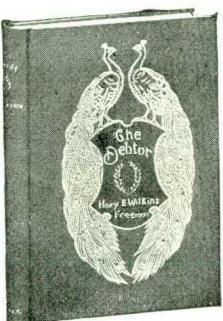
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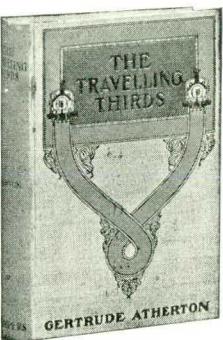
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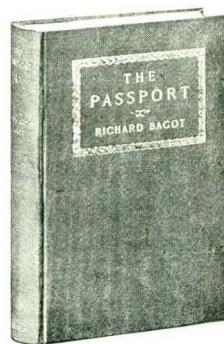
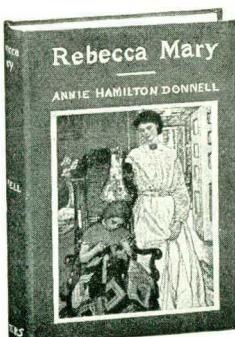
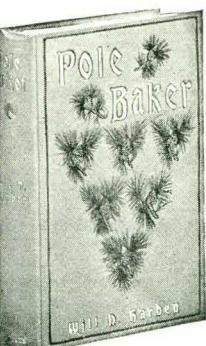
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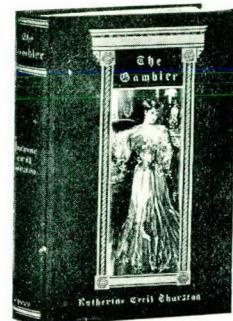
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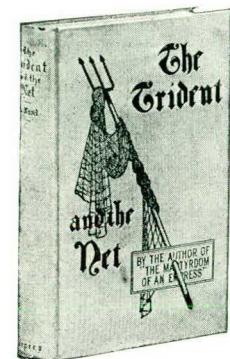


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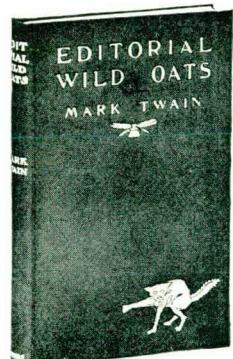
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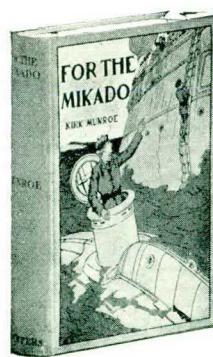
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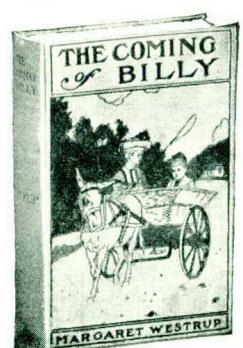
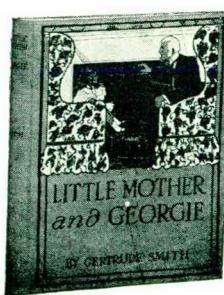


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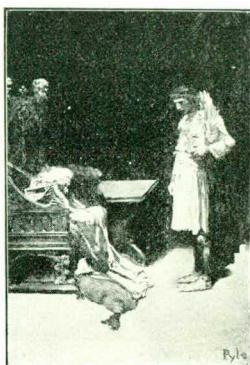
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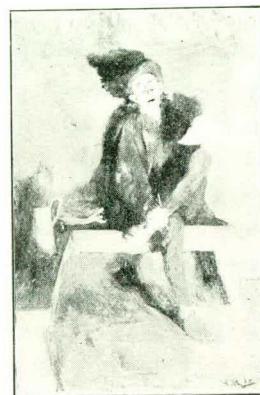
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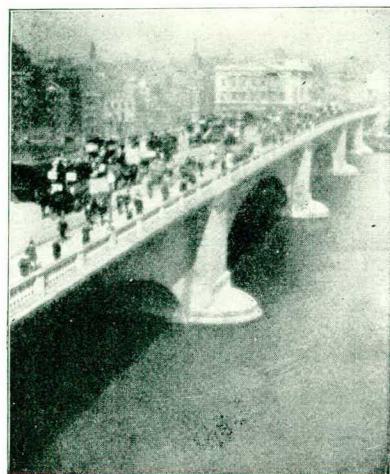
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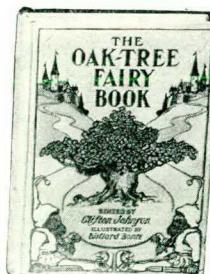
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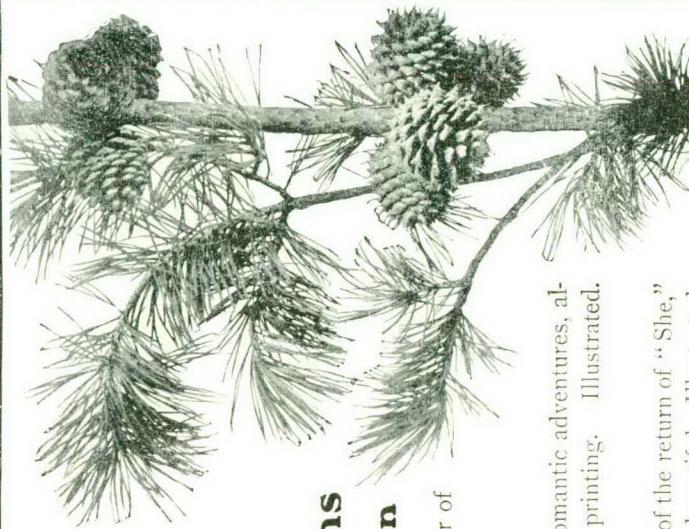
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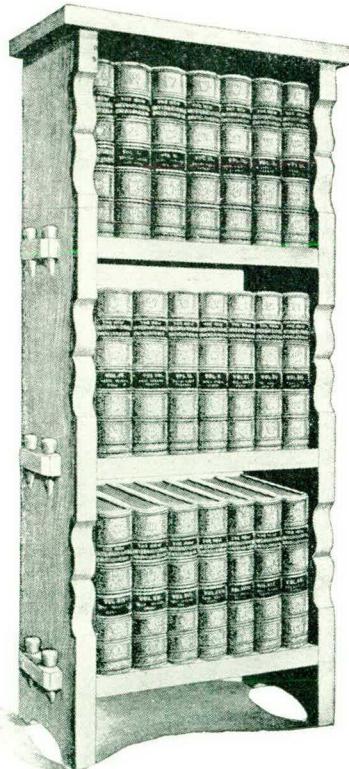
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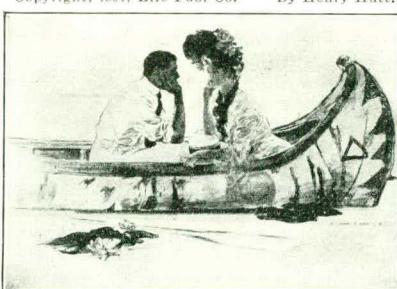
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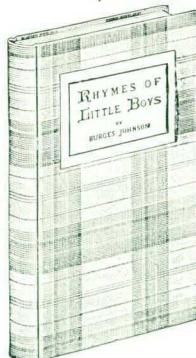
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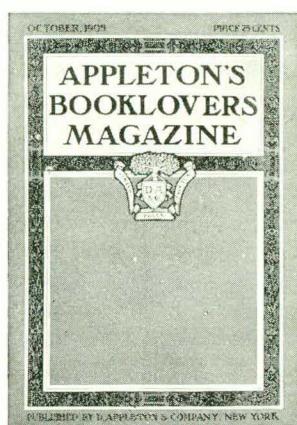
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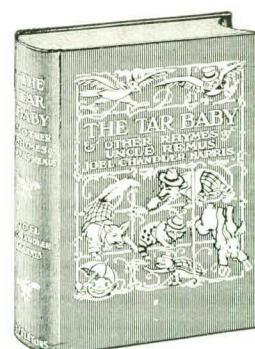
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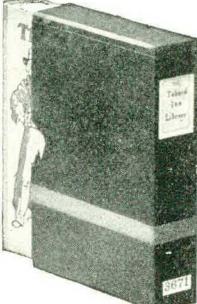
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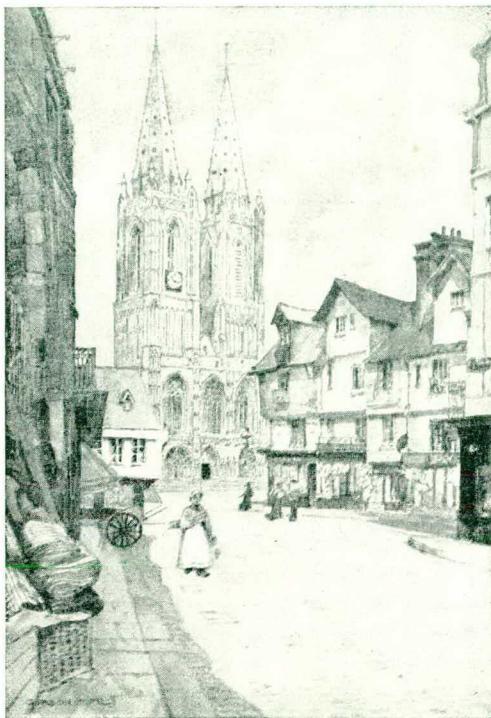


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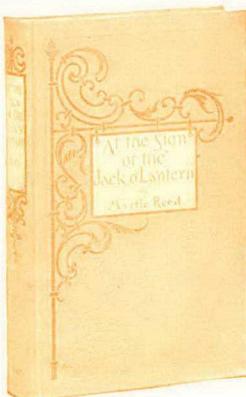
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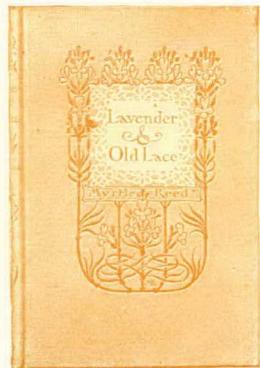
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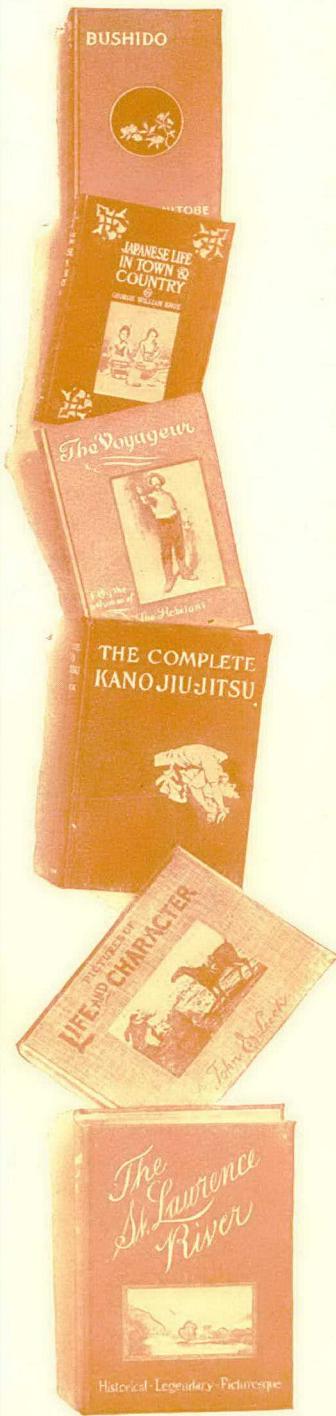
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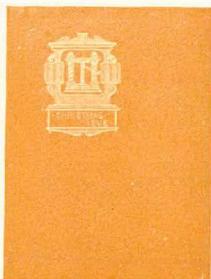
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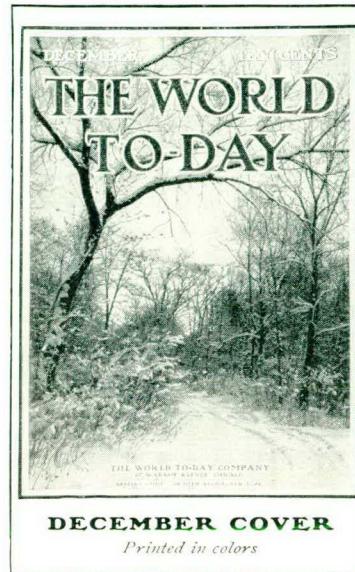
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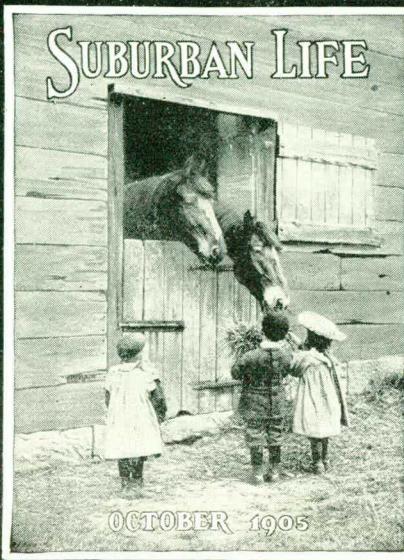
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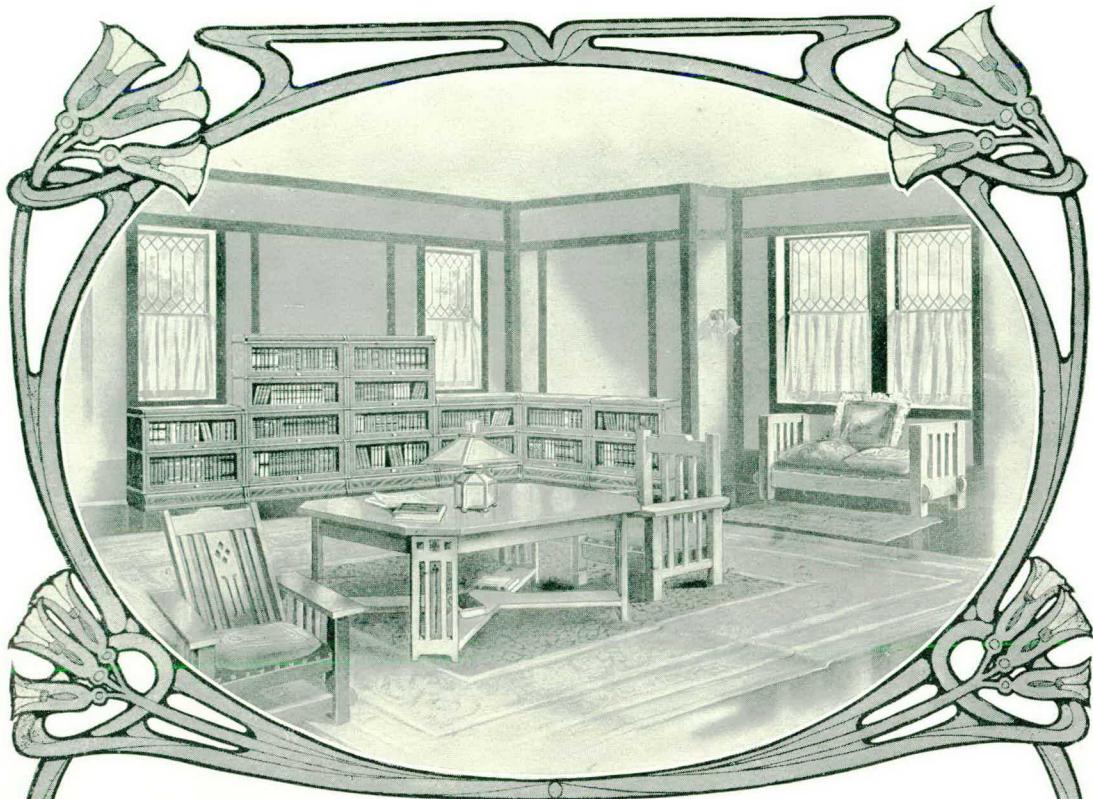
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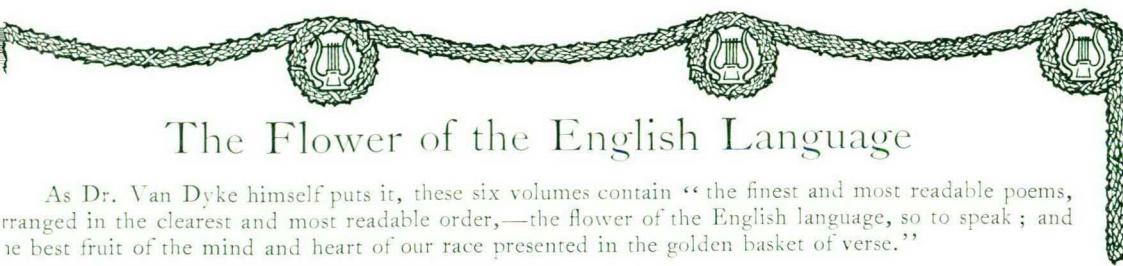
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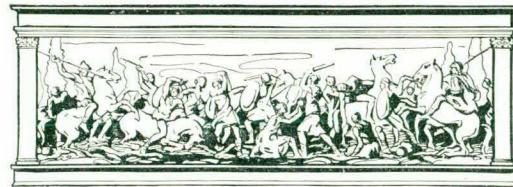
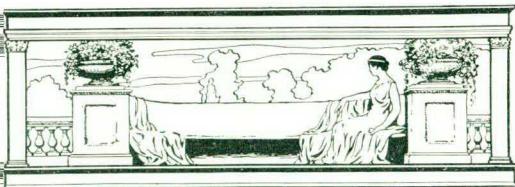
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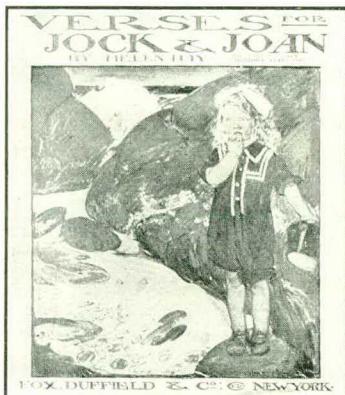
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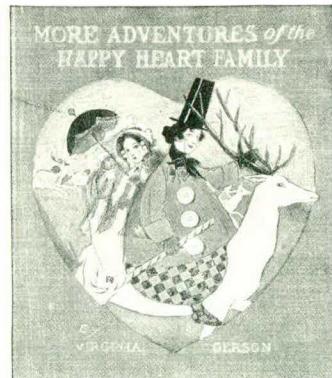
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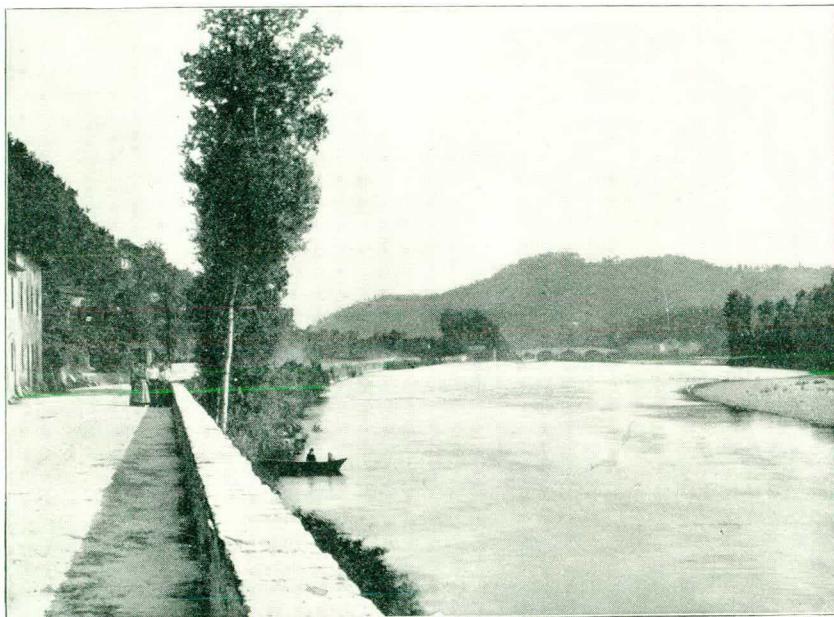
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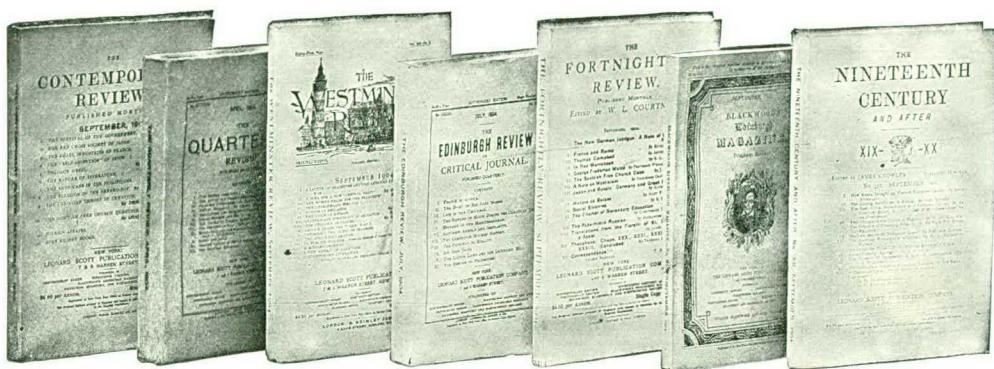
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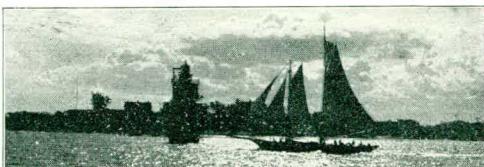
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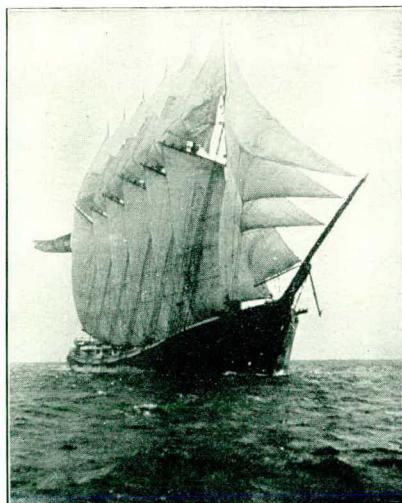
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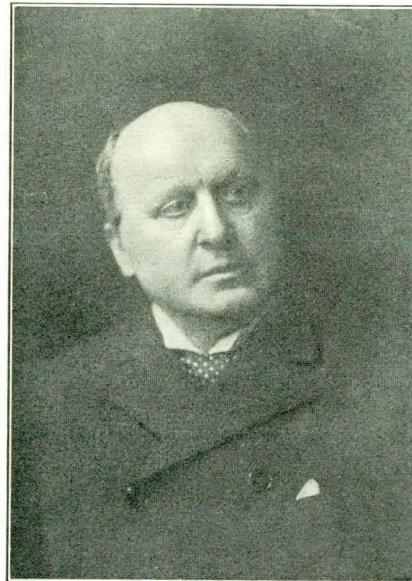
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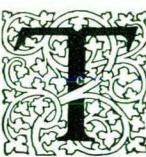
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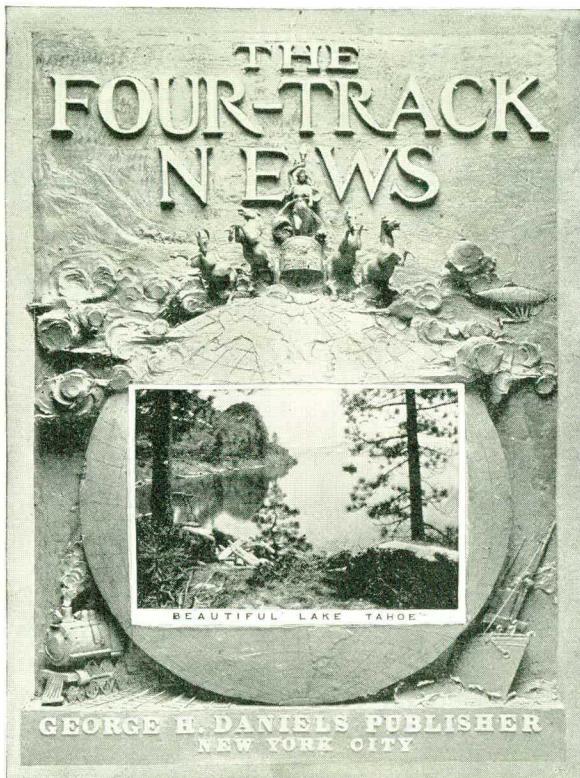
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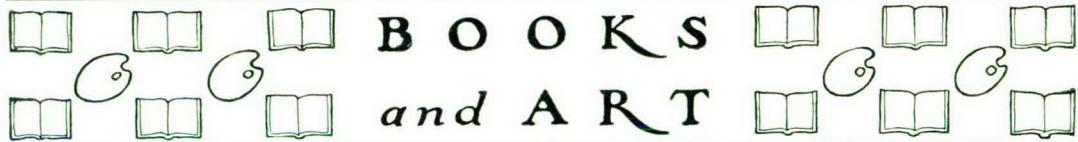
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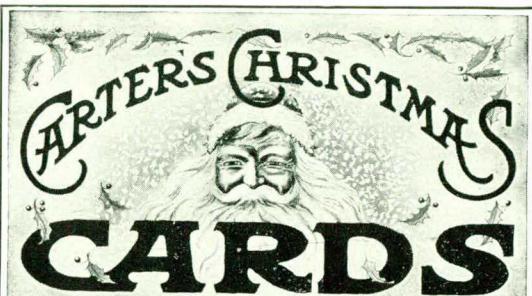
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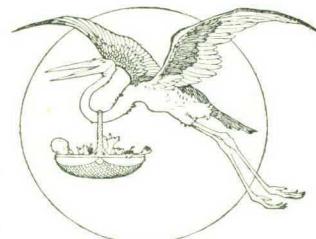
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William John Hopkins

is the author of the uncommonly successful story, "The Clammer," which appeared in the Atlantic for August, 1905.

Elizabeth McCracken

is a first-hand student and writer upon social questions well known to the Atlantic. Among her papers published in the Atlantic have been the "Play and the Gallery," in April, 1902, and "The Book in the Tenement," in November, 1902. She is the author of a notable book entitled "Women of America."

William Garrott Brown

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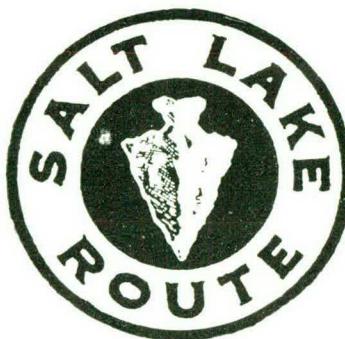
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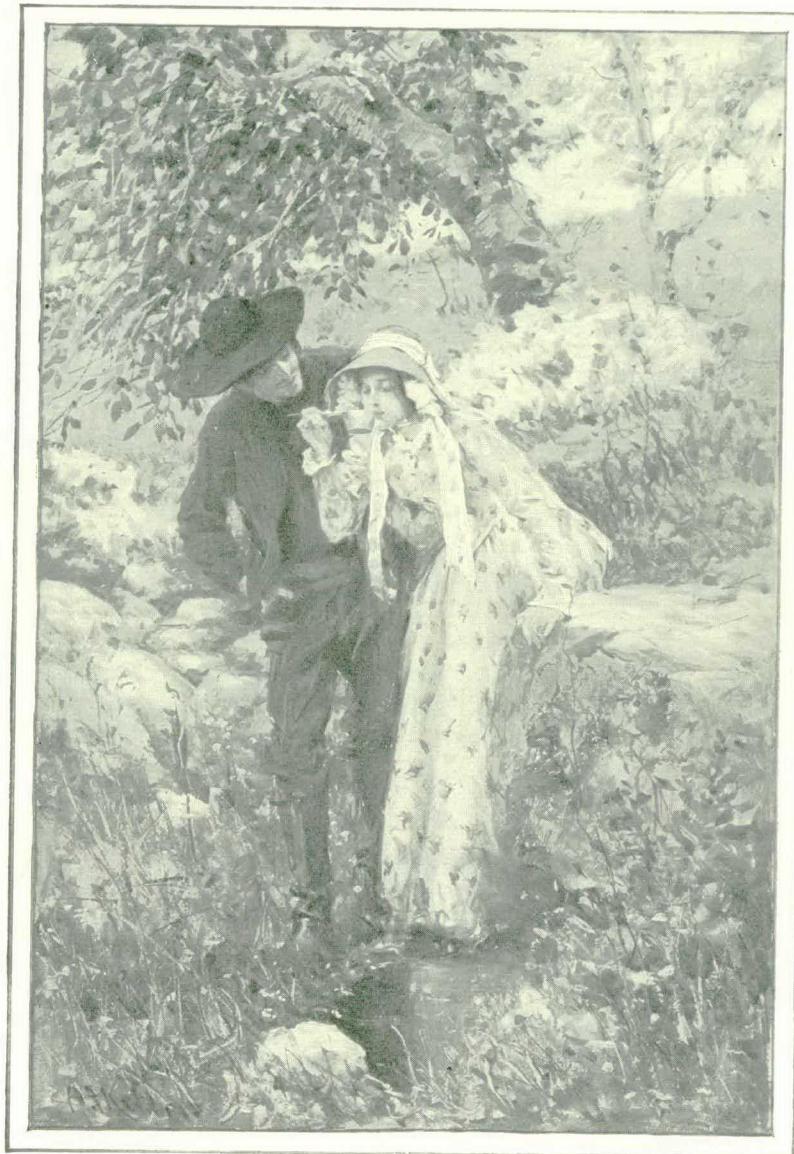
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From the illustration in color by ARTHUR I. KELLER
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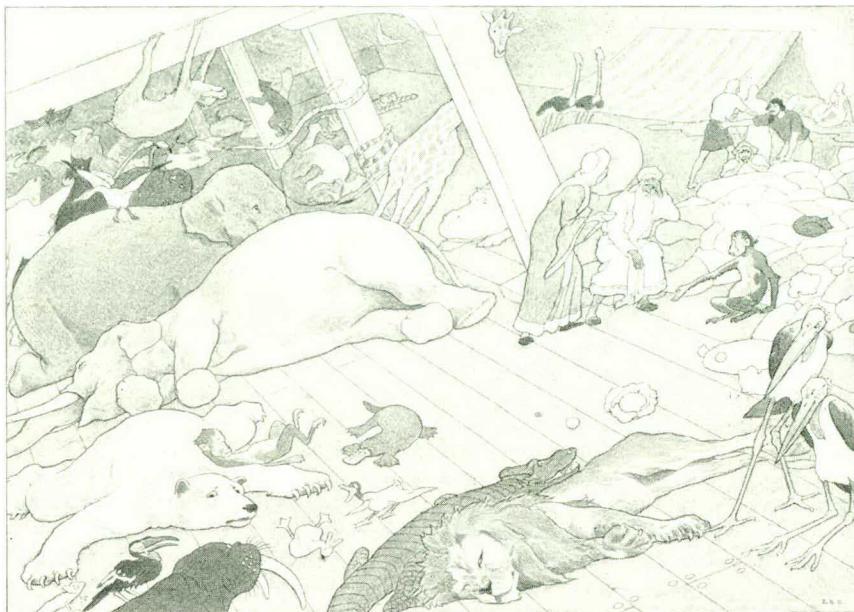
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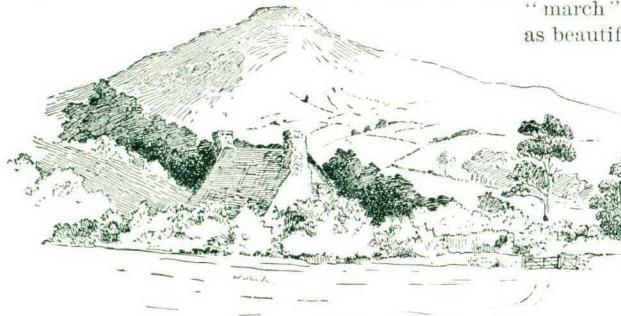
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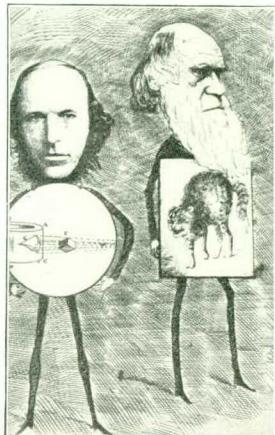
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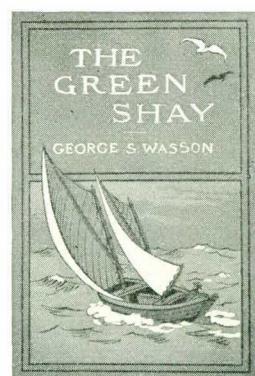
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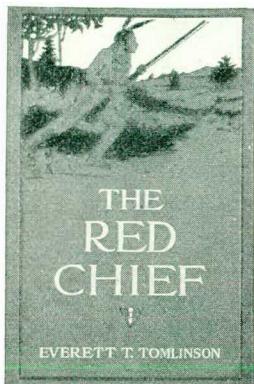
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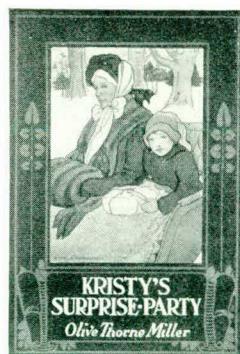
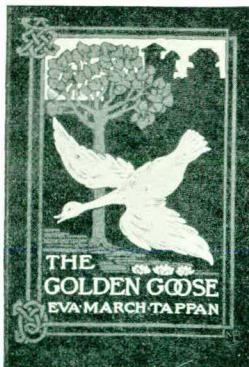
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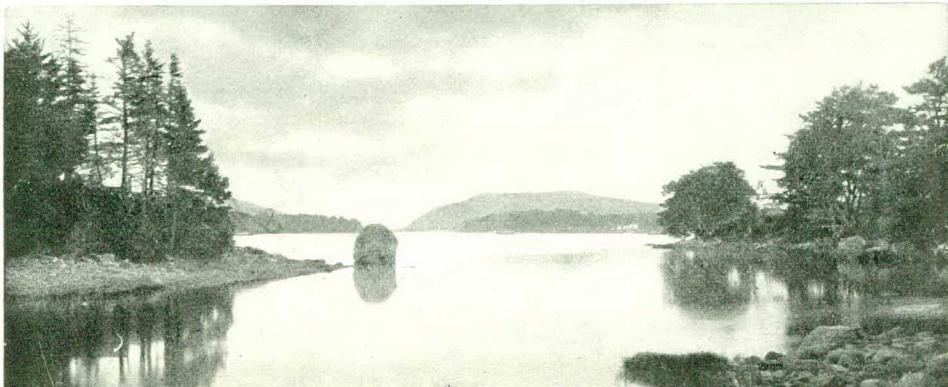
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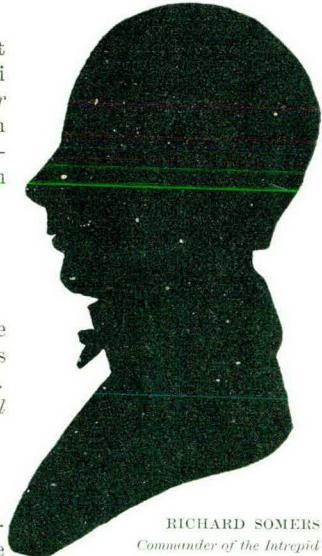
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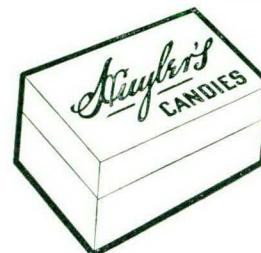
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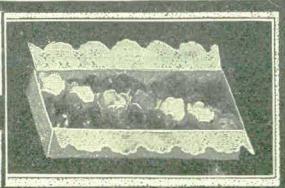
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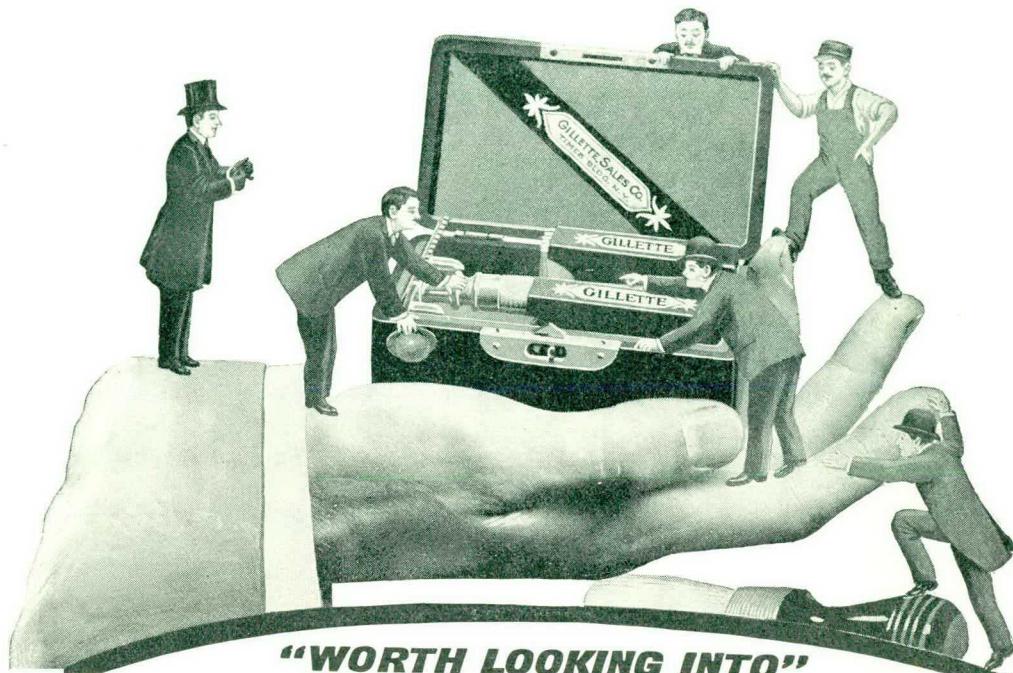
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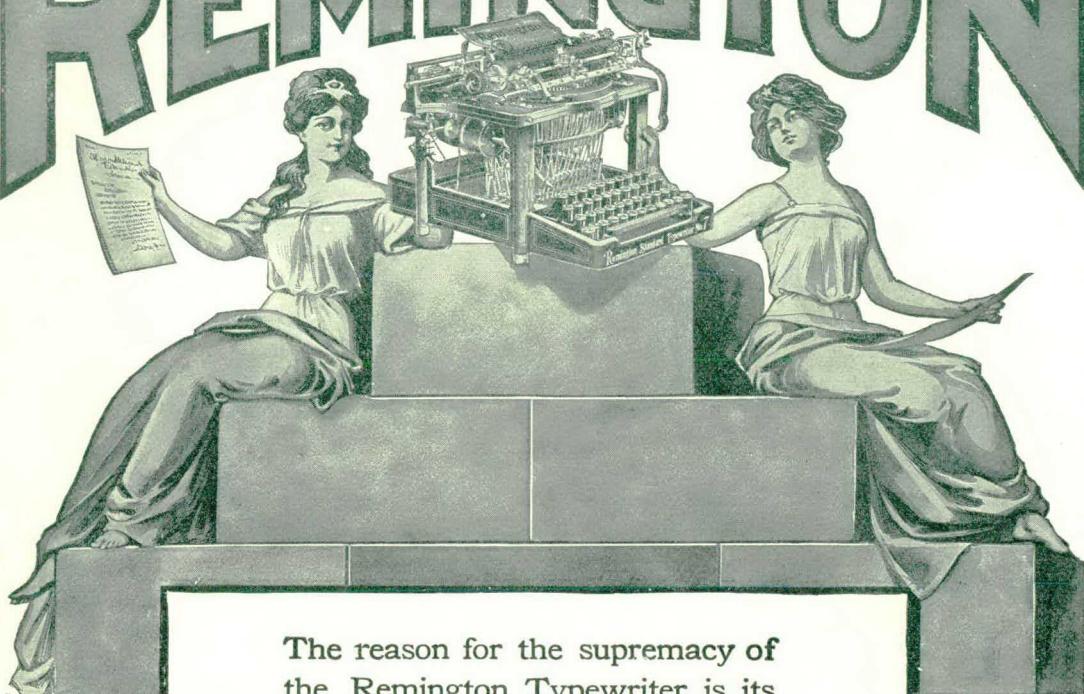
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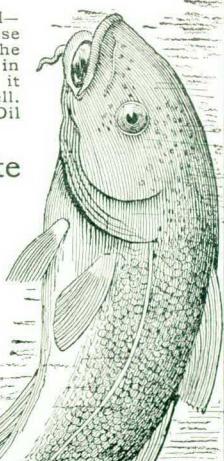
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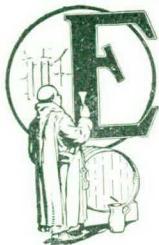
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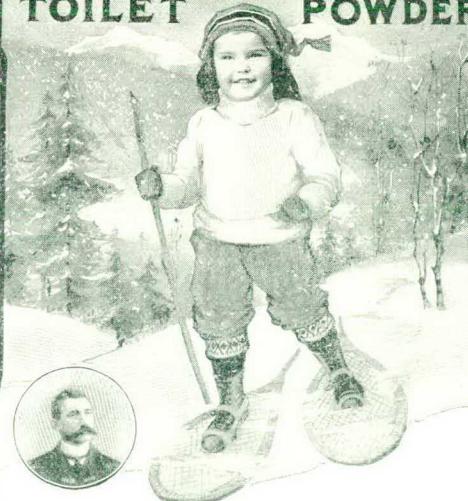
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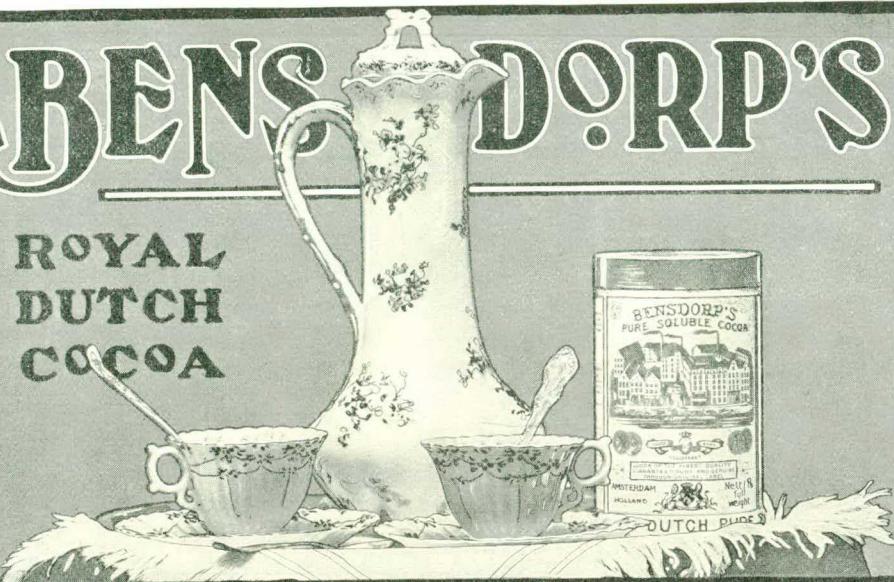
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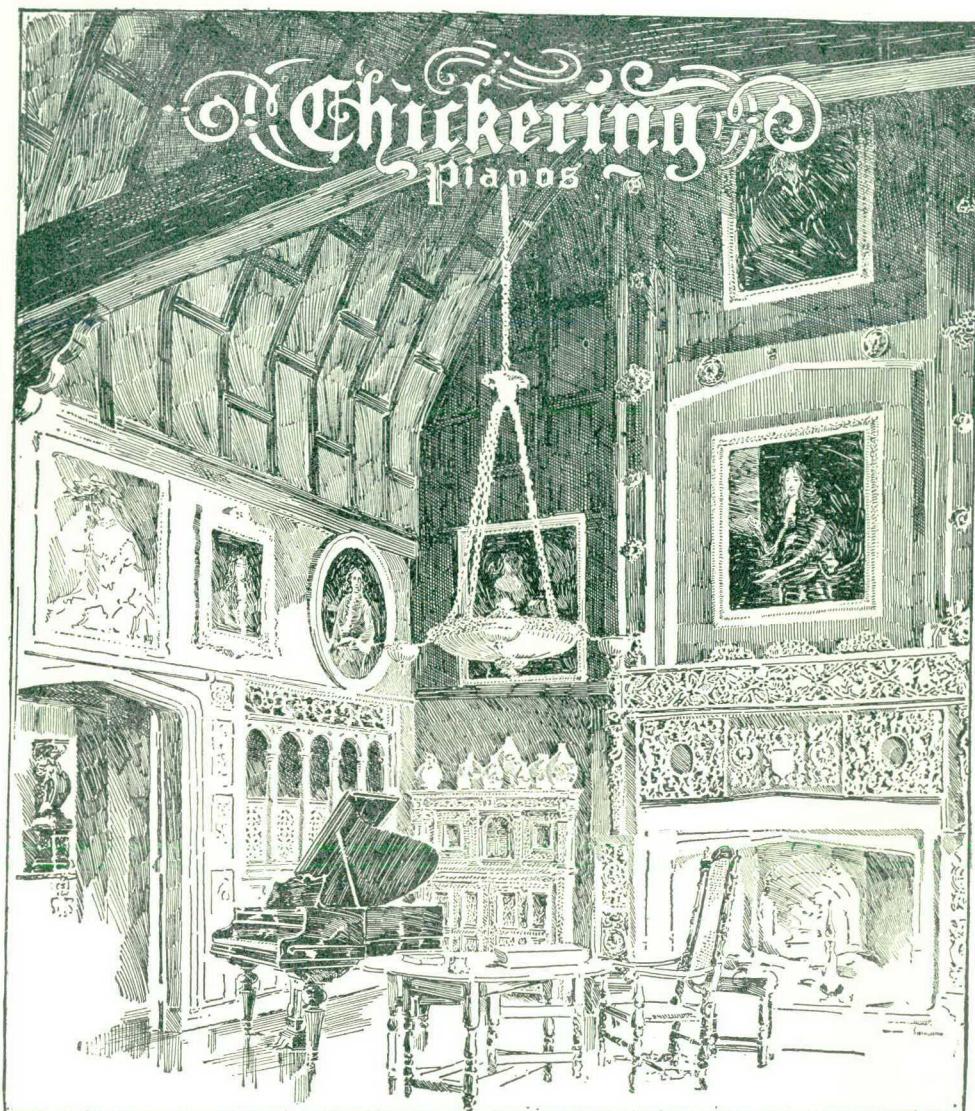
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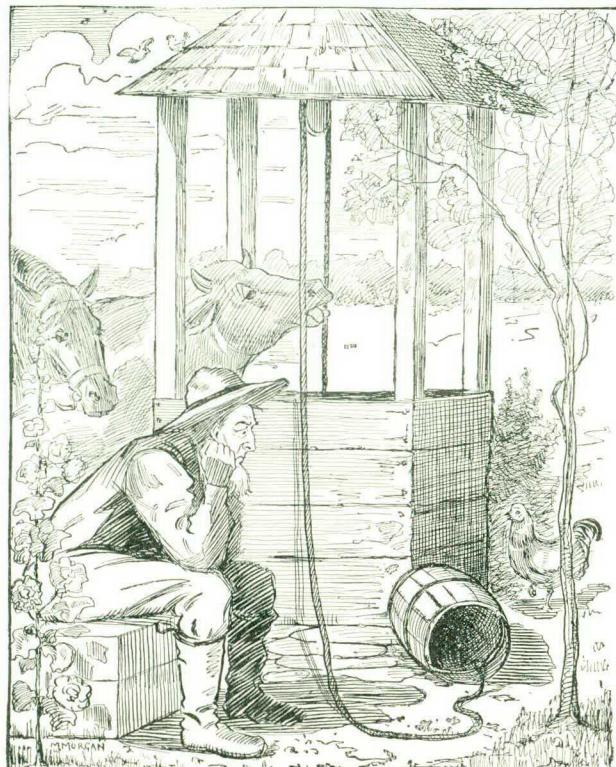
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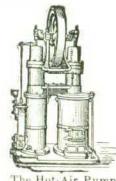
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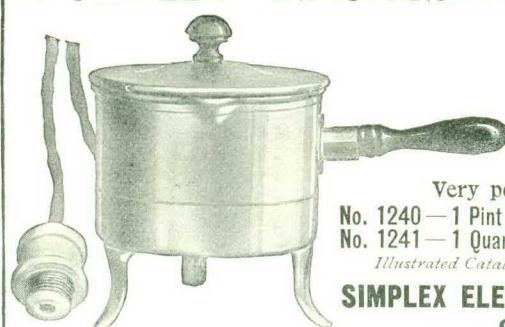
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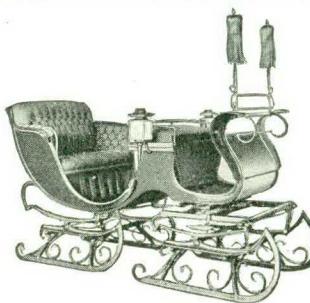
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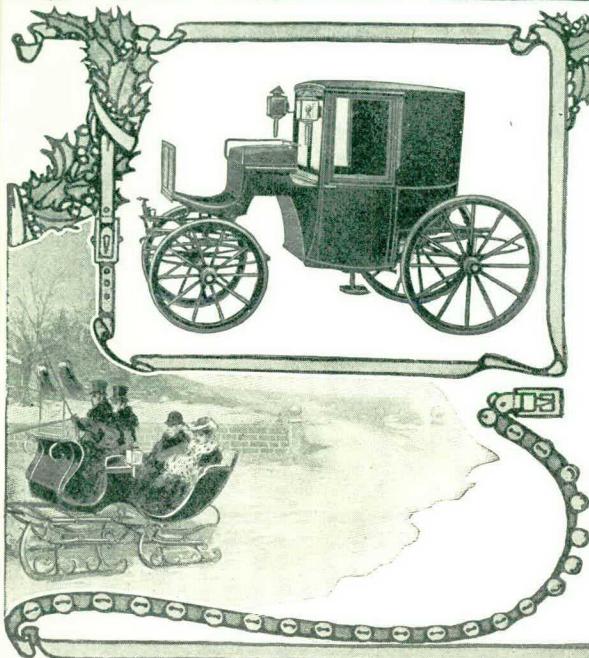
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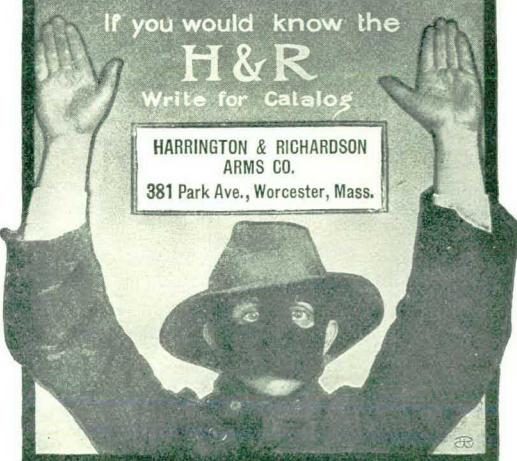
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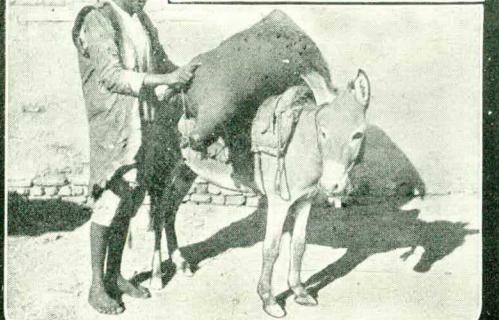
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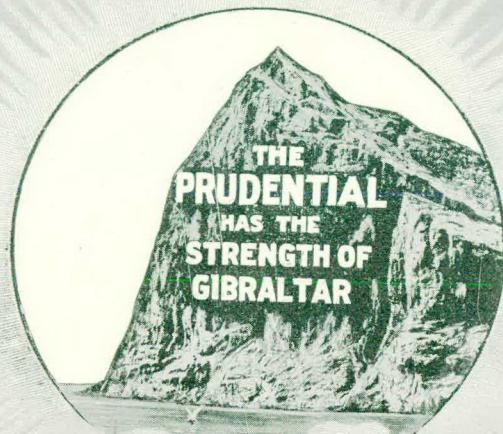
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THE
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DECEMBER, 1905

RICHES : A CHRISTMAS ESSAY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

CHRISTMAS this year comes at the end of a twelvemonth in which public attention has been drawn with unusual persistence to the ardor of sundry of our fellow countrymen in the pursuit of gain. Legislators, courts, and investigating committees have taken cognizance of it. Moralists are everywhere moralizing about it. It is not the struggles of needy persons to make a living that excite remark, but the urgent efforts of people not perceptibly threatened with want to gather to themselves very considerable annual aggregations of dross. In many conspicuous instances investigations have seemed to disclose in men of most respectable standing such a lack of scruple and delicacy in money-getting as seems to betoken an over-estimation of the value of riches as compared with other precious things. Impressed by these signs of the times, the clergy rehearse "the Apostle's affectionate and solemn warning against the haste to be rich." A college president finds Americans confronted by a situation due to lack of moral principle, and avers that greed for gain and greed for power have blinded men to the old-time distinctions between right and wrong. A banker of national reputation declares to fellow bankers in convention that dishonesty in high places gravely threatens the future of the country, and that the restoration of the old, rigid standards of honesty and uprightness is indispensable to our defense against socialism. And the root of all this evil is the desire for riches! It is a curious yearning, wholesome, like hunger, up to a certain point, but more prone than hunger to

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run to a dangerous excess. Undoubtedly if as a people we better understood riches, their relative value, and the limitations of their usefulness, we would be a better people than we are, and honester. Incidentally, we would be better equipped to keep Christmas in a fit spirit, for since men and money are the chief valuables on earth, a diminished solicitude about money would leave a larger share of our strength and time to be occupied by solicitude about men.

It is foolish to undervalue money, and just as foolish to overvalue it. All of us — practically all — know that one can have too little, most of us believe that it is possible to have just about enough, and some of us are growing firm in the suspicion that it is possible to have so much that it is a nuisance, and the responsibility for it and its increase a disabling burden. Fortunes that are so enormous as to make their owners a legitimate object of the commiseration of thoughtful people are rather a new thing in this country, but they have really come. Enough really is as good as too much. It sounds emotional and argumentative to say so, but it is so.

The condition of having too little money is too familiar to need exposition. The great majority of people have too little money, and would be better off and happier if they had more and spent it. The condition of having about enough offers better points for discussion. There is no arbitrary sum or income that is enough. What is enough for one person is not enough for another, and what means ease and affluence in one condition of life

would mean poverty in another. What is enough depends upon the individual, his education, his aspirations, his environment, the size of his family, and the possibilities that are in him. Anthony Hope in a recent story makes one of his characters observe that there is more difference between three thousand pounds a year and nothing than there is between three thousand pounds a year and all the rest of the money in the world. A family can live a certain kind of lazy, pleasant country life in England on about three thousand pounds a year, and a fairly prudent man who wants to live that sort of life is about as well off on a sure income of that size as he would be if he had a great deal more.

Of course, standards of living vary enormously; the privilege of familiar association with certain kinds of people is expensive. There may be places you cannot live in to advantage, and people you cannot play with to advantage, for much less than fifty thousand dollars a year. If you are a fool, and have no particular standard of living of your own, and your happiness depends on having what other people have and doing what other people do, and if it is necessary to you that those other people shall be people of the first fashion, of course there is no saying how much will be enough for you. Sad to say, we are almost all a little foolish about wanting to have what our associates have, and in wanting to include among our associates pleasant, decorative people whose maintenance is expensive. But if we are only moderately foolish, and have some hard sense to fall back on, and some standards of our own, and some personal resources for our entertainment, there will be an imaginable income for each of us that will be about enough. Rich people, who are used to the refinements and material luxuries of life, command some exceedingly valuable privileges. They can marry when they get ready, live comfortably, have servants who save their time and strength, exercise hospitality, raise as many children as they find

practicable or convenient, educate them in the best schools, and give them a fair start in life. They can command a certain amount of leisure, can travel, and to a certain extent can be their own masters. A moderate annual income, varying according to the locality, will pay for all these advantageous privileges in their simpler forms. Anthony Hope's three thousand pounds a year will do it; easily in some places, with good management anywhere. Such an income commands for a family pretty much all the great advantages of condition that are in the market, and most of the highly desirable things can be had for a great deal less. Parents who command such an income can do everything for three or four children that is to their advantage up to the time they marry, and can even provide them with modest incomes of their own when they set up for themselves. Heads of American families, with not more than four children, and with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars a year, have got so nearly as much money as is good for them that they can well afford to be particular about what they do to make their incomes bigger.

But fifteen thousand dollars a year is not riches. Most of our countrymen whose efforts to be hastily rich have met with so much recent reprobation have long ago passed the fifteen thousand dollars a year point, and would deride the idea of such an income being about enough. What they plan and plot and sweat and gamble and finally squirm to acquire, is an income that bears no real relation to anything that can fairly be called a need, and an aggregation of capital that will produce such an income. There is no such thing in our day as being rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The dreams of avarice have grown since Dr. Johnson's time; have grown enormously indeed since Dumas wrote of Monte Cristo. Our contemporary idea of riches begins about where Dr. Johnson left off.

A good big fortune is an interesting phenomenon, and a very interesting factor in civilization. I should be sorry to see

big fortunes go so much out of fashion that nobody would any longer care to heap one up. If nobody built palaces, and made a market for the larger sizes of diamonds and the best pictures, and navigated the sea in big yachts and the land in automobiles thirty feet long,—if nobody, so to speak, had money to throw at birds, and threw it, life would not be nearly so lively and decorative as it is. I had almost rather, if I were quit of all personal responsibility about it, that some people *hogged* great fortunes than that there should be none. And I had a great deal rather that a due provision of big fortunes should be acquired in fit ways by fit men. Few of us, I think, object to big fortunes *per se*. We do not want too great a proportion of the national wealth to get into too few hands, as has happened already, and is happening more and more. We do not want our laws, or the breach of them, to give an unfair advantage to the very rich who want to be richer, at the cost of the poor. But to fortunes legitimately won by men fit to win them, who merely levy lawful tribute on benefits conferred on the community, we have no objection at all. Such fortunes are the signs of general prosperity. We like to see them grow, and admire the spending of them in the same spirit in which we admire the lavish diffusion of sunshine. There is no objection to riches, then, provided the right men gather them in the right ways.

Who, then, are the right men, and what ways are legitimate?

There are a good many people who are of some consequence in the world if they are rich, and of very little consequence if they are not. One cannot blame such people for trying to get rich. Riches mean so much to them! They are their only means of advertisement. They win them consideration. They put them in the way of being amused and entertained. It is a profound satisfaction to them to have money, even though they do not spend it. They may even find pleasure in giving it away. If by saving and bar-

gaining and hard work and shrewd investment they can get together fortunes, let us wish them joy of them. Their money is capital if they do not spend it, and it is apt to do somebody some good if they do. If they hand it down to their descendants, there goes with it the power to command leisure and education and a choice of service, and possibly among the descendants there may be some who will use such powers to advantage. Accumulated money which enables lucky individuals of the rising generation to get a thorough preparation for the work of life, and which relieves some individuals altogether from the necessity of earning money, may be of vast service to a country like ours, which every day abounds more in work most necessary to be well done,—work which no man who must earn his living can do without great sacrifices.

By process of accumulation and investment a good many people of moderate ability and saving habits get lawfully rich in a humdrum way without making any stir about it. There is no fault to be found with them. The other great group of lawful fortune builders are the great leaders of industry: the great financiers, the great railroad builders, the great traders and manufacturers. With such men, after they have progressed a certain distance, money usually becomes more an incident of activity than an aim. When they have won abundant fortunes, they still go on, not because they greatly care for more money, but because things of the sort they have been doing are the only interesting things they know how to do. Their lives are permanently shaped, and they must live them out actively on the lines laid down by their past, or be laid off and rust. When they undertake new enterprises, they try to provide that they shall be profitable, not necessarily because they want more money, but because it is one of the rules of the game they play that enterprises they put hand to shall be profitable. A great commercial enterprise that does not pay is a machine that will

not work. It is a failure, and there is no fun in failures.

To these born chieftains of commerce it comes natural to get rich. They take it in their stride. The money-making habit is apt to run away with them, and concentration on one great phase of endeavor is apt to leave the remnant of atrophied powers that one sees in most specialists. The need often felt of fighting the devil with fire breeds in them a disposition to fight with fire when the opponent is not the devil. The great fortune builders are usually not absolutely nice in their methods, and some of them are rascals. Out on the rascals! but for the rest, we must judge them by the standard of bridge builders and not of watchmakers. If they are true money-makers; if they create wealth and not merely divert it and sweat it, there is no cause to grudge them the tribute they levy.

A valuable thing in a family is one of these colossal money-makers. Time was when we used to believe the adage about its being three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. I do not think it was ever literally sound, for though in earlier days the accumulations of a fortune builder often ran pretty well out before his grandchildren got through with them, the third generation seldom got back to manual labor. A fortune in a family raises the standard of living and of expectation for that family, forms for it associations of worldly advantage, and teaches it a good many things that are of value. The members of a family that has once been pulled out of the ruck of humanity in that way, and kept out for a considerable time, are apt to make a hard fight to hold the place they have had. They may get back to work; they usually do; but it is apt to be a more profitable grade of work than is commonly done in shirt-sleeves.

Moreover, the great fortunes of this generation are so enormous that there is no visible prospect of shirt-sleeves for the heirs of them. Fortunes of even fifty millions will stand a great deal of foolishness

in young heirs, and most of the heirs of such fortunes who come under contemporary observation are not particularly foolish about dissipating money. Some of them are shrewd and ambitious, and give more concern as money-getters than as money-spenders, and others merely find their incomes ample for such amusements and expenditures as they crave, and live within them.

So there are people who seem fit to gather riches, some because that seems as profitable a use as any to make of their time, others because riches are a natural incident of valuable services that they have had the talent and the energy to render. It is the money-getting of the unfit that makes the scandals. The money the various kinds of gamblers get is simply diverted from other holders; the money the grafters get is stolen from the people; the money made out of franchises corruptly obtained is of the same sort. The patent medicine money has a very fragile claim to respect; the money made by skinning stockholders or policy-holders is dear at the price, and so, generally, is the profit that results from the transfer of worthless articles — be they stocks, mines, patent medicine, tips, or what — for a valuable consideration. What we need to keep us straight in our money-getting enterprises is a high valuation of conduct and character as compared with riches, and a sincere appreciation that it makes more for happiness to do good work, especially if it is done for good pay, than to get hold of money without rendering a due equivalent.

We are not so universally money-mad as we may seem. The elder Agassiz was not the only man in this country who ever felt that he had not time to make money. The longing for riches is not universally a predominant passion. Thousands of men feel that money-getting is not primarily their calling, and would not leave the work they love and pay the price in time and concentrated effort if ever so good a chance was offered them of a fortune honestly won. The man in

whom the money-hunger is so strong and effectual that he is willing to devote his life to satisfying it is a very exceptional man. Most of us hate to save, and the pleasure or profit of the hour looks bigger to us than that of the remote future. Moreover, to almost all the leading preachers, doctors, and schoolmasters, and to many of the editors, painters, architects, engineers, lawyers, and big politicians, money, though important, is a secondary consideration. They want to make a living, and much prefer that it shall be a good one, but professional success and reputation is of more value to them than superfluous riches. And why not! Is it not a much more satisfying thing to be a living force, master of a great profession or a great art, or a public leader, than to be merely the possessor of riches?

The great check on the value of riches to any man is that we human creatures have only one set of time, one body, one mind, and one soul, apiece. We all, no matter what our means are, have the use of twenty-four hours, and no more, every day. About eight hours we have to sleep. How we shall invest the other sixteen is the great problem of our lives. We can only do one set of things in any given period of time. If we have a million dollars a year, we can do things that we cannot do on one thousand, or ten, or twenty thousand a year. They will be different things, but there is no assurance at all that they will be better things or more entertaining, or more useful or improving. And we cannot do both. If we put in our one set of time in a million-dollar occupation, we have to forego most of the thousand-dollar occupations. If we trail around Europe in an automobile, we cannot be at home reading books, and working at our trade or in our garden, or talking to our friends. Our good friend with a million dollars a year cannot eat much more or better food, or drink much more or better drinks, than we can. If he does, he will be sorry. He can have more places to live in, and enormously

more and handsomer apparatus of living, but he cannot live in more than one place at once, and too much apparatus is a bother. He can make himself comfortable, and live healthfully. So can we. He can have all the leisure he wants, can go where he likes and stay as long as he will. He has the better of us there. We have the better of him in having the daily excitement and discipline of making a living. It is a great game,—that game of making a living,—full of chances and hazards, hopes, surprises, thrills, disappointments, and satisfactions. Our million-a-year friend misses that. We may beat him in discipline, too. We are apt to get more than he does,—the salutary discipline of steady work, of self-denial, of effort. That is enormously valuable to soul, body, and mind. He can't buy it. We get it thrown in with our daily bread.

We are as likely to marry to our taste and live happily in the domesticated state as he is. We have rather better chances than he of raising our children well. We are as likely as he to have good friends worth having, and to find pleasure in them. Great riches tend to limit their possessors to the society of people who are rich, not because the rich love the rich better than they do other folks, but because their scale and habits of living usually take them where the rich people are, or where the poorer people cannot conveniently sojourn. If the steam-yacht people play more or less with other steam-yacht people in the yachting season, it is because the steam-yacht people are there, and the other people are not. At any rate, in this country great riches seem more likely to limit their possessors' command of agreeable society than to extend it.

Another trouble about some of our extremely rich people is that no definite job goes with their money. If they choose, they can invest everything they have in such a way as to have no responsibility about the management of any business, and nothing to do except to gather in their dividend checks and spend or reinvest their money. That is one result of

incorporating all the great businesses of the country. When money necessarily went into land, the rich had duties that were incident to their possessions. They might neglect them, but they had them. Now they can easily manage so as to have no duties connected with property that an efficient clerk cannot transact. If they do so manage, it leaves them rather lonely and unimportant, outside the great current of human hopes and activities. If they do not like that, and insist on touching elbows with their fellows, there is no way for it but to butt into the game, take chances and risks, make sacrifices of ease and leisure, and work like poor people.

Great riches, carrying with them enormous possibilities of self-indulgence, may fairly be considered as a sort of poison which ruins a certain proportion of those who are exposed to it, though strong constitutions survive. As rum destroys savages, so wealth tends to destroy persons — especially young ones — whom use and training have not gradually made immune to its effects. How that is, may readily be noticed in observing the effects of newly won wealth on the families of the winners. It is a rare man, and usually one very much blessed in his wife, who can combine with the ability that wins him riches the sagacity to train children born in comparative poverty so that they will benefit by a rapid and radical improvement in his circumstances.

Another drawback to riches is that, the two things that most of us most dread being poverty and that spiritual ruin which we call damnation, the elimination of poverty takes away a buffer, and, leaving damnation our only great bugbear, brings the dread of it unpleasantly near. Not this drawback, though, nor fears for our children, nor any of the other objections to being rich, so fiercely daunt us but that our fortitude is easily equal to the perils of all of them if honorable affluence comes our way. It is enough if we realize that riches, whatever their charm and their value, are not a panacea for the evils of life, that happiness depends on work, health, character, disposition, training, and a great many other things besides income, and that, so far as happiness is concerned, enough money, or somewhat less than enough, puts us in just about as good a case to achieve it as though we were rich. To live our lives, to get out what is in us, to do our share of the world's work, and live brotherly with our fellows — that is what we are here for. If riches are an incident of that course of life, they are a good incident. If the chase after them lures us away from the fulfillment of our primary obligations to our Maker, our neighbor, and ourselves, we are certainly losers by it: losers if it fails; losers not less if, succeeding, we lose the Christmas out of our year, the Christmas spirit out of our lives.

IS THE THEATRE WORTH WHILE?

BY JAMES S. METCALFE

WE are a busy people. Most of us are busy making a living, but in this blessed country that is not yet the grinding process of older civilizations, so to most of us comes a surplus over our actual necessities,—a surplus which oftentimes is spent with the unwise, unreckoning extravagance that has come to be looked upon as a national characteristic. Many of us are busy getting rich or trying to get rich, an occupation which narrows the soul and dwarfs the mind to the belittling of every other thought, and to the virtual starvation of the appreciation of what is beautiful in nature and art. Some of us are busy in the pursuit of social position for ourselves or our offspring, a pursuit which presupposes that those who are engaged in it have little capacity for anything greater or better. Others of us are busy governing our fellow citizens or misgoverning them; busy making history or thinking we are making history,—also occupations that leave little of energy for the enjoyment of more aesthetic pleasures. We are trying to supply the food, or the machinery, or the textiles, for the whole world, and the more ambitious of us are beginning to believe that it is our province also to enter into problems of world-government and to participate in the solving of questions which do not legitimately concern us in either our national or our individual life. All of us are more or less self-satisfied with the prominence we are assuming as a people, and patting ourselves on the back as we contemplate our growing national superiority.

There is much in all this to make us forget and become indifferent to things in which, as a nation, we are woefully deficient, and to some extent objects of pity, ridicule, and even contempt, with the very peoples we assume to patronize. In ma-

terial things, in the things that we can dig from the earth or fashion with our hands or machines, and the things that money can buy, there is no doubt that we are well to do; nor is there greater doubt that we can dominate other nations in matters where trade and treaty and even brute force prevail. There is, therefore, valid reason for our natural conceit and bumptiousness, so long as we confine ourselves to things material and put aside the neglect in our lives and thoughts of the things ideal. When we look only on the utilitarian side of our national life and our utilitarian accomplishments, we *may*, if we like, go about the world with a fine contempt for less prosperous peoples. With a bargain to offer, or with money in our pockets to spend, no one shall say nay to our assumption of superiority. When we turn aside from these material things, when those of us who are not too busy to think look in the other direction, we may find ground for suspicion that there are some flaws in our national greatness, here and there a neglected spot on the brilliancy of the national escutcheon.

Considering the magnitude of the undertaking, and the questions which it involves, our primary education as a people is making satisfactory progress. In science and invention, in the wholly useful pursuits and discoveries, we are marching shoulder to shoulder with, and even in advance of, our national contemporaries. When we think of our beginnings and of the comparative youth of our nation, it is no wonder we grow self-assertive and look with belittling eyes on other, older peoples, not so rich nor powerful as ourselves.

Busy as we may be, it might be well for us to take a little while from our

absorbing occupations, and desist long enough from vaunting our superiority to consider whether we have not, also, a few national defects which it might be well for us to repair. Recent revelations might lead us to suspect that our standards of business integrity are not all that they should be. Not a year goes by but we receive some example or examples showing that our public life is not on the highest plane and that our political system has grave defects. We might also notice that our national life is one of extremes, with no mean of the happiness that comes with leisure and contentment. These and other undesirable faults, we may well and for the most part truthfully say, are natural to our youth as a people, and will correct themselves with age and experience.

Carrying our deliberations and self-examination a little farther, we may find defects which arise from the same cause, but the speedy remedy for which lies largely in the hands of each one of us, to apply without waiting for the slow process of national evolution. And to our credit be it said that to a saving minority of us this consciousness of deficiency has come, and we are groping, sometimes blindly, sometimes intelligently, to redeem ourselves from the reproach of being an uncultured people.

These more or less trite and obvious observations on our national characteristics may seem remote and irrelevant to an inquiry as to the value of the theatre. But it is because things are as they are that any such inquiry arises. Were we less or more busy, less or more self-satisfied less or more concerned with purely material interests, the place of the theatre in our national life would settle itself, and would not need to be a matter of individual or concerted action. The theatre would find its own place as a mere toy or as a useful institution, depending on whether we had fallen to the point where we had thrown over all consideration of culture, or attained the level where æsthetic questions ranked with the material ones. But

inasmuch as we are still in that formative state as a people, where every influence at work among us is having its effect, it may be well to turn our thoughts toward the possible value of an institution which has never received from us, as a nation, any formal recognition.

The theartic art, to which all other arts contribute, and which in its turn should be a spur and a stimulant to all other arts, has been left by us to depend for its support on its ability to survive as a commercial undertaking. To the other arts we have given, in a public way, recognition, aid, and assistance,—none too generously, it is true, because we are not an artistic people. Public money has gone into painting, sculpture, and decoration, and private generosity has housed them and patronized them for the public benefit. Music, in a different way, has levied its tribute. We make a present and increasing provision for students in these arts. But for the drama we have no gifts. We exact from her a *quid pro quo*, and drive an exacting bargain with the man at the door. We have debauched the drama to the point, where, to live at all, it must please, and the result is natural and logical,—the theatre lives only to please, not to elevate or to educate, not to cultivate any virtues. It has become a courtesan among the arts, whose trade is not to please the best people, but the most; not to cultivate lofty ideals and high standards, but to spread the lure and appeal to the fancy of the crass multitude.

The theatre having become a commercial institution, it follows that the artistic side is subordinated to the commercial, and that the matter of survival is determined more by business methods than by artistic merit. The shrewdest business man is the most successful manager, and becomes the arbiter to decide between the opposing interests of art, of a vitiated or ignorant public taste, and of his own purse. With the very pick of American business genius in control of the destinies of the theatre, this would not be easy, nor even then would it be an altogether ideal

state of affairs for the drama and the improvement of the public's appreciation of things dramatic. Unfortunately the men to-day in charge of the business interests of the theatre are far from being representative of the best, even in American business life. The question is often raised concerning the abandonment of this important and lucrative branch of trade to men who are almost without standing in the business community. The answer is not far to seek. From the early days of the theatre a stigma has attached to it, especially among persons whose religion was of the Puritanic kind, which has left its impress so strongly on American life. This is a curious fact, when one remembers that the drama of all peoples found its birth under religious auspices. The men who find their occupation on the business side of the theatre have been recruited, with few exceptions, from those who have no education, no association with the finer things of life, and no social standing to lose. Success means to them the money return, a position of authority over others, and a place in the public eye, — all attractive to a certain class of persons who hold these as the most desirable things in life. Few American fathers starting their sons on a career, few men of education or refinement, ever consider the theatrical business as furnishing a reputable means of livelihood. For that reason the theatre is to-day in the hands of men unfitted to direct its destinies upward instead of downward.

Before attempting to estimate the present and possible value of the theatre as a national institution, let us once more resume the process of introspection, and with respect of some minor, national faults on which the theatre in its best estate might reasonably be expected to exert an improving influence. In our intercourse with the outside world we are constantly met with the reproach that we are a *parvenu* people. We compel a recognition of our power, of our elementary virtues, of our prosperity; but most of us fail to meet that recognition which is not

compelled, or bought, but won. In every capital of Europe, we are marked for our absurdities, our bad manners, and our *gaucherie*.

Presumably those Americans who go abroad are drawn largely from the class who have means and some leisure for self-cultivation. If these stand out distinguished as uncultured, how about the great masses who remain at home? It is a safe conclusion that they are even more deficient in the niceties of life than those who travel. The candid American is bound to admit that we are not a polite people. Our public servants, the employees of corporations, the salesman and the saleswoman in the great shops, even our domestic servants, seem to think that the use of ordinary civility is an acknowledgment of social inferiority; not an altogether wrong conclusion when they are led to it by a similar lack of consideration and ordinary politeness on the part of those with whom they come in contact, whether of high or low degree in American life.

The unpleasingness of our speech is even a more marked characteristic than our bad manners. Since we are all strident or nasal of voice, we naturally do not notice the defect, but we quickly find an unusual charm in the vocal modulations of the foreigner, even though he or she be drawn from the humbler classes. The American with any sensitiveness of ear, who returns from abroad, quickly notes this defect of his people, particularly if he numbers among his early experiences attendance on an assembly made up largely of American women, unless perchance the Babel be modified by the presence of Southerners with their over-sweet drawl.

A more serious national defect, for it threatens the purity of our language, is our slovenliness of pronunciation. It is an evil which permeates all classes and all circles of American society. It is not alone the incorrectness which comes from carelessness or ignorance, and which might be corrected in most cases by an appeal to a good dictionary. This incor-

rectness is general, even in the pulpit, in the forum, and on the stage, and it is not strange that the people at large are afflicted with it. Add to it local variants in the way of accent, elision, and intonation, and pure English is in a fair way to become an unknown tongue, its place being taken by as many dialects as there are states in the Union and races which go to make up our cosmopolitan population.

For the great task of national education in the essentials, we are doing our full duty. It is the rightful concern of the nation, the state, and the community, that the new generations and the newcomers to our shores shall be given the elementary instruction which shall make them at least intelligent citizens. By donation and bequest individuals have generously aided and are aiding in this function of national preservation. But the very magnitude of the task makes it impossible that these efforts shall be carried far in the direction of finer cultivation. Great as are our resources, the education of the whole people can be carried only a little way, and that in the direction of utilities. Training in the graces and in the refinements of life must be, and is, left almost entirely to chance circumstances and to the influences which happen to surround the individual. He will without trouble find churches provided for the care of his soul, boards of health, hospitals, and doctors for his body, and educational facilities and libraries for his mind, but the finer things, which distinguish the cultured being from the boor, he must seek for himself. Under our form of government, it is well that this should be so.

The ambition to acquire culture is a well-known trait of the better class of Americans; even those of us who have been deprived of it for ourselves seek it for our children. We may not know just wherein we are ourselves lacking,—and, as said before, that ignorance of graciousness is widely spread,—but we appreciate that there is a lack, and in a vague way we seek to supply the mysterious something. The tremendous vogue of

certain journals which profess to supply information and instruction in the necessities of life, the inquiries that overwhelm writers on these topics, even the mistaken affectations of some social climbers, go to prove the existence of a national desire for the mysterious hall-mark which identifies the person of refinement.

To claim that the stage, no matter how improved, could work an immediate revolution in the manners and taste of our people, would be manifestly absurd; but it is entirely safe to say that the theatre could, in the matters which are apparently so unimportant in life, yet which mean so much, be an important factor in moulding at least the externals of our national character. This means, however, that, busy as we are, we should give the theatre a more important place in our thoughts and in our scheme of popular education than that at present allotted to it. Nor is the claim that the theatre might be made a teacher of improvement in the minor things of life the only one that can be made for it; it might be made the medium for the elevation of the popular taste in all the arts and in literature, and even for the inculcation of the principles of lofty thought and right living. It may seem strange that a people so clever as we are have neglected this potent influence for good, and have regarded it only as a toy for our amusement, to be shaped and fashioned by the toy-merchant solely with a view to making it catch the fancy, and therefore become a salable and profitable article of merchandise. But, as we are a busy and, on the whole, a self-satisfied people, beyond our pursuits and ambitions we look only for the amusements which shall be the least a burden to us.

A recent reliable estimate places the amount of capital invested in theatres in the United States as something over three hundred millions of dollars, and the amount the public pays each year for its theatrical amusements at fifty millions of dollars. The support that we give, and the interest we evince in the theatre is certainly not niggardly in a money way.

It cannot be said that we do not provide the theatre in America with the means to rival the dramatic accomplishments of any other nation. The secret of its non-realization of its possibilities is not there. If we conclude that the theatre, as it is, is not worth while, we shall have also to conclude that the reason is not a lack of patronage, but that our patronage is not properly bestowed.

Here we come against the old discussion of the proper function of the theatre, — for what purpose we make this vast investment and annual expenditure. There can be no doubt as to what its function is considered by the great mass of people and by those who are catering to the masses, — that the theatre is simply a means of amusement to which the fliprant or the fatigued shall turn for an easy occupation of their thoughts or the gratification of their senses. There can be no denial that in our day this is the primary and essential use of the theatre, and that, even so viewed, it is well worth while, if the occupation and relaxation are made good of their kind, even regarded solely as amusement. It may quite well be that even from this point of view we give the theatre a support and an attention out of proportion to its real value as a recreation and a means of mental recuperation. And by demanding only that it shall amuse, we give it also dangerous possibilities of teaching things that are injurious or degrading. If we insist that it shall make us laugh, or bring us excitement, or arouse our emotions, we are likely to reach the jaded point where we are not critical of the means employed, so long as the object is attained, and in the amusement world there will always be found those ready to pander to any desire for which payment is forthcoming.

But to put aside the idea of amusement and regard the theatre solely as an instrument of education would certainly make it not worth while in a broad way. Instead of the general support now accorded to it voluntarily by the people, we should need government subsidies, and

attendance would have to be made compulsory. Human nature has a way of not taking kindly to what it is told is good for it. The very earliest doctors learned to sugar-coat their pills; in the theatre the sugar-coating, the amusement, is bound always to be an absolute essential and the leading ingredient. If we keep the theatre mostly a place of amusement, and yet educational, in teaching by example some of the things in which, as a people, we are deficient, we must answer our question by saying that, even so, the theatre is very well worth while.

To make the theatre truly valuable, to give it its highest value, we must admit that its first function is to amuse, and then to that function, where we can, add such educational influence as is possible. Some voluminous reader has said that no book ever written was so trivial or bad that he could not extract from it at least one idea of value. And there probably never was any stage production so bad intrinsically that, if done in the best way it could be done, it would not teach something to some of its spectators. In its best estate, the theatre might be made an educational influence, especially in the graces of speech, manners, and intercourse, second to none at our command.

The temples of the drama are scattered everywhere, in the small towns as well as in the great cities. Their doors are open not Sundays only, but every day of the week. The congregations gather gladly, and not from a sense of duty, or at the prickings of conscience. They are in a receptive mood. The thing seen and heard comes directly to all classes, to both sexes, to every age. A greater or less quantity of what they see or hear is taken into their inner consciousness, and, unknown to themselves, is reflected faintly or strongly in their own lives and their own persons; and yet we, who think ourselves a wise people, let this potent influence for good or bad find its guidance in whatever hands it may chance to fall.

An unfortunate obstacle to bringing the theatre to its highest value is found in

the preponderance of the estimation of New York audiences in determining what shall and shall not be seen by the rest of the country. The theatres of New York derive their support largely from a floating population which, on the one hand, is in holiday mood and too ready to be pleased, and, on the other, puts an exaggerated value on anything that is metropolitan. The local clientele of the theatres is in the main made up of a thoughtless multitude, whose standard is based solely on the idea of amusement, without reference to taste or refinement. The importance of the New York verdict is so great from a business point of view that every sacrifice is made to win the approval of this capricious and frivolous public, which is governed in its likes and dislikes by no fixed laws, and whose judgment is guided by little knowledge. There exists in New York, of course, a theatre-going public whose verdict is valuable, and, once secured, brings sure success, but the thoughtful and cultured element in the community has, from disappointing experiences, learned to be wary. Only in exceptional circumstances, and with unusual guarantees in advance, can it be brought to give that endorsement of its presence, whose counterfeit is so often used to lure the unsuspecting in other places. The consequence is that we have the theatrical standards of the whole country based largely on the verdict of New York's frivolity and ignorance, which often leads those who trust themselves to it to complain that the theatre certainly is not worth the time and money the public gives to it.

The condition does not exist, but let us imagine the theatre being what it should be to be worth while. We shall have to presuppose the existence of writers who could supply to the stage works which should at least be free from technical defects. Working with them should be artists and artisans to give surroundings and settings, which should at least not be tasteless and inaccurate; and to these essentials must be added actors and ac-

tresses who should at least know how, or could be made, to speak correctly, wear their attire correctly, and carry themselves correctly. These are not great exactions, but they are far above what we now demand from the theatre. Grant these not unreasonable requirements, and there will be no question of the value of the theatre as a public educator in the very things in which the American people makes least provision for education. Even if we made no advance in the dramatic material which forms the staple of our theatrical entertainment at present, it would, in a minor educational way, be an influence for the better, instead of what it now very often is, an example of vulgarity and illiteracy.

It is far easier to point out an evil and to picture an ideal, than it is to change the evil to the ideal, or even to tinge the evil with the ideal. Granting that the theatre, as it is, is not worth while, how are we going to make it worth while, and give it the value it deserves as a national institution?

We must first abandon a little of our national self-conceit and self-satisfaction; we must gain a suspicion that we are not the great people we are so fond of picturing ourselves and having others tell us we are. We must realize that national greatness does not consist alone in the expanse of territory governed, in material wealth, in the ability to fight, not even in the high average of the physical comfort of a people. The big fellow with lands and possessions, comfortably clad and well-fed, shrewd at bargains and strong enough to have his way, is not therefore a great man. Without culture, — with his senses refined to no higher degree than those of the beasts on whose ownership he prides himself, — he still remains a boor. Practical education, even if raised to the point of scholarship or science, leaves him yet lacking of things beautiful; and he, as well as the nation composed of units like him and the women and children of his kind, falls short of the high plane which men and nations must reach

before they shall be called entirely great.

And if we are to have a theatre that shall be worth while, we must not be so busy that we cannot spare a little thought to what we are going to see and hear in the theatre. If our highest idea of humor is the clown tickling his nose with a straw, and we do not stop to think that perhaps there may be other and higher forms of amusement, and if we do not demand something more and better, the clown and the straw in different phases will be all that we shall ever get. The yokel goes to see him year after year, and always with the same delight. Most of us have advanced beyond that stage, but there is something of the yokel left in us yet, and many of us have little ambition to raise the standard by caring for or making the demand for better things. And, allowing that we have the incentive, to make the demand in a practical and effective way involves too much trouble or sacrifice to be bestowed on a mere matter of amusement. For ourselves, and certainly for those who are to come after us, we should be wiser. We should use a little discrimination in our patronage of the theatre, and a little substitution of other amusements for our heedless rushing to entertainments simply because they are put before us in alluring advertisements and through the dubious theatrical news of the newspapers. To bring this suggestion down to easy terms means that, in the case of the individual, he should avail himself of every means at his command to scrutinize in advance more closely the quality of the entertainments to which he is invited to give his patronage and support. The condition of the theatre is bad because, on account of the thoughtlessness and heedless extravagance of our people, bad entertainments are supported almost as well as good ones. There is slight incentive to improve when a thoughtless or ignorant public bestows its favors so indiscriminately as ours does. We busy people have no time to note and no memories to treasure the identity of those who have cheated us in our amusements.

The old proverb, "once bit, twice shy," is almost obsolete, and is completely so in the relations of the American public with their purveyors of theatrical amusement.

In this suggestion of the lack of critical acumen, and of a too great carelessness in the bestowal of time and money on unworthy entertainments, no quarrel is intended with those who prefer any particular form of amusement. The gentleman who regards negro minstrelsy as the highest form of the art Thespian is quite entitled to that preference, but we beseech him not to go to the minstrels unless he has some reasons, other than those portrayed in the posters, for believing that they are good minstrels. Let him put the burden of proof on the person who has the goods for sale and wants his money. Then he, in common with the rest of us who patronize theatres, would less often leave the performance with the feeling that he had been swindled; nor would he so often be compelled to indulge in that good-natured philosophy, common to Americans, which makes us complacent when we are cheated, and quick to forget. If our resentments in matters like this were deeper, and our memories better, it would not be so easy for mountebank managers to thrive and repeatedly swindle the public. This remedy for theatrical ills seems impractical, in view of the untrustworthiness of the press in the matter of theatrical information, and in view of our national craze for amusements, good, if convenient, but bad, if we cannot get what is good. Yet it is the only one that rests in the hands of the individual.

A national endowed theatre has been proposed as a means of bringing the theatre, the country over, to a plane of artistic excellence which would remove all doubt as to its value. This institution, as pictured by its proponents, would have a guaranteed income derived from invested funds supplied by public or private gift. This sure income would insure its permanency without the necessity on its part of catering to any but cultivated tastes. It would have its school of acting, the best-

educated producers of plays, a thoroughly equipped stage and theatre, a company, which, through care in its selection and its permanency, would give performances perfect in every detail, and its repertory would be drawn from the best in dramatic literature, classic and contemporary. Not the least valuable of its functions would be to give an assurance to American dramatists that, if they could produce worthy work, it would have adequate presentation, — an assurance entirely lacking with the commercial theatre under the control of those who are not fitted by education to recognize good material when it is brought to them.

No doubt can exist that such an institution would be of tremendous value to the theatre in America, and therefore to the cause of American popular education. Its cost in the way of an endowment, carefully estimated at from six to seven millions of dollars, seems an almost insuperable obstacle to its establishment, but it cannot be doubted that some day there will be found among our very rich men and women one or more who will be clear-sighted enough to see the patriotic value of such a foundation, and provide the means to make it a reality.

Its influence, of course, would not be confined to its immediate locality, but would spread to every theatre, and would tinge every theatrical performance in the country. Its school would turn out actors trained in the niceties of their art, to take the places of the unqualified and uninstructed persons who make up a large part of the acting forces of to-day. It would give us what we do not possess, — a standard of theatric excellence, which should uplift the standard of every theatre and every production on the American stage. It would be a preserver of pure speech and a criterion of good manners; it would raise the quality of dramatic literature; directly and indirectly, it would educate the eyes, the ears, and the artistic understanding of the whole people. It might go further than this by inculcating an inner as well as an outer refinement,

but it would be quite worth its cost, if by example it should do no more than improve the externals.

The final answer to the question as to the value of the theatre must be a qualified one. As the theatre now is, it is doubtful whether, even as an amusement, and as a relief from our other occupations, it is worth what we bestow upon it in time and money. There are other, saner objects, which, with equal support, might bring us greater and more beneficent relaxation. But if we grant to the present situation a more careful consideration of the theatre, and a greater discrimination in our theatre-going, — in other words, if we use a certain moderation in our American extravagance where the theatre is concerned, — we can do much, and all that is within our power as individuals, to make the theatre really worth while as an American institution. As it exists, it is a creature of haphazard growth, kicked and petted by turns, in whose present formation there have been at work so many ill-advised influences, that it is like an over-indulged and spoiled child, with too many relatives who do not care for its future, if only they can get from it the moment's pleasure. It needs discipline before it can become at once our joy and pride. A judicious denial to it of the favors which have pampered it into an exaggerated idea of its importance in our lives would be the best thing that could happen to the theatre to-day. Such a deprivation of popular favor is a deprivation easy to be brought about when we realize that we are none of us really too busy to give a little thought to what should be an important national institution, and that as a people we should be a little ashamed of our indiscriminate encouragement of the theatre as it is in America. Once we make it a discredit for the individual to lend his or her support to what is cheap or tawdry or inartistic on the stage, we shall bring about a speedy and affirmative answer to any question as to the theatre's value as an asset in American culture.

THE EVANGEL

THE songs of Christmas had not ceased
Upon the New Year's air
When first, from realms unknown released,
Her spirit sought our care.

And 'mid the watch with hope and dread,
Hark! in the dawn-light dim
One in the nursery overhead
Wakes with a crooning hymn.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All thoughtless sings the boy;—
Shall lisping lips foretell the flight
Of fear, the flood of joy?

Fear not — still hear the herald sing
The treasured words of old;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring —
The ancient truth is told!

For now the first small plaintive cry
Of life stirs with the morn,
And Heaven to earth again draws nigh —
To us a child is born.

Thus came the Child of God to earth;
And since the world began
An angel song for each dear birth
Rings in the heart of man.

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH¹

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

SOME there may be who will say — who do say, no doubt, for they dearly love a bit of gossip — that I am no better than an adventurer; that I have wormed my way into a girl's heart under false pretenses, and will but devour what I find there; and that two weeks — or three, or whatever the time was, according to the usual measure of man — is too short a time for two people to have found out that they love each other. Now, those who are most apt to speak thus foolishly are my neighbors, who have mated according to their lights; and I have not observed that they are happier than other folk. Indeed, I doubt whether they are as happy.

It is not to be imagined that my neighbors have remonstrated with me upon the subject. But I have observed, when I have met two of them together, they do but wait until I am out of hearing — sometimes scarcely that — before they get their heads together.

"That's the fellow," says one, "who is engaged to Old Goodwin's daughter."

"Is it, indeed?" says the other, — and turns his head about, that he see me the better. And I stop and lean casually upon a wall, my face toward them. For I would not cheat them of their birthright.

"Yes," says the first. "In two weeks. Disgraceful, I call it."

They gaze at me — both of them — as if I were a monster from a museum.

"Rich, is n't he?" asks the second. "Goodwin, I mean — not this fellow."

And they pass on, laughing uproariously. I would not stint their mirth, and, giving over my leaning upon the wall, I, too, pass on.

Therefore it comes to pass that I have

¹ For the characters in this story see "The Clammer" in the *Atlantic* for August, 1905.

no great opinion of my neighbors' judgment. Indeed, I contend that they speak of that they know not of. Eve agrees with me in this, — she agrees with me in most things, now, — for have we not been engaged for one whole month, and not the littlest shadow on our happiness? And still I am wont to take my basket on my arm and my clam hoe in my hand and wander the shores. But the clams that I dig would make but a sorry meal, and the clams that I leave — well, they will but be the bigger and the lustier for digging when I am minded to it. And it were easy to guess what clam beds I frequent.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, over the oozy flats toward my chosen hunting ground. The sun was getting low in the west, and well I knew what colors the Great Painter was just beginning to spread over the still water and upon the shining mud. But yet I would not look at them, but wended on, at a pace too great for a clammer. And joy was in my heart. For there, just where the sod broke off to the sand and the pebbles shone bright in the sun, sat Eve. And she smiled upon me as she spoke.

"Adam," said she, reproving, "you are almost late to-night."

And, at that, the ganglion that I have mentioned, that does duty for my heart, leaped for joy, so that I was nigh to choking. And, indeed, though it is but a ganglion, it knows its duty well, and leaps for joy or aches with sorrow as well as the best-behaved heart in the world. I have not known the ache for sorrow since the day of my clambake; but it can make a man very wretched. And I am convinced that it can ache for pure joy, too — although that is a different ache, with happiness in it.

So I smiled back at her. "Almost late,"

I said, "is just in time. Late has no" —

"Adam, Adam," she cried, "are you become a grammarian? Grammarians are tiresome. And I must go, for I have an engagement" —

"No, no," I answered, in haste; for though in my heart I knew well she did but jest, yet I feared to lose her. "To perdition with all such! No, Eve, there is small danger that I shall become a grammarian. I have put all that behind me. It gets farther behind me, with every day that passes. And your engagement is with me."

She laughed, a low, sweet laugh.

"Yes," she said, "it was."

And we sat there, silent, and Eve gazed at the sun, that was near his setting, and he gazed back at her. He set no longer behind the bearded hill, — the time was passed for that, — but there were other hills, and he must set behind them, for that is his destiny.

And I was leaning on my elbow, down upon the sod, and idly gazing at the sun, and idly gazing up at Eve. But I gazed at Eve the more. And the west was all golden, with a soft haze everywhere that left nothing with sharp outlines, — and the sun was set, like a great yellow diamond, in its midst. It was one of those days — come a month or more before its time — when the whole earth seems to drowse and doze and breathe forth peace.

At last Eve spoke.

"See, the sun is almost down. Stand beside me, Adam."

So I stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we faced the west, for we would bid the old sun good-night. And as we stood thus, came Old Goodwin, silently, and stood at her other side. And she took his hand in hers, too, one hand to each, and we looked at the sun, and his rim rested on the hill. And there stood a tree, great and tall like a spire, that showed black against his disk. So we watched him sink, and, as the last thin line vanished behind the hill, we saluted, all three. Then Eve breathed a deep sigh.

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"Such a lovely day, Adam," she said, "ended in beauty! If all the days could be like this!"

"Truly," said I, "beauty is from within, Eve, and each day is but what we make it."

Then Eve and I sat us down upon the bank where we were wont to sit, and Old Goodwin gave me a quiet smile for greeting. He was a quiet man, peaceable and peace-loving, and I marveled, often, that he should be Goodwin the Rich. But so it was. And his automobiles flashed past my front gate, as they had done before, covering my hedge with dust and enveloping my house in nauseous smells; also as they had done before. But I like automobiles better than I did. I even ride in them sometimes, with Eve, on the back seat; and Old Goodwin rides on the front seat and drives as though the Devil were after him. Which I think he is not, for Old Goodwin is a lovable man, and a good man, I believe, as men go. So I sit in the back seat, with Eve, and hold my clothes on, — my hat I long ago learned to leave at home, — and I bump here and there, and now and then I shout a tender word to Eve, and I think my thoughts. And when we turn a corner — on two wheels — I thank goodness that there are high sides to hold me in.

But Old Goodwin had gone to a tree that was at hand, and from some recess had pulled some rubber boots. They were old boots, battered and dingy with much wading through mud. And after the boots came a hat, as old and battered as they, and a coat. And he put them all on, deliberately, and stood. And, standing, he looked more like some old fisherman than like Goodwin the Rich, which was, no doubt, why he wore them. My neighbors would be but too happy if they were to see Old Goodwin — and know him — digging in my clam beds, and their tongues are ever ready at inventing tales. Those neighbors of mine are a grief to Eve, and an incitement to anger, which, as every one knows, heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain. Eve does not like

vapors. So I was at some pains to get those old boots.

And Old Goodwin, after further searching in the tree, drew forth a clam hoe and a basket; and being thus equipped, he hied him to the flats, which were, by now, almost bare, and he began to dig. Now that is a luxury which the Rich may seldom have, that they should dig for clams. Old Goodwin enjoyed it mightily, splashing here and there in his boots, and digging as the fancy seized him; which was as like to be where the clams were not as where they were. But he cared not at all, and drew long breaths for very joy of living; and the clams that he found he put within his basket. And with his boots, as he waded here and there, he stirred long lines of color, that went rippling in waves of yellow or red or a tender blue, until they died at our feet. For the west was all a brilliant, dazzling yellow, with one long cloud that showed indigo above, but a bright crimson below. And behind us were other long clouds, and they were crimson, too. But the sky, between, was a tender blue. And I gazed long.

"Adam," cried Eve, at last, "how can you be content to sit there?"

I looked up, in some surprise. "Should I not be content?" I said. "For here are you, beside me, and before us is spread a picture of peace, that changes with each moment that passes. Look at that tranquil water, Eve, with its long tongue of blue that marks the current. Should I not be content?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I hope so. I trust so, always — with me beside you. I would not have it otherwise. But even the tranquil water has its current. Let us dig, too."

I laughed — as quietly as I could, for I would not break that tranquillity. She had me there.

"What a governess!" I said. "She has her way always. Well, then, let us dig — though it seems a pity to disturb the clams."

"They live in eternal darkness," said

Eve. "It is better that they be disturbed. Besides, Adam, I came to dig. I got this gown on purpose."

I had not noticed the gown. But she stood straight before me, and I looked her up and down, as she would have me. Truly, I could see no difference between that gown and any other — save that it was shorter. But Eve would look adorable in any, — and it was the woman that I saw.

And I said as much. "To tell the truth," I said, "I did not see your gown. What does it matter what you wear?"

"To dig?" she said, reproving. "Have you forgotten, Adam? Surely you would not have your wife drip salt water upon her best dress, and spot it?"

As she spoke she looked at me, and I saw that in her eyes that brought me up upon one knee. At least I might kiss her hand, with Old Goodwin pottering about my clam beds. He considerately turned his back upon us.

And so we digged for clams, too, until the light had faded from the western sky, and the twilight was almost gone. And when, at last, Old Goodwin turned and lumbered peacefully up the bank and sat him down, that he become once more Goodwin the Rich, behold, our basket was well filled. For Eve and I have but the one basket; and her back does not tire now.

And I, too, sat me down, — for Eve had to take off her rubber boots, — and I sat me near to Old Goodwin. And once more he gave me that quiet smile of greeting that breathed of peace.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I asked. "Will she not see me yet?"

"Not yet," he answered, still with that quiet smile. "But do you have patience. She will come around — at least, I hope so. It was rather — in the way of a surprise, you know. And as a surprise," he added, with a chuckle of delight, "it was rather good — yes, it was a success."

I sighed. I am not a patient man; and here was Old Goodwin counseling me to have patience. There is nothing harder

for me to have. He could not have hit upon a more difficult prescription.

"I have had patience," I said; "and shall go on having it until it leaves me. And when that will be I do not know but not so long as I can keep it with me. And, after all, I do not know that I care — except for Eve's sake."

"No," he said, and the smile was gone. "You win in any case — or so it seems to me. She loses. Remember that. She loses. And so I ask you to have patience. It is worth while, if only for Eve's sake."

"It is not easy for me to be patient," I replied. "But I will, — at least I will try. That I promise, and no man can promise more. For I win in any case. She may gain a son or lose a daughter — but Eve — No, I will be patient."

Old Goodwin had got his boots changed by this, and now he rose — Goodwin the Rich.

"I thank you, Adam," he said. He called me Adam, too. "It will be the easier for me. And that is something to you — is it not?"

I jumped to my feet and seized his hand. "It is much to me," I cried. "If ever you see me going wrong, I beg you to remind me. For Eve's sake and yours. That will bring me back."

Indeed, he had been my good friend — my good friend and Eve's. And now he smiled once more, Old Goodwin's quiet smile. I loved that smile, breathing peace on earth and good will to men. It was easy to see where Eve had got hers. She smiled with her eyes, too, and in them I saw — but perhaps that was for me alone. But Old Goodwin, with his quiet smile, was yet Goodwin the Rich. It was a marvel.

"You are good children," he said. "Good-night — and bless you."

So he ambled off, up the path that was beginning to show, even in that dim light. For a path is made by walking upon it, and even once a day will serve for that. And that path was walked on more than once a day. As he reached a turn, he waved his hand to us, and we to him.

"Eve," I said, musing, "there goes a good man."

She turned to me. "He is," she said. "And I am glad to have you think that, Adam. There are those — who say cruel things of him."

"They are wrong," I cried. "I am convinced of it. From all envy, hatred, and malice, good Lord, deliver us. But what of that other rich man, Eve?"

For there was a certain rich rascal; and her mother would have had her marry him — for her worldly good. But she chose me. Which was but a disappointment to Mrs. Goodwin — too grievous to be borne; so grievous was it that she would in no wise see me. And I was to have patience. But as I looked up at Eve, waiting for my answer, I saw that she was smiling merrily.

"I told him," she said, "that I was engaged already. And he seemed surprised at that, and he would know the name of the happy man. And I told him that, too. Did I do well? Are you" — She stopped and hesitated.

"Am I happy, Eve?" I answered softly. "Surely, you know that I am. Happier than I thought I should ever be. And what said he then?"

"Oh, then — he did not understand. For I think he did not know you, Adam. And I said you were a fisherman — or a clammer, as occasion served. You should have seen his face. And he but wished me joy, and went. Which was what I wanted."

I chuckled. For I do chuckle, on occasion.

"I have no other occupation," I said, "and neither has he. And he comes, in his yacht, to ask you, and you tell him that you are to wed a digger of clams. And where is he now?"

"I do not know," she answered; and the smile faded.

And I thought my thoughts, and was silent. Truly, the digging of clams has its delights, and not all the Rich are fitted to partake thereof. For how many of them see what lies before their eyes? How

many of them see the colors the old sun spreads on the still water and the shining mud? A flat is a flat to them, a thing to be shunned; a thing that will spoil their white flannels and get their dresses all muddy. Not all of them are Old Goodwins. And the works of the Great Painter are not for such as these. But the colors were gone now, and the light, too, and I heard Eve sighing.

"What is it, Eve?" I asked. "Must you go?"

"Soon," she said, "very soon. But I was thinking of my mother. She hinted — almost threatened — that he would come again."

"That rich man?" I said. "He is better forgot." And, indeed, I had forgot him already. "After all, what matter? His goings and his comings are nothing to us. And your mother — was it hard to tell her? I did what I could."

"It was not easy," she answered, and I knew by her voice that tears were in her eyes, though I could not see. "Your note, Adam, she tore up before my eyes. Oh, I was angry! And I said what I should not. And then she said — she was angry, too — that she would not come to my wedding" —

"We will have patience, Eve," I said, "and perhaps she may change her mind. And, for the note, why, it is better torn up than passed around among her friends to be laughed over. Yes, I am glad about the note."

"And I saved the pieces — every one," she said then, laughing shyly. "After my mother was gone, I gathered them up. But now I must go, Adam. See, it is quite dark. You may come up the path with me — if you will — for just a minute."

If I would! And if our parting took more than just the minute she had said, why, I will bear the blame — if blame there is. For I left her happy and with her eyes shining. And so I stumbled home along the shore, my heart singing. And my supper — for what clammer would dine at seven — was ambrosia and nectar, being plain corn meal mush and

fresh milk. And when I had filled myself full of it, I betook me to the seat under the old pine, and I gazed at the stars and wondered. I saw Arcturus, that he hung, red, high in the west; and Altair blazing above me. But, gaze where I would, I saw always that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes with the light within them that made them to outshine Altair himself. And, gazing, I wondered if in all the worlds that revolve about those innumerable suns, there were a being as happy and as content as I.

So the days passed, and some days I found happiness, and other days I found it not; but usually I had it for a bedfellow. And it was lucky that I did, for what is to be said of a clammer who cannot sleep? And each afternoon, when the sun was low, I wended slowly over toward my clam beds, along the shore where the water lapped ever. And the Great Painter spread his colors with lavish hand, and peace covered the earth and was upon the face of the waters. And peace was in my heart, too, for there on the bank sat Eve, and she smiled to see me come.

And it befell, on a day, that there was a flat calm, and the sun veiled his face before he set; and, above, the veil spread out in a thin sheet, feathery and white, so that I could not tell where it began.

"Look, Eve," I said. "To-morrow it will be stormy."

And she said nothing, but only looked as she was bid, being content to take my word in all things. But Old Goodwin was not.

"Indeed!" he said. "What makes you think so, Adam?"

Then I was tempted. I might have entered upon a disquisition concerning cyclones and the sequence of the weather. But I put that temptation from me. It was but a part of my past.

"Oh," I answered simply, "the look of the sky."

"And in what does the look of the sky

differ from its look on any other day?" he asked. "I see no difference."

"It is hard to tell," I said; "but this is the hurricane season. I may be quite mistaken. But I think it will storm tomorrow."

And so he was forced to be content, though he was but half convinced; and he would have betaken him to the digging of clams, but the tide was not half down. This he mourned, with frequent upward glances at the sky. For Old Goodwin was become more skilled in the finding of clams than he had been. Indeed, I marveled what he could do with the clams he dug, for he no longer gave them to us. I mentioned it to Eve.

She laughed, whispering. "I fear, Adam," she said, "that he is contaminated. He sits up late at night, after everybody else is gone to bed — and I met him, yesterday, coming from the kitchen. He looked furtive as he smiled in passing. Yes, I fear that he is contaminated."

"Steamed clams?" I whispered in reply. "But steamed clams are not baked clams. They are, to clams from a bake, what — a bath in a tub is to a dip in that great ocean."

"It is the best that he can do," she said. "He may not have a clambake. My mother" —

"Ah," said I, illuminated, "the poor man! We will have one for him. And we will ask your mother, too. She can but refuse, at the worst. And perhaps" —

Eve shook her head. "She will refuse," she said — "or take no notice of your asking. But father will be grateful. There are so few things the Rich may do simply. Father would like to muss around, himself, — to help you with the bake, Adam, — and wear his old clothes. He generally has a horrid time."

She was smiling and eager, and her eyes shone.

I nodded. "He shall have his clambake."

So Eve went in early, and Old Goodwin, for the sky was become all gray and nothing to see. And, to me, there is no-

thing so dismal as a dull gray sky when there is neither wind nor rain. There is the same gray light on the water, the same wherever I look, and all nature seems waiting. After a day of it, I am fit for battle and murder. But now a little breeze came creeping in out of the east, chill and drear. And I was wakened in the night by the wind, howling like a lost soul in torment. I turned over and drew the covers closer and slept again.

And when the day broke, it was not tranquil, and no sun to see; and the wind shrieking and yelling out of the south-east, like some wild thing, with gusts of drenching rain. I ate my breakfast at my leisure, — there would be more wind before there was less, — put on oilskins, boots, and sou'wester, and fared forth.

And I came to the bank, and no Eve was there. Indeed, I had known better, but can a man help hoping? It was much too early, and who could expect her to come down in that wind? And as I made these excuses for her, behold, she stepped from behind a great tree.

Out from my clam beds — some way out — is a reef of rocks. It is grim enough in any weather: at low water just showing its rough head, dark brown, barnacled, bearded with seaweed; at high tide, in calm weather, nothing but a wide expanse of placid water. For which reason, the government, in its wisdom, and to protect the lives of yachtsmen, who ever walk in darkness, — the fishermen know it from the beginning of time, — the government had set, upon the most outward rock, a spindle. It was awkward enough, that spindle, with its sprawling arms, like a telegraph pole — but it served its purpose well, in ordinary weather, I have no doubt. But now — this was no ordinary weather, as any might see — it seemed like to go down, to be torn from its hold in the rock, or the shaft twisted and bent and broken, till it served no longer.

"Look, Eve," I shouted. For the gale tore my words out of my mouth. "The spindle — it will go down at high tide — or before. See, it is bent already."

For, as I spoke, a great sea smashed down upon the rock, sending its spray high; and when the wind had blown the bits of broken water far to leeward, leaving the rock in a smother of foam, I saw the spindle, that it stood straight no longer. And I watched for the fellow of the sea that had come. But Eve held her peace. And we two watched the rock, with its leaning spindle, and ever it leaned the more, but it kept fast hold on the rock, though it was nearly buried in the foam. And ever the tide came higher, until it was buried in every sea that came. So it was come to dinner time; and I felt a great hunger, that gnawed within me.

And so Eve went in, and I tramped home, in the rain, along the shore. But my dinner was too quickly eaten for a clammer, and I thanked a kind Heaven that there were not many more such lonely dinners,—there were far too many, but they could be counted,—there were less than a hundred. And, having bolted my dinner, which deserved better of me, I hurried back to the bank. And there stood Eve, and she smiled to see me come along the shore.

"Look, Adam," she said, as soon as I was within hearing, "can you see the spindle? Is it gone?"

I looked. The tide was risen, now, so that only now and then, between the great seas that came, could I catch a glimpse of it; and I saw that it was bent almost even with the rock. It would be useless for its purpose, even if it held; and the tide that was coming would be very high. Even now the waves lapped about my feet as I stood upon the sand, and the seaweed washed against the bank; and it lacked an hour of high tide. I feared for the pebbles, that they would no more shine in the sun.

"I see it," I said. "It yet holds fast to the rock—as fast as any oyster. But it is bent flat, so that it is no manner of use. It may as well go as stay. The water covers it already—or it would, if it were smooth."

And, indeed, the seas broke no longer

over the rock, save an occasional one, higher than the rest, and the trough lower. Such a sea did but open, an instant, to show the top, dark brown and barnacled; then closed again, roaring, in a whirlpool of foam. And Eve said nothing, but only looked. And as we stood, looking, and the rain running off from our clothes in streams, Old Goodwin came down to us, in oilskins and boots and sou'wester. And he said nothing, either, which was not strange, for he was not a man of words. And when he had been there some while, came a mighty sea, and fell upon the rock. I shouted at the sight of that sea; I could do no other. And when it was passed, the water opened once more, and there was but the shaft, bent and twisted.

"Gone!" I cried. And Eve looked at me with wide eyes, but Old Goodwin only nodded.

So we three watched for some while, and at last the water was as smooth over the rock as it was elsewhere. And that is not saying that it was smooth at all,—even on my clam beds, where it was, in a measure, sheltered, the waves broke high, so that I feared for the bank,—but the great seas raced evenly over the rock, and it was as there was none there; for no man could tell its place.

Then, on a sudden, the rain ceased and the wind increased, that it seemed the whole earth must be torn up by the roots. And up on the hill I heard the crash of a tree, falling, and then another. And the water was level with the bank, and the waves broke over my pebbles. Old Goodwin turned at the sound of the trees, and said something, I know not what. For the noise of the wind and the noise of the water was a great noise, and swallowed up the sound of his voice. And he looked once more out to sea, and there came that into his face that made me to look, too.

Now there had been, a moment before, a veil of rain over the surface of the sea that prevented our seeing more than a little way. But now the veil was withdrawn, and I looked—and rubbed my

eyes, and looked again. For there came a yacht — a steam yacht, and she was steaming her best, and with the wind nearly behind her she came at a great pace. Now she was lost in a hollow, that I could see no more than her stack, belching smoke, and now she rose on a wave, that I saw her hull all whole. And the yacht was come nearer, and I knew that here was that certain rich man come to plague me. I even saw the man himself, standing forward, and holding on by a stanchion. And as I saw, I marveled, for I had supposed the man a coward.

I turned to Eve. "Do you know" — But I did not finish, for she nodded; and her look was troubled. I hated that rich man with a mighty hate. And while I still gazed into her eyes, I saw them open wide with horror.

"Oh, Adam!" she cried. "The spindle is gone, and they will go on the rocks! See!"

And I turned. They had come on swiftly, — too swiftly, — and now were headed straight for the place where the rock lay hid; steaming headlong to destruction. I hesitated — I say it to my shame, though a man is but a man, after all — I hesitated an instant; then Old Goodwin began to shout, and I shouted, too, wading into the water up to my waist and waving my hands. For I would warn them farther off. And at our shouting, the man did but get upon the rail, still holding by the stanchion, and lean far out, and put his hand behind his ear. For the wind whipped the words out of our mouths before they were well spoken, and they reached him not at all. And the yacht was but a length from the rock. And the man understood, though he could not hear, and he leaned yet farther out, to call up to the captain; but the captain had understood, too, and she was already turning. And as we looked, and held our breath for fear, she struck with a great shock, and careened, and the great seas dashed high and hid her for a moment. And when she rolled back again, and I could see, the man was gone.

Then Eve shrieked and I cursed, under my breath, and I hurried to shore; and, hastily, I stripped off my coats and cast down my sou'wester upon them as they lay, and tried to pull off my boots. But they were filled full with water from my wading, and would not come. So I pulled out my knife and ripped them down the side; for I was of no mind to be weighted down with rubber boots. Then they came off easily enough, and I rose and looked at Eve.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "can you swim — in that water?"

I looked out upon the water, that was roaring and racing. A fish might fail to swim on the top of that water, and be well excused for failing. And I was no fish, though I could swim passing well.

"Yes," I said.

"Then," said Eve, "go, and God keep you!" And she kissed me, taking no shame to herself that her father saw, and those on the yacht, — they had little leisure for observing, — and some of my neighbors, who had gathered near, — who had leisure.

And, with that kiss upon my lips, I could have gone to my death with a light heart; indeed, I knew not but that I was going to it. So I plunged in and swam, thinking as I went, with some bitterness, that here was I, risking my life for a man who was come but to give me trouble. Truly, I thought, he has begun well, and it will be no strange matter if the beginning and the ending are the same. Then I was come to an end of my shelter, and the wind tore at me, and the waves buffeted me, so that I was forced to give all my thought to my swimming; and that was well, too.

Now I have no purpose to give an account of my fool's errand that I had swum out upon, for thus should I be but a boaster and a braggart and one marked out for destruction. But I found the man, — I do not well know how, — and I brought him to shore, to Eve and Old Goodwin, where they waited; and I do not well know how I did that, either. And I was

weary, even unto death. And there I left him, to be cared for by those same neighbors of mine, and to recover or not, as it happed him. But I turned to Eve before I went, and she was crying softly.

"Oh, Adam, Adam," she said; and with that she stopped and said no more, for she could not speak. But she put her arms about me, all wet as I was, and held me tight, and I heard her voice whispering, but I could make out no words. And when she had made an end of her whispering, she let me go.

"Now, Adam," she said, "you are all wet, and you are all weary. Do you go home and get off those wet clothes, and rest yourself. And when you are all rested I will come and tell you whether it has gone well or ill with him."

So I went, and weary I must have been, for I thought not to marvel that Eve should come to my house, and I gave no thought to the yacht, that had been in evil case enough when I saw her last. And as I plodded along the shore, it chanced that I glanced out upon the water. For the wind was beginning to fall already. And the yacht was on the rock, where she had struck, but she had swung clean around, so that her bow was toward the seas, and she seemed like to slide off. And as I looked, a boat put out from shore and pulled toward her. After all, my neighbors have their good points.

And when I had got into dry clothes, and had swallowed a draught of hot tea, I felt somewhat rested. So I went out and sat me down on the seat under my pine. From that place I could see the west, and the clouds were somewhat broken, and driving fast, but no glimpse of the sun yet, though he must be near his setting. And out upon the water lay the yacht, at anchor in a spot that was sheltered, and she was well down by the head. About her, like a flock of crows, were some small boats. And I looked no more upon the yacht, but I gazed at the tree like a spire, that should show against the sun's disk as he set, and I thought with bitterness on what I had done; and my thoughts

were the thoughts of Ahab. I even spoke aloud.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

And, even as I spoke, I heard behind me the light step that I knew and loved, and there was Eve. And she sat her down upon the seat beside me.

I looked at her, questioning. "Is it well?" I asked.

She smiled up at me. "It is well," she answered; and my bitterness fell from me as a garment, and I marveled that it was so.

And so we sat and saw the twilight fail, early, and the night fall. And out upon the water, a light marked where the yacht lay at her anchor, and the light bowed slowly, up and down; for there yet was a swell coming in, although the wind had fallen. And peace was upon my spirit, and a great content.

Under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man — or for a Daughter of the Rich, as I make bold to guess — with a heart at ease. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine — I did not know. But I was to find out, for a week had gone by since I hauled him ashore like any drifting mess of seaweed, and with no more life in him, as it seemed, than in the weed; his legs and his arms trailing in the water. And, Eve asking it, I had invited him to my clam-bake that I made to pleasure Old Goodwin. From my seat against the tree he might look out upon my clam beds. But it might well be that he would not care for clam beds; for every rich man is not an Old Goodwin. And he might see, too, the place where he so nearly lost his life. And it might well be that he would not care for that, either. But he should have the chance. And, to make the tale complete, I had asked Mrs. Goodwin, too.

And Old Goodwin helped me with the bake, and he whistled as he worked. He was no artist at the whistling, but yet it gave me pleasure to see him so well pleased, so that I must needs join him in his whistling; and I am no artist at it,

either. But we were merry at our whistling, and we made so great a racket with it that any would have thought, to hear us, there was a flock of strange birds and it was springtime; instead of which it was fall and the birds had left, except some robins and some sparrows and some other. And even they were silent, for the most part. And the terns had gone, too,—that always marks the change of season, for me,—and the winter gulls had come, to take their place.

And when, at last, we had the embers all raked off, and the stones clean, Old Goodwin leaned upon his rake, and wiped his forehead. It was hot, there, so near the hot stones, and the fire just burned out. And he began to laugh, for sheer pleasure and for the merriment that he might hold in no longer; and, laughing, he could whistle no more.

"Adam," he said, "do you know what it is that you are whistling?"

And I stopped long enough to answer. "No," I said. "It does not matter. Make a glad noise."

And, with that, I began to sing; and I am only worse at singing than I am at whistling. But what cared I? And Old Goodwin, as soon as he could, for his laughter, joined me in singing. And he sang worse than I.

At last, our work done, we sat us on the seat and were silent. And Old Goodwin gazed at the smoking dome of weed, and I gazed out over the water. And presently he rose and went to garb himself, for he was dressed in his clammer's clothes, that were well stained with mud and with salt water and with clams. And then I, too, would change my clothes, for I was no better dressed than he.

And when I was all arrayed, I set out along the shore, and my heart-beat was too high, by far; but my spirits were high, too, that I scarce kept from singing aloud, or from waving my arms and shouting at the deep-sounding sea. But I remembered that certain rich man that I was to meet. What would he think of a clammer that sang aloud, by himself,—and

most outrageously,—or that shouted an occasional line from Homer,—what could he think, but that I knew no better — and no more? So I strode along the shore and came to the bank. And I sat not down, but paced to and fro. And soon came Eve, and behind her came Old Goodwin and that other rich man. A moment only Eve smiled at me, and then she stood aside. And that other rich man stepped forward and broke in upon Old Goodwin's speech; for he would have introduced us.

"We need no introduction," he said. "Thanks seem a poor thing enough to give in return for my life, but I can offer you no more."

And I took the hand he held out, and I murmured something, I know not what, about its being of no consequence,—which, indeed, it was not, though I should not have said so.

So we wended along the shore to the steep path, and Eve walked beside me. She was not in white now, for it was cool, with a sharp wind out of the northwest. Indeed, what she had on I did not know,—some dark stuff gown that well became her,—I was not looking at her gown. And, walking so, we came to the steep path, and climbed it, and we stood beneath my pine. And before the seat against the tree stood my table, that I had made large enough for four; but the seat was unchanged, and it held but two.

Old Goodwin looked upon the seat, and he said no word, but he smiled his quiet smile and betook him to my shed. And I bethought me of Mrs. Goodwin.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I asked. "Will she not come?" But I did but jest, for I had had no idea that she would come.

And that rich man spoke, and what he said was a surprise to me. "Mrs. Goodwin wished me to say," said he, "that she feared to catch cold, as the wind is somewhat biting. But she thanks you for asking her."

Then I looked at Eve, and she seemed surprised, too. But Old Goodwin had

found his box that he had sat upon before, and he brought it out and set it by the table.

"I will sit here," he said. "I have an affection for this box. It tilts nicely."

And that other stared a moment. "I wonder," he said, at last, "if there is another — no, no." For I had started for the shed. "Let me get it."

And I laughed and nodded, and he went. And we heard a tremendous racket, and presently he came, bringing a box that was the fellow to Old Goodwin's. Laughing, too, he set it down.

"There!" he said. "And now for the clams."

We sat long at my little table under my great tree, but at last it was cold, for the sun was gone behind a black cloud. And Old Goodwin rose, reluctantly, and that other rich man rose, too, and stood before us, where we yet sat upon the seat.

"I have to thank you," he said to me, "for the pleasantest time and the most delicious feast that I have had in many a long day." Then he hesitated and looked away a moment; but presently his eyes came back to mine. "You are a better man than I am, Adam, and better worthy of her. From my heart, I wish you joy. I shall not come again to plague you." Again he looked away. "And I shall say as much to Mrs. Goodwin, — with your permission."

And I stood, and took the hand he offered; but I did not speak. I could not, for a moment. Then I mumbled something, I know not what, about his kindness. But it did not matter what I said. And my heart warmed to him, and I was sorry for him, — he had lost so much, — but he took it as a man should, and there was hope of him yet, that he become a man. I thought nothing of his having called me Adam; indeed, I doubted if he knew it. And so he went, quickly, without so much as looking back, and Old Goodwin followed as quickly, and they went down the steep path, and we heard their laughter. And I turned to Eve, and she smiled up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried softly, "if we only could!"

"We can but try, Eve," I answered, smiling back at her; "and we will. He seems worth it." And then I mused a while, and at last I spoke my thoughts. "Eve," I said, "why did you choose me?"

She looked at me, her eyes wide. "Why did I choose you?" she asked, perplexed. "What do you mean, Adam? Would you give me up?"

"Now God forbid," I cried, "that I should do that thing! What man, having got you, would give you up? But that rich man —

She laughed, a merry laugh. "Why, that is simple — as simple as life itself. I chose you because I loved you, and I did not love that rich man. And why it should be so I do not know."

And what I did at that, I leave it to any to guess; for Old Goodwin was gone, and that other, and there was no one there save only Eve and me, under my great tree.

"I thank Heaven that it is so," I said, at last, "and what the reason is I do not care."

And, at that, the black cloud that was before the sun spilled a few drops, great drops that splashed as they struck. For it was well over us, and almost passed.

Eve was distressed. "Adam," she said, "do you believe in signs?"

"Yes," I answered, "if you like. Would you take that cloud to be a sign?"

She nodded, saying nothing.

"Well," said I, rising, "so be it. But come where we can see the east, and I will interpret for you."

So she rose, too, and together we went down the steep path and along the shore. And, as we went, I interpreted for her in this wise: —

"That black cloud, Eve, and the drops that it shed from its lap as it passed, signify the shadow of a sorrow. And the shadow of this sorrow lies in the behavior of your mother, who will none of me; and who says that she will not come to your wedding. But that shadow shall pass,

even as the cloud has passed. For look, Eve; you can see the sun."

And, as I spoke, the sun was peeping under the western edge; and we saw his disk grow, until we could look at him no longer. And we were come to the bank, where the pebbles shone, red, in the sun. For he was near his setting.

"Now," said I, "I may have to wait some while for the rest of my interpreting."

And we waited, watching in silence, for some minutes. And the cloud was gone from above us, into the east, and there were no more drops; but under the cloud it was raining hard. And there began to form a bow: first a patch of color here and a patch there; then, gradually, the patches joined by fainter parts; then those faint parts brightened into a perfect bow with its ends dipping into the sea, and with all its colors perfect. And, as we gazed, there formed, within the first, another bow, and yet a third — though one must look hard to find it. And it should go hard but I find a promise in it.

"Which signifies, being interpreted," I said softly, "that your life shall be thrice happy."

But the marvels were not yet done; for there came broad sheaves of light that overspread the bows, but did not hide them. And there, at the centre of the bows, was a tiny sail; and the sail was brighter than aught else, and it was as if the sheaves of light had issued from it. And above were great masses of cloud, roll upon roll, and the sun, in his setting, spread them with all manner of saffron and scarlet and crimson, and with all the delicate shades of pink that are known to man — and with many that man, with all his skill, knows nothing of. But the shadows were blue or lilac or purple. And we gazed long, until the brightness began to fade. Then Eve sighed.

"Oh, Adam," she whispered, "it is so beautiful! Heaven grant that you prove a true prophet!"

There is a restlessness that seizes upon

men in certain case. I had felt it before, and had wandered the shores, with my basket upon my arm and my hoe in my hand; and I had digged here and there as the fancy took me. But the clams that I digged lay forgotten upon the sands, to bury themselves once more; while I, seated upon a barnacle-covered rock, — or even standing, — gazed and gazed and saw nothing of what was before me until the tide, lapping about my ankles, brought me to myself. And then, with a heart-breaking sigh, I would shoulder my hoe, and again betake me to wandering the shores. Then, Eve had been the cause, for I had not got her; but at least I might find my content again at sunset, when I sat upon the bank, where the sod breaks off to the sand, with her beside me. Now, Eve was the cause, too; and my content was fled from me, and though I might sit upon the bank, I sat alone, or with no one but Old Goodwin. And Old Goodwin was well enough, but he was not Eve. And I had no joy in the colors that the Great Painter spread so lavishly, but was ill-tempered and out of sorts, giving short answers to the remarks Old Goodwin made, and never sitting still five minutes. And Old Goodwin but smiled his quiet smile, and was very patient with me; he knew well the cause of my sour temper. For Eve had betaken herself to the city, that she might the better make preparation for a certain Event. What Event that was, it is but a dullard that cannot guess; and it was eighty days off, and then it was seventy. Eighty aeons — with Eve away. But I diverted myself by counting it in hours, then in minutes. It was a prodigious number of minutes — but I took what comfort I might in it.

And one morning I awoke at dawn, and, as I leaned from my window, I saw the ground all white with frost. Then the east was grown all red, a narrow line of color changing above to yellow and a faint green, and, on a sudden, the sun popped up. And then I got to thinking of that other dawn that Eve and I had seen, and content abode with me no

longer. And I drew in my head and dressed in sullen haste and went down to breakfast. It was a good breakfast, but gall and wormwood had been sweeter in my mouth if I could but find again that peace I sought; and, having done, I lighted my pipe and went forth, and I betook me to the woods. Perchance content had taken refuge there.

So, all that day, I wandered the wood, seeing the red of the dogwood and of the sumach, the reds and yellows of the maples, and the yellow leaves of the birches showing against the white trunks; and, here and there, a clump of pine, their dark green the darker for the color with which they were surrounded. But I found no beauty in any. Truly, content was not there; or, if it were, I found it not. And I saw the seed-pods lifting on their dry stems, and the rotting logs, and the dead leaves.

At last my tale of days was done, and Eve was come home. And I awoke one morning to see a thin skimming of ice, crisp and crackling, spread over every shallow pool, and it was well into November. And my breakfast was ambrosia and nectar, being the same that had been gall and wormwood before; for Eve was come. And, if I did not eat much, why, any lovesick boy can tell you why it was. Then, having done, I hurried off, and on every shallow pool that was skimmed with ice I slid. And the ice rose up before my feet, and broke into a thousand pieces behind them; but I did not wet so much as the sole of my shoe. And I hurried over to my clam beds, where the sod breaks off to the sand; for there, I thought, shall I find my lost content.

The sun lay warm upon the bank, but no Eve was there. And I paced to and fro, fuming with impatience, my head down upon my breast. For I found not content, having been certain that I should find it, that had been lost to me for a month, and more. And, as I paced the shore, to and fro, there came a light touch upon my shoulder. I turned, swiftly, and there was Eve, her eyes shining.

And I — but I know not what I did — and, if I knew, I would not tell.

“Eve, Eve,” I cried, my voice shaking, “you were gone so long!”

And she only smiled up at me, the same smile that I had seen so often, in my dreaming before my fire; and I knew that I had found again that peace that had been so long lost. And what we did then is for my Eve and me to remember; but presently we found ourselves sitting upon the bank, and the ice was gone from the shore, and the sun shone warm.

“And when shall I see,” I asked, “your finery? So long a visit should accomplish much.”

“Shall a bride not be properly fitted out?” she answered. And she said it softly, as she were half ashamed — and, at that, I kissed her — I could not help it. Eve did not chide me for it. “And you shall see all my finery — on Christmas day; or any day after.”

Then I looked blank, I do not doubt, and she laughed again her merry laugh. For Christmas day is to be our wedding day. But I had Eve. That was enough — and she had promised that she would not go away again. And we sat there, talking or silent, as the whim took us, until Eve was cold.

So the days passed, and I was happy; and the leaves of the wood, that had been red and yellow and bronze, turned to a dull brown and fell, whirling; but the oaks kept theirs, and they rattled in each breeze. And the ice formed on the shore, great, jagged cakes that covered my clam beds, and the bank as well, so that we might no more see the pebbles. And though the sunsets came earlier with each day that passed, it was become too cold to stay and see them. And the days of my waiting were grown less and less, till there was but one left. Still there was no snow. And the morrow was Christmas day.

I was prowling the shores that morning, looking for Eve, — as I ever did when I was not with her. And as I made my way carefully among the broken cakes of ice that the tide had left, I saw her com-

ing down the path under the trees. I hurried — and looked again — and, behold, it was not Eve at all, but a lady clad in furs, and seeming proud and haughty. And she came near the bank, and so did I.

“I wished to speak with you,” she said. And I bowed low. But what she said next astonished me.

“You have robbed me of a daughter,” she said again, her head high, — “and you a fisherman!”

Again I bowed low, saying nothing. What should I say to that? Had she not been told? I had ado not to laugh — but I did not, only bowed. And yet again she spoke.

“You have robbed me of a daughter,” she repeated; “but I will come to your wedding — to my daughter’s wedding. I wished you to know that, so I came to tell you.”

And I thought she would have wept, but she did not. For she was proud — and now I realized where my Eve had got her beauty. But I had found my tongue at last.

“I thank you, madam,” said I; “and I am grateful for so little. I should be the more grateful for a little more — for Eve’s sake more than for my own. I am not your enemy, come to rob you, and if you would” —

“You have robbed me of a daughter,” she broke in; and turned swiftly, and was gone up the path, her head high. But I could hear her weeping, though she tried to still it. And so I stood and watched her out of sight among the trees.

I was telling Eve of it, that afternoon. And the sun was low, though it was early. And Eve listened in silence, watching the sun.

“Let us stay and say good-night to him,” she said, at last.

“With all my heart,” I answered. “But

let us walk, Eve. You will be the warmer.”

And so she slipped her hand within my arm, and we walked to and fro along the shore, and we watched the sun. And, on a sudden, I looked at Eve, and her eyes were filled with tears. And I stopped short.

“What is it, Eve?” I asked.

“This is the last sunset, Adam,” she said softly, “that Eve Goodwin will ever see.”

And the tears fell, and she was weeping. My heart stood still.

“And you are sorry, Eve?” I said; and I scarce knew my own voice. “Would you draw back?”

“No, oh, no, Adam,” she cried. “Not that — I did not mean that. I do not regret — anything. But — let me cry a little.”

“Cry, to your heart’s content,” I said, and smiled upon her; for my heart was going again — like a hammer.

And so she wept and smiled at once, and then she wept again. And presently she was done, her heart eased. And the sun was sitting on the western hills.

“See,” I said. “He has stopped his southern journey, and has started back again. Or I think I see it.”

And Eve said nothing, but she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun, that he spread the still waters with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hills, we saluted. And Eve murmured something, I knew not what.

“Good-night, Adam,” she said.

“Good-night, Eve — for the last time,” I whispered in return.

And she fled up the path under the trees.

For to-morrow will be Christmas day; to-morrow the gates will open.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE TENEMENTS

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

My acquaintance with the women of tenement districts antedates any vividness in my view of woman suffrage. It was, indeed, through my association with them that I came to wish to look more closely upon what one of my icily neutral friends is wont to refer to as "that flamboyant and inflammable subject."

One day, a coworker in the social settlement of Boston in which I was most particularly interested met me with a request that was almost an entreaty. "Will you help me," she asked abruptly, "to teach the women of this neighborhood how to register and vote for the school committee?"

As I did not at once reply, she added: "Most of them have children who go to school; they ought to care how the schools are conducted. They have a right to a voice in the matter; they should use that voice."

"It does seem so," I assented. Then, suddenly recollecting that, even from my intimate friends among the women of the vicinity, I never had heard the most casual allusion to the possession of the cited right, I queried: "Have some of them spoken of it to you? None of them have to me. Do any of them ever vote?"

"That's the trouble, they don't vote," said my colleague frankly. "Even the ones who have lived here almost always don't; they know very little about it. We must tell them more. Some of the foreigners are n't yet qualified voters; the ones who are know nothing about it. We must tell them everything." She reverted to the words with which she had opened the conversation: "Will you help me?"

A great many things were happening at that time, to my especially near acquaintances in the tenements. All my spare hours and moments were filled with visits,

visitors, club meetings, and preparatory arrangements for all three. Again, I did not immediately reply; and my coworker, understanding my silence, said: "Of course you have n't any time; but this won't take any."

"Won't it?" a premonition led me to ask.

"Oh, no," was the response. "You can do all that is necessary during the process of your usual calls. Show the women how to register; tell them when and where; and remind them to go and vote. That's all."

That, I shortly realized, was not all. I easily showed my acquaintances in the neighborhood how to register; more easily, I told them when and where; most easily, I reminded them to go and vote. This took little time; but it was not all. It was merely the too facile beginning of a prolonged, arduous, and futile endeavor.

One of my best friends in the tenement district was a woman who had long since formed the habit of discussing with me any Janus-headed topic which presented itself within her range of observation, from the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy to the case of Capital *vs.* Labor. She was unmarried; and none of the members of her immediate household were school children; but it so fell out that I went to her first, in pursuance of the promise I had given my coworker. Briefly I explained the primary object of my visit. The woman evinced the liveliest interest; she had never heard of woman suffrage.

"An' in America, everywhere, do they vote for school committees?" she inquired.

I replied with statistical exactness; and more eagerly she asked: "In America, anywhere, do they vote for anything else?"

I explained still further. The pleasure of my friend increased. "An' in states where they can't, do they want to?" she interrogated.

"Some of them do; some do not," I replied. Then, impelled by a natural desire to be as precise as possible, I amended: "Some of them think women ought to be allowed to vote just as men are. They think women have the same right to the ballot that men have."

"An' some of 'em, they think dif'-rent?" my hostess pursued.

"Yes," I returned; "they have the opposite opinion."

The eyes of the woman with whom I was conversing brightened. She saw in the subject a new variety of a favorite species. "Has there been much talk 'bout it?" she asked.

"Rather a great deal," I told her.

"There must ha' been interestin' things said?" she hazarded.

"Oh, yes!" I affirmed.

In the course of the six or eight months that followed, I appreciated, as never before, how many had been said, and how very interesting they were. My judicial friend neither registered nor voted. "I'd like to go over the arguin' that's been done, first," she had said.

She was a busy woman. By long hours of close labor in a tailoring establishment she supported her aged mother, an invalid sister, and herself. Her intellectual craving and alertness were such, nevertheless, that at the end of a day's work in the shop, and an evening partly spent in aiding her mother in the performance of sundry household duties, she still succeeded in finding the time and retaining the inclination to read a fairly large number of books, and to come to the settlement for the purpose of discussing them with me.

To her request for "books 'bout women votin'," I at once acceded by providing her with as many leaflets and pamphlets on both sides of the question as I could collect. One night, she asked me to sum up for her the chief arguments of the two opposing parties. Not being

quite intrepid enough to attempt even half the task she would have imposed upon me, I arranged, as occasion gave me opportunity, that she hear an address by Dr. Abbott, and a lecture by Mrs. Livermore. My own interest in the subject had been so stimulated that I met her frequent advances toward a new weighing of its merits and demerits with an eagerness that matched her own.

For this reason, I was unable to reproach myself, when, without the faintest warning, she left the topic, to which she has not, thus far, though a number of years have elapsed, again returned. I was leaving her one night, after a protracted call, during which she had spoken at length of various other subjects to which I knew she had given much thought, but not even briefly of woman suffrage. At the door, she detained me. "Did n't you tell me once," she began, "that a wonderful book had been wrote 'bout my trade?"

"About tailoring? Did I?" I said vaguely; it seemed so many weeks since we had alluded to her occupation. "I don't remember any book about it,—except *Sartor Resartus*"—

"That's the name," she interrupted. "I'd like to read it."

"I should be glad to lend it to you," I responded.

"Thank you," she said simply.

"You may have it to-morrow," I said; and then, as she merely thanked me again, I added: "It has no particular connection with woman suffrage; you did n't suppose it had?"

"Oh, no," she laconically replied.

The next evening, she came to get *Sartor Resartus*. I was occupied with a club meeting; but I took a moment from it, in which to say to my friend as I gave her the book, "What about the ballot for woman?"

"More talk than anything else," she rejoined.

It was impossible for me to continue the conversation on that evening. The demands of the club meeting were insistent. For many months afterward, my

friend made no reference to it. Somewhat to my surprise, she read *Sartor Resartus* with the greatest avidity; in its pages she discovered numberless topics for animated debate. No one of these turned upon the question which so lately had captivated her attention. My curiosity was aroused, but I refused it the coveted indulgence of interrogation.

One day, not very long ago, the woman broke her rather noticeable silence. She called upon me, just when another caller and I had reached a point in a discussion of the suffrage movement from which we could not, without further remarks, depart. The woman from the tenement listened. When she was alone with me, she smiled.

"While I was waitin' for you the other night," she began, before I had spoken, "I learned a poem you'd marked in a little book layin' on the table."

"What was it?" I inquired, as she paused.

By way of reply, she repeated, with evident relish, these lines, —

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument

About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went!"

"I was n't thinking about woman suffrage, when I marked that," I involuntarily demurred.

Again my friend smiled. "I was, when I was learnin' it," she said.

Presently she continued, "There's so much talk 'bout it" —

"But there is about every debatable subject," I interposed. "I have always thought you enjoyed it," I further suggested.

"I do, when it's interestin'," explained the woman. "I mean," she went on, "when it *stays* interestin'. It does, 'bout Shakespeare an' Bacon. Them little essays o' Bacon's, they stay interestin'. Shakespeare, his books stay interestin'. Then, there's lots o' things been wrote 'bout 'em both that stay interestin', too!"

She ceased, but only for an instant. "There's Capital an' Labor," she com-

menced anew; "that stays interestin'. I never get tired of *Sesame an' Lilies*; I never get tired o' most that I've read 'bout it!"

"But what has all this to do with woman suffrage?" I now asked.

"I'm tired o' woman suffrage," returned my visitor. "I can't settle it in my min'!"

"You can hardly settle the other questions you have been mentioning, either," I reminded her.

"No," she said, "but they are dif'r-ent. The things I've read, tryin' to settle 'em, heartened me up, an' made doin' my jobs seem easier. The things I've read 'bout women votin' made me sort o' low in my feelin's, an' doin' my jobs got to seem harder."

She gazed at me intently. The burdens of her life, numerous, heavy, and distasteful, were known to me well, for she was an old and a dear friend. As if taking this into account, she said, with a slight emphasis on the pronoun: "I think I was right to stop botherin' 'bout suffrage."

A comment was obviously expected. "I think so, too!" I agreed.

There appeared nothing else to do. One of my acquaintances, who is an ardent suffragist, told me, when I related the incident to her, that I should have explained that the possession of the ballot would finally cause the work of all women, not only to seem, but to be, easier. Several of the pamphlets with which I had furnished my friend had already, most authoritatively, given her such an explanation. Another acquaintance, a strong anti-suffragist, asked me why I did not say to her that the reverse would be the case, should the ballot be granted to women. Some of the leaflets she had studied said it, not without force and firmness. My coworker observed that I ought to have suggested to her that it was her duty to concern herself with the question, whether she would or no. All the pamphlets she had seen had offered, unmistakably, a suggestion of that description.

I could not blame myself for the wan-

dering of my friend's attention from the problem of equal suffrage. She had received from me all the help in investigating the opposite claims of the question that it had been possible to give. The knowledge of the subject that she had acquired was by no means inconsiderable; though the appeal it had made to her was small. She knew much about it; but she cared little. Studying the matter had excited without inspiring her. In the course of time, that woman may be ready to answer, at least for herself, the vexed question. At present, she is not prepared so much as to hear it asked. There are so many things that she must do, first; and those things are difficult and tedious. Does it not seem that, before all else, their accomplishment should be alleviated and hastened; and this, moreover, in such manner as she herself prefers?

Another woman, to whom I went, became less broadly, if quite as deeply, sensible of the, for her, too enigmatical nature of the subject. She had five young children, three of whom were pupils in the public school of the immediate neighborhood. Her interest in the processes of their education was, I knew, unusually keen.

"Yes, I'll be real glad to register, an' vote, if it'll keep the schools good, and make 'em better," she said, in unhesitating response to the tidings, which she had not until now received, that the right to make, in this way, the attempt, was legally hers. "I've got three children in school, an' two more to go; an' I want 'em to learn well."

She registered. As the proper time drew near, being unable to call upon her, I wrote, reminding her to cast her vote. The night before election, she came to the settlement. Not finding me, she journeyed out to the far-away street and number given her by the head resident. I heard her asking for me, somewhat breathlessly, and I hurried to the door. "Are any of the children ill?" I inquired, in alarm. "Has something happened to your husband?"

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"No," she replied; "but who'll I vote for?"

The next day, she did not go to the polls. She has not yet used her ballot. "I never know who to vote for," she explained one day.

"I can't decide for you," I said, as I had so often said to her during the evening upon which she had besought me to make such a decision; "but I will try to help you to find out how to decide for yourself."

We were in the kitchen; the larger of the two rooms in which she, her husband, and their five children lived. She was ironing, attending to the cooking of her dinner, and watching her baby, who played on the floor. She looked at me kindly. "I know you will," she exclaimed; "but, if you'd jes' as soon, I'd ruther you'd help me 'bout things that's pressin' on me more!"

This woman had a neighbor, one of my particular friends in the tenements, who advanced a decidedly longer distance upon the subject before she summarily retreated. She had four children, all of whom she sent regularly to school. Her husband was an inefficient carpenter, so frequently out of employment that the support of the family almost entirely depended upon her. The eldest of the children was sixteen years of age; but the mother would not consent to her leaving school and beginning to earn her own living.

"She'll have to do it quick enough," was her reason, sadly spoken. "The chance to get educated is all I can give her; an' I want her to have it; I want all my children to have it. I wish I'd had it!"

To my information regarding her prerogatives in connection with the selection of school committees, she accorded close attention. Hardly had she registered before she approached me with inquiries relative to present candidates for that office in her city. She had very few leisure hours; and they seldom were coincident with mine; but I did my utmost

to assist her to acquaint herself with the most important factors in the problem. The success of her effort in that direction was slight; her gratitude to me, my co-worker observed, was even more slender.

"Oh, I voted," she told me, after election day; "but I ain't sure now I voted right, an' I ain't sure I done any good votin', anyway." In rather an aggrieved tone, she continued: "I've been so took up, findin' out 'bout it, I've let my house-work run slack. My littlest girl, she's been sent home from school twice, 'cause o' her havin' on a dirty dress. Nobody was here to fix her up clean, an' send her back, so she missed them two days. It would ha' been better for her educatin', if I'd washed her clothes in the time I was learnin' 'bout school committees." She did not spare herself; neither did she spare me. "The other things you've helped me into made me do what I'd ought to do, better; this made me do it worse," she concluded.

"I meant well," I ventured.

"O'course, I know you did," my friend generously returned; "but," she inexorably added, "I don't want to fuss over votin' no more."

A suffragist assured me that the fault could not be ascribed to the ballot; she added soothingly that it did not necessarily belong to me. I was unable to fix it upon my friend of the tenement district. The weight of responsibility seemed to fall upon the unripeness of the moment.

One of the most unhappy experiences I ever had in the tenements grew out of that essay of mine to show the women I knew how to register; to tell them when, and where, and to remind them to go and vote. A woman, whom nature and misfortune had made so suspicious of humankind that she seldom trusted any one, had, tardily but quite fully, given me her affection and confidence. She had two children; the elder, a boy, was rather a troublesome member of a public school in the vicinity. The mother was interested in hearing that she might, if she wished,

take part in the general government of the city schools. I explained to her as minutely as I was able just how relatively large and small that part was. She registered; in due season she voted; she had been finally ready to make a choice of candidates.

In the middle of the year, her son, becoming more unmanageable by his teachers, was covertly, and then most openly, threatened with the parental school; to which, at last, he went. My friend was grievously incensed: against the teachers; against the committee; against herself, because she had voted for that committee; and against me, because I had revealed to her the fact that she was a qualified voter. For a long time, she was very cold to me, very distant. I was distinctly puzzled. Once, formerly, she had had more apparent cause to be offended with me. I had told her, not that she might, but that she ought, to have her little girl vaccinated. She was reluctant; and I urged until she consented. The small girl was vaccinated; and, in consequence of its "taking" most thoroughly, very ill. The mother not only understood my great resultant distress; she sought to soften it, begging me repeatedly to remember that I was "not to blame." There are two sides to the vaccination question; undeniably, I had pushed my side; whereas I had merely presented the bare facts of there being sides to the school committee question. She had chosen entirely for herself, both as to candidates, and as to using her right to vote for them.

I had begun to wonder whether she would ever again come to see me, or wish me to go to see her, when, one morning, I had a postal card from her, "My baby is sick," it said. I went to her without delay. She greeted me with the old accustomed warmth. Nothing was said about the recent shadow upon our friendship, until I was bidding her good-by. Then she detained me. "Whenever folks have come round my husband 'bout votin'," she commenced, "they's always had some secret meanin'; an' it's turned out

bad for him afterwards, sometimes." She stopped; but I remained silent, and after an instant she went on; "I see now you did n't have no secret meanin' when you told me I could vote. You did n't care, 'cause o' my wonderin' if maybe you'd had?" she pleaded.

"Yes, I did care," I was obliged to confess; "but it's past, now."

"My thinkin' 'bout votin' s past, too," my friend confided in turn. "It got me all ugly in my feelin's havin' to do with it; so I'm goin' to let it 'lone."

It has been suggested to me that I might have tried to show her that such a result need not inevitably have followed. There were so many other things to be done for her, first!

But two, of all the many women whom I knew, exhibited any evidences of lucid partisanship.

"What for do I want to register?" one of these asked, after listening to my careful directions as to the time and place for performing that preliminary deed.

"In order that you may vote," I began.

"Why'd I be a-votin'?" she demanded. "Votin's for men!"

To the other, I said, "You are qualified to vote for school committees."

"If I'm qualified to vote for one thing, why ain't I qualified to vote for everything?" she retorted.

Only one woman attained to any height of abstraction in her view of the subject. In some one of the leaflets which, in answer to her petition, I had sent to her, she found a prediction to the effect that, with the ballot, women would abolish saloons. Her husband was a drunkard. She came to talk about the prophecy.

"Do you think women could?" she asked eagerly.

"It is quite possible; don't you see that it is?" I ventured.

She meditated for an interval; and then she shook her head. "They might shut up the saloons," she granted. "I can see they could; but I don't believe they could stop men drinkin', that way. It ain't so much havin' saloons, as wantin'

whiskey, that makes 'em drink. *Nobody's* votin' 'gainst saloons can keep men from wantin' whiskey."

The woman was not a political economist, nor a student of civic governments. It is doubtful if, even after her reading of many pamphlets for, and against, woman suffrage, she was aware of the most superficial definitions of the words; but, nevertheless, she had divined that the ballot, whether of men or of women, is not, whatever else it may be, essentially an ethical force.

Few of the women to whom I so zestfully had gone registered that year; fewer still voted. "Next time, more of them will," my coworker said. The next time, not so many of them did. In the several following elections of school committees, none of them, so far as I have learned, have taken part. They are not suffragists; but neither are they anti-suffragists; scarcely are they conscious neutralists. To no one of these factions are they yet quite ready to begin to belong.

The random bits of conversation relating to woman suffrage that the young girls composing a club of which I was in charge chanced at that period to hear, supplied them with the impetus to challenge an association of boys of very nearly the same ages to a debate on the question. For a while, interest in the subject mounted high. The girls were enthusiastically thorough in their search for arguments on the affirmative side, which, it need not be said, was the side apportioned to them. Among themselves, however, and with me, they discussed the subject from every conceivable view-point. One of my friends ironically congratulated me upon the rapid ease with which my literary club, slowly organized and painstakingly maintained, was being transformed into a bureau of political information.

After the debate, the girls ceased, at least verbally, to consider the problem. Very nearly all of them are now of voting age; most of them are industrially employed. They are all intelligent; but, none the less, they are not ready to pass

judgment upon the question of woman suffrage; the other things which they must do, first, have not yet been finished.

"Do you still want to vote?" I asked one of them not long ago. She had been so positively a suffragist during the weeks that preceded the debate.

"Vote?" she said in perplexity. "Oh," she exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her, "you are thinking about that debate we had! Was n't it exciting? I had almost forgotten about it," she added; "it was so long ago. I have n't thought about voting since then."

"Do you mean that, now, you don't want the ballot?" I queried.

"No," she said meditatively, "I mean that I just don't think about it, one way or the other." She turned her face, young, sweet, and eager, to me. "There is so much else to think about!" she said.

An older girl, not a member of the girls' club, though she was one of my especial friends in the tenements, came as a guest to the debate. She was inspired by it to read rather widely concerning the part taken by women in the making of history. Like most persons, she was more attracted to individual women than to composite woman. She became familiar with numerous biographical sketches; these sketches were, necessarily, somewhat incongruously various.

"What kinds of women do you prefer?" I broadly inquired of her one day.

"Kinds like Dante's Beatrice," was the answer; "and like Queen Victoria, and Joan of Arc."

Thereupon, I advised her to turn her attention, temporarily, from specific biography to general history. Among the books upon which she now happened was Mrs. Gilman's *Women and Economics*.

"It's the most interesting book I ever saw about women," she declared; "so different from the other things I've read." The effect it immediately produced was to arouse in her a bitter sense of the deep wrongs of women; and an even more bitter sense of the relatively deeper culpability of men, in respect to those wrongs.

"Woman is downtrodden by man," the girl said to me one evening, in the course of a discussion of the book; "she always has been; history proves it! I never realized it, until I read that book; but it's true."

Some few years passed; and the girl married. One day, recently, I went to see her. She was engaged in teaching her first child, a little boy, to walk alone.

"Do you remember how I used to read books about great women?" she suddenly asked.

I assured her that I did; she continued, "I still enjoy it. I read one the other day, the loveliest I have ever seen."

"What was it?" I inquired.

"*Margaret Ogilvy*," was the answer; "a man wrote it about his mother."

My coworker, to whom I recounted some portion of these experiences, admitted their significance. She cautioned me, however, against forgetting that a theory is a less tangible offering than a fact.

"But school suffrage for women in Massachusetts is a fact!" I remonstrated.

"It's only the smallest segment of one," she retorted. "The right to equal suffrage with man would be the whole fact. If the women of whom you have been speaking had that, they would n't be indifferent to it."

Several years later, I chanced to spend a few weeks in the state of Colorado. In Denver, I met some of the women whose homes were in that section of the city which corresponds to the East Side of New York. Occasionally at my instance, but more frequently of their own accord, they talked to me about their political privileges. The whole fact of the right to equal suffrage with men has been in their possession for ten years. They have it; but they seemed hardly more able to cope with it than those other women to whom it had been proffered in the shape of a theory.

One woman, after ascertaining that I was a visitor from another state, and in no way connected with local politics, told

me that she never voted. "Lots o' my friends don't, either," she volunteered.

"But why?" I asked. "You have the right."

"Yes," she returned warmly, "but I never asked for it! Besides," she went on more calmly, "I've seen women I know be all mixed an' muddled up, doin' it."

In spite of unimpaired memories of what I had happened to see of an identical character, I could not forbear inquiring, "Need they have been?"

The woman reflected. Then, she said, "There's no tellin'. Anyway, they was!"

A neighbor, upon whom I afterward called, was still more concrete in her expression of an opinion. "I don't vote," she declared; "but I'd jes' as soon do it, if I knew how."

"Might n't you learn?" I suggested.

She shook her head. "No," she said; "there's Democrats an' Republicans. I can't seem to choose between 'em. It looks like they was pretty much the same kind o' people."

"Some one might help you" — I began.

"There ain't no one to help me," was her rejoinder, "'cept Democrats or Republicans; an' if I ask them, they'd tell me to choose theyselves!"

"I was about to say," I continued, "that it is n't altogether a question of making a choice between two political parties. There is a great deal more in the use of the ballot than that."

"I s'pose so," acquiesced my hostess; "but if I can't git that much out of it straight, how kin I git any more?"

When I mentioned this incident to a woman voter in Colorado, more fortunately conditioned, she observed that the other woman's husband probably had an idea of the meaning of the ballot not one whit clearer. This I found to be the case. It seemed to me, however, that the fact that it was the case only served in calculably to increase the already insurmountable difficulty of the situation.

Another woman said decidedly that she was glad she had a vote. "It pays me well, some o' the time," she explained.

"How?" I asked.

"Why," she answered in surprise, "sometimes I gets only one dollar for goin' an' votin'; sometimes more."

"But, that's dreadful," I found myself protesting. "The ballot will never bring you any good, if you do that," I added, without great coherence.

The woman stared at me in blank amazement. "Why," she cried, "all the good it *do* bring is *that!*"

"Your own principles, — don't you want to be free to vote as you think best?" I urged.

Still she stared. "I never think anything 'bout it," she replied, in all sincerity. "Votin' ain't nothin' to me. It's a bother to do, but people say, 'Come do it; an' you'll be paid for your trouble; an' I goes. I'm a poor woman. It's a easy way to get a little extra money. My husband, he do it, too. There ain't no badness 'bout it," she ended, with simple frankness.

She was not corrupt; she merely did not comprehend. Perhaps, eventually, she may; but it seems, to speak very mildly indeed, a pity that her acquisition of the ballot should so far precede the awakening in her of an appreciation of the good which the use of that ballot is meant to bring.

An older woman whom I met disclosed a manner of dealing with her prerogative which I afterward learned was rather common among the women of the poorer districts of Denver.

"I know some of the nicest people in town," she informed me; "generally, I votes the way they wants me to. They are awful kind to me; o' course they don't never give me money for votin'," she quickly supplemented, "I votes the way they wants, jes' 'cause they's good to me."

She paused, as if for a comment; and I said sententiously, "It is natural to incline to think favorably of the opinions of people who are kind" —

"Do you mean, to agree with 'em?" interposed the woman. "I don't; I'd ruther ha' voted dif'rent, lots o' times" —

"Then, why did n't you?" I questioned.

"Well," she said reflectively, "they was good to me. I could n't do nothing for them but vote like they wanted; an' it seemed sort o' mean not to."

"But, if you thought oppositely" — I began.

"It seemed sort o' mean not to do w'at they wanted," she repeated.

She was conscious of coercion; but she conceived that to yield was rather praiseworthy than otherwise.

Another woman of middle age touched more surely upon the same aspect of the subject. "They've always talked a lot out here 'bout the freein' o' women," she complained. "They used to say we was slaves, an' votin' would 'mancipate us; but me, I don't feel as much free as 'fore they told us we could do all the votin' there was to do!"

"A new responsibility is likely to make one feel less free," I suggested.

"It's not that," said the woman gloomily, "w'at's been worryin' me. It's havin' other people want to take the 'spons'ability for me. One tells me one thing to do; one, another" —

"They are, perhaps, trying to help you," I put in.

"No, they ain't," contradicted the woman; "they's tryin' to get me to help them!"

She may have been wrong; I found reason to believe that she was. She may have been right; I discovered as firm reason to believe that she might be. In either event, she is, to borrow her own words, not so much free as she was before they told her that she might have all the suffrage to be had. She had not been ready for the gift; during ten years of ownership it had cumbered her.

Remembering how zealously, if episodically, the club of girls at the settlement had considered the question of woman suffrage, I sought the acquaintance in Denver of some girls and young women of similar environment and approximately the same ages. Unlike the

members of my club, they had grown up in a state in which, during very nearly half their lives, equal suffrage had been not a theory, but a fact.

One young woman, employed in a shop in the city, smiled at the word when I spoke of her political privilege.

"Privilege!" she echoed. "I don't call it that. I've only had it a little while, myself, but I find it just an extra worry."

I told her I did not quite understand; and she explained: "We are expected, here, to vote like our employer. Nothing is said, much, but we are. We don't mind; he's a good man, and we like him. But sometimes other people tell us it's wicked. They say we ought to have our own opinions."

She looked at me appealingly. "Are you that kind of person, too?" she inquired. "Do you think I'm wicked not to have my own opinion?" Her face saddened. "I never had a chance to!" she concluded.

Another young woman, an employee in another establishment, was more subtle. "Suffrage is all right for rich women," she said; "women who can do what they want to without risking their living. But it's hard for girls like me. My father's boss has one ticket; my boss has another. If I don't want to vote his way, my father's boss gets mad; I've got to vote my boss's way, no matter what I want, because if I don't, he might get mad, and I might lose my job. And whichever I do, somebody is sure to think I've done the other. If I did n't have to, I would n't vote at all."

"Do you think women should n't?" I asked.

"Why, if they want to, and if they can do it like they please, they might as well, I suppose," was her involved reply.

The girl appeared to have something else to say; and I waited. "I wonder if you'll know what I mean," she began. For a moment, she was silent; then she went on: "I wonder if you will, when I tell you I feel I was a nicer person before I voted."

"How nicer?" I said.

"Well," she replied, "I had n't done things I did n't want to do because I was afraid not to. That's why I've voted, and voted the way I did, every time I've done it."

That young woman was more nearly ready to consider the advisability or the inadvisability of the placing upon women of those political responsibilities now borne almost wholly by men, than any other woman whom, throughout the course of many years' work in the poorer districts of large cities, I have ever met; but even she was not quite ready; she still had other things to do, first.

To the eyes of that comparatively small number of women whose days are devoted in large measure to contemplating it from one standpoint or another, the question of equal suffrage would seem to loom larger than any of the other problems appertaining to women of modern times. It was not primarily for those women that these pages were written. Still less is it with the intent of adding one small fagot to the fire they have built round about it that this series of experiences with woman suffrage in the tene-

ments is offered. Some other settlement worker, perchance, has not yet begun to introduce the subject of equal suffrage to her friends of the tenement neighborhood. In the hope that to that person it may prove not only interesting, but perhaps also of service, this account of the negative, and worse than negative, results following upon such an introduction is given.

The ultra-suffragists declare that women have always been ready for the ballot; the extreme anti-suffragists predict that women never will be; the pronounced neutralists, when the inquiry is put to them, reply, as did Miss Charlotte Brontë, when Mr. Thackeray asked her if she liked London, "Yes, and no." Which faction is correct, no one can say, for no one knows. Certain it is, however, that the women of the tenements, the overburdened women, the women whose opportunities for development have been pitifully meagre, are not ready. They must do so many other things, first. Before we put the suffrage question to them before we hold out the ballot, either as a theory or as a fact, shall we not help them with those things?

CHRISTMAS

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE world His cradle is,
The stars His worshipers,
His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss
On lips new-pressed to hers:

For she alone to Him
In perfect light appears—
The one horizon never dim
With penitential tears.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

V

ANDREW JOHNSON AND "MY POLICY"

ANDREW JOHNSON came to the presidency by an unfortunate road, and at an unfortunate time. Well as he had deserved of all Union men, sentiment, and political expediency, rather than conspicuous fitness, had led the Republicans to nominate him for the vice-presidency, and the stupidest of crimes had raised him to the higher office. All his life a Democrat, he thus found himself at the head of the Republican party when it was little disposed to concede anything whatever to the theories of the opposition. A Southerner, the victorious North, which now fully trusted him, looked to him to consummate its triumph over his own section and his own people. Without genius and without charm, he must bear comparison with the parts and the personality of Lincoln.

His own personality was, in truth, the chief of his misfortunes. Risen, like Lincoln, from poverty and obscurity, he lacked entirely that indefinable quality which in Lincoln made homely ways attractive and gave to homely speech eloquence and charm. In this, perhaps, he was measurably the victim of the aristocratic constitution of Southern society. He had spent his youth in illiteracy. He had apprenticed himself to a tailor and had earned his bread at that undistinguished trade. He had lived the life of a common man among common men, in neighborhoods remote from the seats of Southern wealth and elegance. Throughout his political career, he had from instinct and principle antagonized the interests that dominated the South's politics and the class that set its social standards.

By crude force and a native aptitude for rough political warfare he had fought his way, step by step, to place and power. But he had not, like Andrew Jackson, profited by association with well-born and well-bred Southerners. Of their grace and distinction he had never acquired a trace; and yet he never attained, on the other hand, the right bearing of a self-made man, or learned how to win the personal liking and confidence of men of the North. His manners were bad, his fibre was coarse, his disposition obstinate, his temper ill-controlled. Courage and honesty of purpose he had. But his courage was seldom tempered with discretion, his honesty of purpose was unaided by suavity or tact. He was the last man in the world to be accused of making the worse part appear the better. On the contrary, few men ever had so fatal a gift of making the better part appear the worse.

The apostles of temperance could hardly find in history a better instance to point their moral than the ghastly lapse that had marked his entrance into the vice-presidency. He had spoken but a few rambling sentences of his inaugural address when the distinguished company gathered in the Senate chamber perceived that he was not himself. The painful scene came to an end only when the clerk reminded him that it was time for the greater ceremony at the east front of the capitol. His unprepared utterances on the day he became president and for some weeks thereafter, although made when he was apparently sober, were hardly less unfortunate. Spoken while the whole

North was deeply moved with an angry grief, and in need of no incitement to revengeful action, these discourses were mainly of the blackness of the sin of those who had risen against the Union. Treason, he kept repeating, was a crime, and must be made odious. At first his acts were in keeping with his words. One of the earliest was to proclaim Jefferson Davis and other Confederate leaders guilty of procuring the assassination of Lincoln. The charge against Davis, without other foundation than the improbable statements of men proved later to be no better than professional perjurers, taken with the equally false story that when captured he was disguised in woman's clothes, went far to deprive him and his people of the respect which their courage and their misfortunes might otherwise have commanded from the North. Having ordered a military trial for eight persons against whom there was some real evidence of complicity with Booth, Johnson approved the commission's findings and ordered four of the accused to be executed. One of the four was a woman, and the evidence of her guilt now seems far from conclusive.

Johnson had thus at the outset stimulated rather than soothed the bitterness of the North. His tone in private conversation, confirmatory of his public acts and speeches, also encouraged the men who had stood in Congress for a drastic policy with the South. Some of them had welcomed him to the presidency in the hope that he would correct what they deemed Lincoln's fault of too great mildness with rebels; and Sumner, Wade, and Chief Justice Chase, the foremost radicals at this time in Washington, were soon confident that the new President would side with them against both the policy of Lincoln and that of the moderate Republicans in Congress.

For the radical group had advanced far beyond the position which Congress had taken the year before in its plan of Reconstruction, and far ahead of public opinion. As yet, only six Northern states — New York, and all the New England

states except Connecticut — permitted their negro citizens to vote, and Congress had recently acquiesced in the denial of the suffrage to negroes in Montana territory and voted down a bill to give it them in the District of Columbia. But Sumner had been leading the way to the ultimate demand of the radicals, with such measures as those that secured for negroes in the District the right to testify in the District law courts and to ride with whites on the street cars, and by moving successfully for the admission of a negro lawyer to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. The proposal which he, Chase, and others now made was that the President, of his own executive authority, should cause the registration of freedmen and permit them from the first to take part in the setting up of state governments. When Johnson called his cabinet together, this plan was at once brought before him, and he found half his advisers — only Seward being absent — ready to accept it.

It appeared that at Lincoln's last cabinet meeting, on the day of the assassination, Stanton had presented a document whose history is the history of the transmission of Lincoln's policy of Reconstruction to his successor. It was an order uniting Virginia and North Carolina in a single military district and committing to military officials, under the Secretary of War, the rebuilding of their governments. It ignored the Pierpont government in Virginia. After a brief discussion, Stanton was requested to prepare separate plans for the two states. Sunday evening, two days later, being in conference with Sumner, Colfax, and other radicals, he showed them the rough draft of an order for Virginia alone, and they objected that its terms denied the ballot to the freedmen. May 8, he presented it in the cabinet, and the next day he presented the order for North Carolina. This last conferred the suffrage on all "loyal citizens," and Stanton admitted that he meant the phrase to include negroes. On the plain question whether or not the

President ought to permit negroes to vote in organizing a new government for North Carolina, the cabinet divided. Stanton, Dennison, and Speed voted yes; McCulloch, Welles, and Usher voted no. There can be little doubt that Seward would have voted no if he had been present. Johnson reserved his decision; but that same day, the 9th, he issued the order for Virginia, so changed that it recognized the Pierpont government, the weakest of the four state establishments already set up in the South. Twenty days later, the radicals and the country knew that he had decided against the proposal to confer the suffrage on the freedmen by executive authority, and in favor of the milder policy of Lincoln. May 29, he issued two proclamations. In the first he confirmed the terms of pardon Lincoln had offered to the Confederates, merely increasing the number of the excepted classes. One of the classes which he added included all supporters of the Confederacy who possessed property of the value of twenty thousand dollars, —a natural expression of Johnson's own hostility to the old rulers of the South, and of his conviction that the insurrection had been "a rich man's war, but a poor man's fight." In the second proclamation he named William W. Holden "provisional governor" of North Carolina, and instructed him to enroll all the white citizens of the state who would take the oath of allegiance to the Union, to the end that they might hold a convention and set up a government by substantially the same process Lincoln had suggested. To the convention itself Johnson left the fixing of the permanent qualifications of voters.

Within six weeks he set the same machinery going in all the states of the Confederacy except the four—Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana—in which Union governments of a kind already existed; and these establishments he left as they were. Save that he called the governors he appointed "provisional" instead of "military," he stuck to Lincoln's plan. But he did not, like Lincoln, offer it to the free choice of the Southern

people; he enforced it, permitting no alternative. By the time Congress assembled in December, every one of the states lately in insurrection had begun on the programme, and most of them had completed it.

Until Congress should pass upon the process and its results, the Southern question was left to the President, in control of the army and of the various executive departments, and to the Southerners themselves. In order that the plan of Reconstruction should attain its main objects and satisfy the North, the President must guide the process wisely and firmly, and defend it tactfully; and the Southern people must by their moderation, sense, and good faith justify his and Lincoln's confidence and magnanimity. Johnson's hope of overcoming opposition in Congress lay in conciliating Northern public opinion; and Northern people seemed, as a rule, disposed to view the entire subject with open minds. To the first announcement of the President's policy, the response of the country was decidedly encouraging. The newspaper press for the most part inclined to support it. State conventions of both parties endorsed it, only the Republican conventions of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts dissenting. The only eminent men who at once came out in opposition to it were those who had already committed themselves against it; and of these only Sumner spoke hopefully of defeating it. For the time being, all apparently depended on the behavior of the South.

No judgment of the course of the Southerners can be just that does not take account of the woeful state in which defeat had left them. The story of the home-coming of the soldiers of the Confederacy has been many times told in pathetic fiction and eloquent oratory; but neither invention nor eloquence is needed to win them the sympathy of generous minds. The plainest recital of the conditions under which they had to take up their lives is enough.

Out of nearly a million of men who

from time to time had gone into the armies of the Confederacy, one fifth had never come back alive, and of the survivors perhaps one third had come back halt or maimed or broken in health.¹ New state governments were no sooner set up than they were called on to provide artificial limbs for thousands who had lost arms or legs. It seemed, some one has said, as if every other man one met limped or went on crutches or had an empty sleeve. Yet these crippled, worn-out veterans and their dead comrades had been the flower of the youth and manhood of the South. It was those who had borne the heat and burden of the war who must now take up the main burdens of peace. That they should at once take them up hopefully and cheerfully could not be expected. They would not have been human if in the overthrow of their proud hopes they had not for a little while bowed their heads in something like despair.

But the mass of the followers of the lost cause, men of strong English stock, were less given to bootless repining than to silent endurance and to masterful self-assertions against adverse circumstance. Of all the various classes of Southern society it was the returning soldiers who faced the new and strange situation most simply and candidly, and turned most manfully to the long task of building a new civilization out of the ruins of the old.

They found their women and children safe; so much they owed to the fidelity, or to the stupidity and the lack of spirit, of their former slaves. But of all else they had fought to defend and to preserve nothing remained as it had been. Were it possible to summarize in figures the material losses of the Southern people through the mere waste and the outright destruction of property during the long conflict, the totals would be appalling. Even the most humane of the Union commanders had found it necessary to destroy much property, and not all Union commanders

¹ No precise figures can be given. None of the estimates of the numbers in the Confederate armies are based on complete data.

had been always humane. Toward the end, Sheridan in the valley of Virginia, Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas, and others elsewhere, had acted on the principle that in order to hasten peace war must be made unendurable. But the havoc wrought by the Northern armies was but a small part of the penalty of unsuccessful revolution. Far more widely devastating were the effects of the interruption of commerce with the North and the closing of the Southern ports to all foreign commerce; and even the shrinkage in the wealth of the South directly due to these three causes probably did not equal the losses indirectly inflicted through the demoralization of her own industries.

Data concerning wealth and industry during the war are even scantier for the South than for the North; but enough exist to show plainly that the South, in utter contrast with the remarkable prosperity of the North, grew every day poorer and poorer. According to an assessment made by the Confederate government in 1861, the taxable values were in round numbers \$4,221,000,000, slaves and real estate making up much more than half the total; and by 1864 even the optimistic Confederate Treasury department estimated that they had dropped to \$3,000,000,000. The decline during the last year must have been still more rapid. Estimates of the losses of particular states, though not to be implicitly accepted, roughly indicate the fearful cost of the unsuccessful revolution. South Carolina, for instance, though little invaded until near the end, had paid heavily for leading in secession. According to one writer, out of her white male population of 146,000, fully 40,000 were dead or disabled, and three fourths of the taxable property within her limits, slaves apart, had been swept away — personal property by actual consumption, waste, and devastation, real property by depreciation in values. These figures are doubtless too high. But fairly trustworthy figures concerning particular schedules of property show a shrinkage of nearly one half, even

in those central parts of the Confederacy which were the last to be invaded. It is not going beyond bounds to conclude that in four years the South had lost half its entire wealth, apart from its natural resources and not counting the slaves.

But figures, were they accurate and abundant, would paint no picture of these devastated commonwealths. Only by a study of the daily life of the Southern people in war time, as it is exhibited in public records, diaries, newspapers, and reminiscences, can an American of the present day form any conception of the hardships they had endured before subjugation delivered them from their beleaguerment, or of the destitution in which peace found them. Eager as they had been for political independence, a few months of it must have taught them their inability to stand industrially and economically alone. Accustomed to draw from the North and from Europe, in exchange for a few staple products, nearly all the commodities they consumed, they had neither the appliances nor the skill to supply their wants from their own abundant resources. They cheerfully practiced countless unfamiliar economies. For many products of foreign climes they hit upon curious substitutes. Instead of tea and coffee, they drank decoctions made of parched corn, chestnuts, sweet potatoes, and sassafras. Delicacies and luxuries they simply dispensed with. They also turned their hands to strange industries, and made a beginning in many lines of manufacture. Had the war lasted, they would soon, no doubt, have still more widely diversified their industries. But without machinery and without skill they could not make for themselves a tithe of what they had formerly imported. They could not replace the tools with which they cultivated the soil, or the rails and rolling stock of their railroads, or the furniture and domestic utensils of their houses, or the clothes they wore upon their backs. Their stock of manufactured articles of all kinds had, accordingly, steadily diminished. At the end, women used to silks and satins had

learned to make homespun attractive. Men who had been wealthy were left with nothing but their Confederate uniforms or those of Union soldiers who had died in captivity. Mere discomforts and inconveniences, however, could be borne with patience. But it was another matter to see the sick suffering for the commonest medicines; and before the end the sternest of all tests of human fortitude had to be endured. In many quarters, the supply of food, such as it was, became insufficient. During the last two years of the war, what with the government's taxes in kind and impressments, the narrowing of the cultivated areas, the discouragement of planters from these and other causes, the lessening efficiency of the railroads, and the collapse of the currency, famine hung over many communities. Richmond, Mobile, and other cities had their bread-riots. Had there been a really great city within the Confederacy, its streets would doubtless have presented spectacles as distressing as any that Paris witnessed during the French Revolution. Lee's first request after surrendering his army was for rations to feed it. The first care of his veterans when they broke their ranks — a care that had driven many a brave man to desert before the surrender — was to find bread for their wives and children.

When at last strangers from the North and from Europe were permitted to traverse the extinct republic, they found everywhere the plainest signs of poverty, exhaustion, desolation. Ashes and gaunt chimneys marked the sites of public buildings and of all mills and factories that had supplied wants of the Confederate government. Many private houses also had been burned. For want of good money, trade had reduced itself to barter; for want of transportation, capital, and confidence, most forms of business and industry had come to a standstill. In the public square of every important town, or somewhere in the outskirts, a detachment of Federal soldiers was encamped, the flag and the blue uniforms, the reveilles

and sunset guns, serving to remind the dejected citizens that they were living under the eyes of their conquerors. It is but just to record of the great majority of the officers and soldiers of the North, that their behavior during the occupation was considerate and generous, so that the helpless people came to regard them as protectors. But in too many instances the rights of private property were needlessly disregarded. Private houses were sometimes occupied without warrant, sometimes despoiled of furniture, plate, wines, and even family portraits. Wherever colored troops were quartered, their presence humiliated and exasperated the whites and tended to demoralize the blacks.

The countrysides were no better off than the towns. Fences were torn down. Farming implements were worn out. All the live-stock was gone but a few ill-fed cattle and lame or superannuated horses and mules. The wide fields lay for the most part untilled and covered with weeds. No part of this new continent has ever worn a drearier aspect. Worst of all, travelers did not find the people taking energetic measures to repair the waste and ruin, but noted idle negroes wandering along the highways, flocking into the towns, and gathering about the Union camps, while the whites, unaccustomed to manual labor, seemed for the most part quite unable to cope with the situation. Apparently, neither whites nor blacks had as yet formed any clear notions concerning their industrial relations under the new order.

In this state of affairs the planters who had been at the head of the South's industrial system felt that they faced the climax of their disasters. This, they held, outweighed all their other losses put together. To their minds, the emancipation of the slaves meant the destruction of private property to the extent of many millions of dollars.¹ But it meant far more

than that. Much the greater part of the wealth in existence in any community at any given time is the product of the labor of but a few years. Destroy it, but leave the productive energy of the community unimpaired, and in a few years it will be replaced. But to the Southern planter it now seemed that he had lost, along with his wealth, the means and method by which it had been produced. However bravely he might turn to the future, the prospect that way was as disheartening as the desolation of his present, the defeat of all his past.

Free labor, it is true, was by no means unknown in the South. Every one of the states of the Confederacy had its "white" counties, inhabited chiefly by small farmers and mountain poor whites, where negroes were as rare as in any part of the North. But these regions might be neglected by any one who sought to understand the conditions that had always controlled, and would long continue to control, the South's industrial life. To find these, one must still go to the fertile lowlands—the rice coasts, the river valleys, the Black Belt prairies—where slave labor had cultivated the South's richest soils, grown its great staple crops, produced by far the greater part of its wealth. To take the place of slave labor in these quarters, there was no white agricultural labor available. To the land, well-nigh the sole possession left to them, the mass of the Southern people must still look for sustenance. From the land only could they hope to restore their fallen fortunes.

to the extent of the money value of the slaves. A juster view is that it merely transferred from the masters to the slaves themselves the ownership of their own persons. It damaged the South industrially only in so far as it diminished the amount and the productiveness of slave labor. Joseph Le Conte, who at this time was a professor in the College of South Carolina, also pointed out that it might not prove in the long run a loss to the slave-owning landholder. The value of his property being measured by the profits from it, if these should be as great with free as with slave labor, he would have no reason to repine.

¹ It is hardly necessary to point out the fallacy in the contention that emancipation reduced the wealth of the South, as compared with the North and other parts of the world

But of what use was land without capital and without labor? Money, although for the time being not to be had, might no doubt be attracted from the North or from Europe. As a matter of fact, the cotton exported within twelve months of Lee's surrender sold for two hundred million dollars — considerably more than the crop of any single year had ever commanded — and of this sum, notwithstanding the seizures by the government and a heavy cotton tax now for the first time collected in the South, the greater part probably came back to the growers. But even with land and with money, the planters could not go on unless the freedmen could be got to do the work they had formerly done as slaves.

In this predicament of the Southern planter was the crux of the problem of Reconstruction. To the people of the North, intent mainly on completely destroying slavery as a law-made, law-protected institution, and on stamping out the last embers of insurrection, the problem naturally seemed rather constitutional and political than economic and industrial. But to the people of the South, anxious as they were about their political future in the Union, the question of their immediate industrial future presented itself in a still more imperative fashion. They must without delay find a way to go on; and hope as well as necessity spurred them to action and decision. For four years the cotton factories of the world had been waiting greedily for the end of the blockade. Could they now begin again to produce cotton in anything like the old quantity, they would reap extraordinary profits. It would have been strange indeed if, in all they were permitted to do toward the establishment of a new order, they had not considered first their industrial relations with the freedmen. The public men at Washington who were searching the Constitution for guidance in an exigency which it did not contemplate, debating the nature of statehood and the theory of the Union, and looking to conventions and legisla-

tures to preserve what arms had won, would have done well to turn their eyes upon two figures: the Southern planter, who had never employed any laborers that were not slaves, and the freedman, who had never served any employer that was not a master. Unless these two could "live themselves out of the old order," the industrial system, the social usage, and the political ideals and practices of the South could never be conformed to Northern standards. At least one contemporary student of the situation saw this clearly. "I am convinced," wrote Carl Schurz in the autumn of 1865, after three months spent in travel in the cotton states, "one good crop made by unadulterated free labor in the South would have a better effect than all the oaths that have been taken."

But even Schurz, uncomplacent as he was with Southern ways, and by no means inclined to an over-lenient policy, was not surprised that the Southern people did not at once, because they were beaten in war, slough off their old civilization and endue that of the North. The habits of life of a whole people are hard to change. When the soldiers of the Confederacy laid down their arms, they surrendered in good faith. They had no mind to make any further resistance to the Union. Their politicians and orators had taught them to expect little mercy if they were conquered, and they had yielded only because all hope of victory was gone. Desperately as they had struggled for independence, within a few weeks of Appomattox there was not so much as a company left in arms. Only a negligible class of idlers and blow-hards were heard to breathe a word of defiance. Intelligent and responsible men put away all thought of it, while another class, — probably the largest of all, — passing into a mood of listless indifference, refused to take any further thought of anything but their own affairs. "A barrel of cider never ferments twice," said one old Confederate whom Schurz asked if his people would not renew their insurrection if they got

the chance. But their overthrow had not changed the Southerners' convictions. To cease from all resistance to the Union, to give up forever the attempt to assert their claim of a right to secede, and to acquiesce in the emancipation of their slaves,—this was all they understood surrender to mean. They did not cease, nor did many pretend that they had ceased, to believe that they had been right. Their loyalty to the Union, said J. T. Trowbridge, one of the Northern men who went South soon after the surrender, was "simply disloyalty subdued." Nor did they instantly lose their old dislike of Northern men and Northern ways and Northern speech. If on this point the returning soldiers, mindful of the courage they had encountered on so many battlefields and the kindly and humorous exchanges along so many picket lines, inclined to a milder tone, the non-combatants—particularly the women—were more than ever scornful of everything the term "Yankee" connoted. Least of all had they changed their attitude toward the blacks. To ask that they should was to demand the impossible. The former master could not, if he would, have instantly altered his bearing with negroes. The sense and the manner of superiority remained.

Nor could the negro instantly rise from his servility up to the full stature of freedom. In all but the mere fact of his emancipation, he remained a slave. Nothing, indeed, in the whole long history of his bondage is more pathetic than his wondering entrance into his new estate.

It was probably some months after the surrender of the last Southern army before the slaves on the remoter plantations learned that they were free. Commanders of the Union armies and officers of the Freedmen's Bureau were at much pains to spread the news among them. In some instances, they heard it incredulously. When Colonel Thomas Dabney of Mississippi called his many slaves about him and told them they must no longer address him as "master," their reply

was, "Yes, Marster," "Yes, Marster." Some, who had been well cared for under slavery, showed no great delight at the change. Few had any clear notion of what it meant. The majority conceived of it merely as a release from work, and imagined that their deliverers would support them in idleness. The law establishing the Freedmen's Bureau provided that forty acres should be assigned to each family settled on confiscated or abandoned lands, and the phrase, "forty acres and a mule," spreading rapidly, was taken for a promise of a general distribution of land and other property. Possessed with this hope, thousands left their homes and refused to enter into contracts with the planters or to do any more work than sufficed for a precarious existence. According to the recollection of the most distinguished member of the race, who as a boy witnessed and shared the great deliverance of his people, there was a general feeling that they were not really free until they had left their work and their homes, for a few days at least, "to try their freedom on." Some also took new names, holding it inconsistent with freedom to bear any longer the names of their former masters. Those who, after a brief experiment of independence, went back to their old homes, and took service under their old masters, fared better than such as continued to hang about the towns and camps, waiting for the Christmas holidays, which they had fixed upon as the time for the distribution of land. Without money and without thrift and foresight, unaccustomed even to the care of their own health, and quite incapable of resisting temptations to self-indulgence, these suffered severely from privations and exposures. It was soon remarked that they now for the first time began to contract pneumonia, consumption and other diseases, from which in slavery they had been practically immune. It is estimated that within a short time the loss of life among them equaled the losses of the Southern whites in all the battles of the war.

Yet the fear of anything like concerted risings against the whites never came true. The freedmen's ignorance, and their long discipline in humility, still kept them proof against the temptation to violence. They indulged in little or no rioting, and committed hardly any but petty crimes. They displayed a childlike trust in all who wore blue uniforms, and in the Bureau officers and others from the North. But until a later period, when ill-advised or unscrupulous white men incited them to insolence, they showed, on the other hand, no ill-will to the Southern white people who had been slave-owners. On the contrary, they still infinitely preferred whites of that class to poor whites and "half-strainers." According to most observers, the old hatred between the lower-class white man and the negro was at the bottom of nearly all the earlier outbreaks of violence between the races. As between the freedmen and their old masters and mistresses, countless instances of fidelity and affection on both sides lighten up the story of the South's great humiliation. Idleness, vagrancy, petty thieving, and occasional drunkenness were the negroes' chief offenses during the first year of freedom.

But idleness, and particularly their unwillingness to bind themselves to long terms of service, was precisely the offense which the planters, desperately desirous of saving the year's crops, could least afford to condone. Northern men who, tempted by the high price of cotton, came South to try their hands at growing it, seem to have found at first less difficulty than the old slave-owners in hiring freedmen. Some Southern men also have testified that by fully recognizing the negro's new rights, and consulting his interests, they got all the labor they needed. But the preponderance of evidence goes to show that the mass of the freedmen continued, throughout the year 1865, averse to making contracts that would bind them to the plantations. "One day," wrote a traveler who was in Mississippi during the Christmas holidays, "it seemed

that everybody was in despair, complaining that the negroes would not work; the next, everybody was rushing to employ them." But even when the time for the expected largess of the government had come and gone, many of the more densely ignorant still remained hopeful of some escape from the necessity of toil. As they were all accustomed to compulsion, it is not strange that few developed at once the thrift and the sense of responsibility for their own welfare which must now become their incentives to industry. Their conduct thus gave only too much support to the opinion, practically universal among the Southerners, that they would never work without some form of compulsion.

To deal with this phase of the situation was perhaps the most difficult and delicate part of the immense undertaking of the Freedmen's Bureau. Congress had made no provision whatever for the Bureau's support, but the revenues from confiscations and from abandoned lands went far to supply the deficiency, and army officers were freely assigned to Bureau duties. The number of agents and subagents rapidly increased, until, each being assigned to a special district or subdistrict, they exercised a fairly close supervision over the affairs of all the freedmen. The Bureau's activities were many. It continued the policy of operating abandoned plantations, refusing to restore them to their owners until Johnson ordered the reinstatement of all owners who had taken the oath of amnesty or had received pardons. It distributed millions of rations among both races, for it treated the white Unionists as its charges equally with the blacks, and many destitute Confederates preferred to accept the bounty of the government rather than depend on private charity. It also dispensed the alms of charitable societies in the North and directed the missionary labors of men and women who volunteered their help. It set up hospitals for the freedmen, and provided medicines. It sought to secure them justice in the

civil courts when these were established, and where there were no civil courts, or where these denied to freedmen the right to appear and to testify, it tried their causes in tribunals of its own. It made a beginning in the great task of educating them, but not a wise beginning, for it did not sufficiently adapt its teaching to their practical needs; of all the schools it planted among them, only a few of the higher institutions took root and grew. Its guardianship was particularly intimate, and particularly distasteful to the Southerners, when the freedmen came to make business engagements and enter into labor contracts. For the contracts it would have had the freedmen sign went far to thrust its agents into the places of the former masters.

To appraise fairly the work of the Bureau is difficult. The hostility it aroused among the Southerners was so deep, and has proved so lasting, that in their accounts of the period one finds it credited with nothing but evil. Its officials are charged with dishonesty, with incompetence, with encouraging the negroes in idleness by its almsgiving, with stirring up bad blood between them and the whites. They are also charged with having had, from the very first, selfish political ends in view. Before the surrender, the Union League, a patriotic order founded in the North, had spread widely among the Unionists and Union soldiers in the South, and had there taken on a much more partisan character than its founders had given it. As it early committed itself to the demand for suffrage for the freedmen, and as many of the Bureau officials joined it, helped to turn it into a political machine, and eventually helped themselves into office by means of it, the suspicion was natural that they had always had some such programme in mind. It is quite probable that the Southern people, in their undiscriminating jealousy of all interferences in their affairs, attributed to the Bureau some iniquities committed by men and agencies not in its control,—by treasury agents, for ex-

ample, by traders and usurers who practiced their extortions in the neighborhood of the Bureau's offices, and by the Freedman's Bank. This institution, founded by philanthropists to encourage thrift among the negroes, and incorporated along with the Bureau, ended, through mismanagement and corruption, in utter failure, and several millions of dollars, the savings of thousands of freedmen from their first meagre earnings, were lost. But the Bureau itself made grave mistakes, and not all its officers were what they should have been. Grant officially reported to the President that some of them were unfit, and held them in part responsible for the negroes' delusive expectation of a free distribution of land. A commission sent to inspect the Bureau's working and results credited it with only an occasional and sporadic beneficence. A leading Northern senator, a Republican, declared that the government had given over the freedmen to the care of "broken-down politicians, and adventurers, and worn-out ministers of the gospel."

But such sweeping arraignments as this last can hardly be just. No one of the Bureau's critics seems to have denied that much of its work was necessary, or to have suggested any substitute for its machinery. Neither were all its officials either incompetent or dishonest. General Howard, the commissioner, though not a great executive or a shrewd man of affairs, was honorable and high-purposed, and most of his subcommissioners seem to have been men of character. The subordinate places did not offer either high pay or attractive duties, and it is no wonder if many of those who took them proved incompetent and unworthy.

Whatever the Bureau's merits and shortcomings, it is unreasonable to hold it solely responsible for the failure of whites and blacks to find quickly a right and happy *modus vivendi*. If the Southern people were mistaken in their contention that the slaves could never be

turned into free laborers such as the North knew, the North was quite as unwise when it imagined that the transformation could be accomplished in a day. Neither side seems to have studied the problem in the light of history, or to have profited by such recent object lessons as Russia's experience with her liberated serfs, and Great Britain's course with the emancipated blacks in the West Indies. If the North meant to force an instant transition from slavery to a system of perfectly free labor, then it should have made its will more clearly known, and the Bureau should have taken even more drastic measures than it did. For the South, in all its attempts to deal with the question, aimed from the first to establish a compromise system, intermediate between slavery and free labor. As a rule, the contracts which the planters first offered to the freedman would have bound him to the soil for the term of his service, and subjected him to a close control and to severe penalties if he left his work. In the same spirit, various towns and cities tried to put in force regulations intended to restrain his movements, to exclude him from certain occupations by requiring license fees, and thus to restrict him as of old to domestic service and labor in the fields. By voluntary combinations, it was charged, the old patrol system of slavery was also practically revived.

As early as June, 1865, the general commanding in South Carolina issued an order forbidding contracts "tending to peonage." Bureau agents and other Northern men at once suspected a design to undo emancipation, and felt it their duty to intervene. Intervene persistently they did, but the government made no authoritative pronouncement on this most pressing and vital of all the questions of Reconstruction. North and South, disagreeing completely over the freedmen, were thus fast drifting into a misunderstanding as exasperating as any that had ever arisen over slavery.

For the South, finding its worst fears baseless, and cheered by the announce-

ment of the President's policy, was recovering from its first prostrate mood; and by a curious trait of human nature the reaction took the form of something like the old arrogance. To the proudest of all English-speaking people, lesser oppressions than they had thought in store for them began soon to seem intolerably unjust. Incautious expressions of public speakers and newspapers — praising Johnson, ridiculing Sumner and the radicals, and attacking the Freedmen's Bureau — began to make their way to the North, where, unfortunately, wiser and more conciliatory utterances were, as a rule, unreported. Another sign of the reaction was the reappearance of the politicians, and of the old political divisions among the Southern people themselves. Many jumped quickly at the hope that, after all, the reserved rights of the states would be respected, and that the state governments, once reestablished, would be left to fix the civil status of the freedmen. Men of the old ruling class, who had thought their ascendancy gone forever, began to see their way to regain some part of it at least. The air grew a bit clearer of tragedy. After four years of passionate absorption in exciting experiences, the practical and the commonplace reasserted themselves, and ordinary motives of self-interest again held sway.

In August, while the reaction still lasted, the several states began to hold their conventions, and the first to act was Mississippi, a state in which the planting interest was supreme. Her convention prohibited slavery and declared the ordinance of secession null and void; but the effect on Northern opinion was marred by speeches in favor of asking compensation for the slaves, and of repealing the ordinance instead of pronouncing it to have been null and void from the first. In a long telegraphic message, Johnson advised the convention to extend the suffrage to educated and property-holding freedmen. That course, he urged, would "completely disarm the adversary." It would put the state in

line with most of the free states, and foil the plan of the radicals to defeat Reconstruction by refusing seats to the representatives and senators from the South. But his advice was disregarded. The convention would grant no political rights to negroes. In the election of a legislature and other state officers, which followed soon after the convention, the main issue was whether freedmen should be allowed to testify in the courts; and not only did the party opposed to granting this privilege elect a majority of the legislature, but a Confederate brigadier, not yet pardoned, defeated for the office of governor an old-line Whig and anti-secessionist whom the convention had commended to the people. It was plain that in Mississippi the President's policy had given control to men who had supported the Confederacy, and who did not propose to admit negroes to anything like political equality.

All the other conventions followed the lead of Mississippi's. All after some fashion abolished slavery, and voided their ordinances of secession. Under pressure from the President, those of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, and Texas also repudiated the debts those states had contracted in aid of the Confederacy, — no slight concession to the demand for proofs of submission to the Union, for the loss would fall chiefly on men, already impoverished, whose guilt in the insurrection exceeded that of their neighbors only in that they had made greater sacrifices for the lost cause. But beyond this none of the conventions would go. Not one granted the ballot to a single negro. It was noted, too, that the majority of the men who sat in these bodies could hold their seats only by virtue of the President's proclamation of amnesty, or because he had pardoned them. Nothing else could well have happened. In most of these states, there were not enough Union men to form a party, hardly enough to officer a government.

As in Mississippi, what may be called the Southern party carried all the elec-

tions which followed the conventions in the other states, and won control of all the new governments. The same party soon got control also in three of the four governments set up by Lincoln, while in Tennessee, the fourth, nothing kept it out of power but the act disfranchising all who had participated in the insurrection. It likewise named most of the representatives elected to Congress during the autumn. According to a law of Congress passed in 1862, before these could be seated they must take oath that they had never held office under the Confederacy or in any way aided and comforted the enemies of the United States; but of the successful candidates in the eleven states that had been in insurrection at least fifteen had served the Confederacy in military or civil stations. When the new legislatures assembled, several of them chose United States senators who were likewise unable to take the "iron-clad" oath. Georgia, for example, sent Herschel V. Johnson, who had been a senator of the Confederacy, and Stephens, who had been its vice-president. "No man represents us who can take your test oath," said more than one Southerner, truly enough, to Trowbridge.

It remained for the South to furnish the ratifications necessary to add the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution; for that was an unannounced part of the President's programme. With the first clause of the amendment, which merely prohibited slavery, the legislatures made no difficulty. But the second clause, empowering Congress to enforce the first with any legislation it might think necessary and proper, excited fears. Might not this be taken to authorize federal control of all relations between white men and negroes? Might not Congress perpetuate the Freedmen's Bureau? Might it not even decide that the negro needed the ballot to protect his freedom? Mississippi refused to ratify. But on this point her lead was not followed. Alabama ratified, declaring that she understood the amendment to confer on Congress no power to

fix the political status of the freedmen; and her assent, with that of Georgia and the two Carolinas, completed the three fourths majority of the states. Secretary Seward, when he came to proclaim the amendment in force, included these four states and the four reconstructed under Lincoln in the list of those which had adopted it, and thereby made a difficulty for the radicals, who wished to deny statehood to the reconstructed commonwealths, but disliked to question the validity of the amendment. The only way out of their dilemma was to argue that the approval of three fourths of the states that had never been in insurrection sufficed, since those alone were now states in the Union.

The South's part in the programme being thus completed, it turned to the pressing question of the freedman's place in the body politic and in industry. South Carolina led off with a general pronouncement. She designated her former slaves as "persons of color." Her slave code, she declared, no longer applied to them. They should henceforth be permitted to hold property, to make contracts, to sue and be sued in the courts. But they could not have "social and political equality with white persons." As one after another the reconstructed legislatures came to decide what civil rights the negro should enjoy, they all took practically the same stand. All granted him the right to marry within his own race. All permitted him to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in the courts, and to testify in causes in which freedmen were involved. All vested him with the principal rights of property, and empowered him to make contracts, which must, however, be in writing, and attested by witnesses. But here concessions ended and discriminations began. No state granted him the right to hold office, or to enter the jury box. Several set up special tribunals for causes between him and his fellows or between him and whites. Only Tennessee permitted him to testify in cases involving whites. Mississippi would not let him

hold land. Nearly all forbade him to carry firearms, and excluded him from militia service. All made certain acts criminal in him which in white men went unpunished. All prohibited intermarriages between the races.

But the object which these legislatures, meeting in the autumn of 1865 and the following winter, had chiefly in mind, was to devise some plan to control the freedman as a laborer. Not all adopted the same measures, but they took the same general view of the situation and based their enactments on the same principle, — that white men should have the power to make the negro work. All accordingly provided that if he entered into a contract for a term of service, his employer could hold him to it. If he fled, he could be apprehended, fined, and on failure to pay the fine he might be bound over to the service of any white man who would pay it. Whoever sought to entice him from his work would encounter much the same penalties. To drive him into accepting steady employment of some kind, various devices were hit upon. If he were a minor, and either an orphan or the child of parents who failed to support him, the judge of probate must bind him over as an apprentice to some responsible white man, giving the preference to his former master. If he were an adult, and could show no visible means of support, or joined with others in a public meeting, or were guilty of any one of several acts considered menacing to society, he would be apprehended as a vagrant and fined; if, as was usually the case, he could not pay the fine, any one who desired his services could get them by discharging it. Another plan was to treat him in much the same way if he failed to pay his poll-tax; another, in Mississippi, to require that by a certain date he should have a home and a steady employment. Louisiana went so far as to fix a minimum working day of ten hours in summer and nine hours in winter. One or two states undertook, on the other hand, by heavy licenses or absolute prohibitions, to keep negroes

out of certain of the more respected occupations.

These Black Codes, as they soon came to be called, all plainly aimed to make of the negroes a class almost as distinct from the whites as they had been under slavery. Inequality was explicitly declared and established. For the relation between the races which was contemplated, peonage is not perhaps the best term. It has been pointed out that nearly every law in the entire category had its counterpart in some ancient colonial statute which was still retained in the code of some New England state. But this merely proves that during the early colonial period apprentices and hired men were less than free. The South had gone back two or three centuries to find precedents for what it wished to do, and had modified into a substitute for its old slave codes the law of an industrial system long since outgrown in England and in the North. A far better defense of the codes would be, admitting candidly that they looked to something like peonage, to argue that the negro was unfit for any more advanced system, and that to give him greater freedom would bring to a standstill every industry dependent on his labor. As the codes were framed to meet extraordinary conditions,—the expectant and hesitating attitude of the negroes, the unfortunate effects on them of the Bureau's alms, their expectation of further benefits from the government, and the imperative demand for labor on the plantations,—it is competent also to argue that they were experimental and temporary. As conditions improved, the Southern states might conceivably have modified them. This view draws some support from the fact that within a year Georgia did extend to negroes certain privileges which she had at first denied them. But the single instance is not conclusive. By the spring of 1866 the South knew that the entire presidential scheme of Reconstruction was in jeopardy, and caution plainly dictated more lenient treatment of the blacks.

That this motive had not operated

more strongly in the first instance remains hard to explain. The conventions had been incautious in ignoring Johnson's advice to give the ballot to the few negroes who owned a certain amount of property or could read and write, in hesitating over the repudiation of their Confederate debts, in stickling over the language in which they disposed of slavery and the secession ordinances. The legislatures and the voters in Congressional districts had been incautious in sending to Washington so many men known to have taken part in the struggle for independence. But in the Black Codes the legislatures had supplied the Union League and the radical leaders in the North with their best material for agitation. Only Mississippi had enacted hers when Congress met, but South Carolina had outlined her intentions and in several of the other states the measures finally passed were already under debate. The drift was plain. "We showed our hand too soon," said a Mississippi planter to Trowbridge. Notwithstanding its terrible lesson, the South had seemingly failed to keep in mind its own probational status, or to reckon the consequences if it should arouse another Northern crusade in behalf of the negro.

Johnson, it is true, had shown in his efforts to guide conventions and legislatures none of Lincoln's genius for persuasive control. He had erred, perhaps, in granting pardons too freely, in showing too plainly his own growing hostility to men high in the dominant party, and in permitting the Southern people to look to him as their champion. But to lay on him the blame for their temerity is unjust. It is more reasonable to attribute their course to other causes. They had a confirmed habit of disregarding or defying the public opinion of the rest of the country, nor had they yet learned to estimate it aright. Clinging to their old theories of the Union, they could hardly conceive of the lengths and depths to which, if radicals should come into control, the authority of the general govern-

ment might be extended. Most of them, no doubt, believed the measures they were taking to be necessary. Moreover, their natural leaders, the men who had risen highest in the Confederate service, had been proscribed; and as a rule it was these men, the ablest in the South, who took the broadest and most candid view of the situation, and understood best the temper of the North.

But the Southern people had not chosen their course solely from a misconception of their situation. Had they known that what they did would bring upon them worse retributions than any they had yet endured, they might, indeed, have taken more pains to dissimulate their resolve, but they would not have abandoned it. They might have enfranchised a few freedmen, but sooner than consent to share with negroes the control of their affairs, they would have chosen to face whatever might betide. The North, for its part, would have been wise to consider well the kind and the depth of the resistance which was here revealed. To the very limit of conquest, the South was conquered, — its armies dispersed, its wealth gone, its merely political contentions utterly overthrown. But neither arms nor laws can compel men to live their daily lives according to the standards of a different civilization. To that end, only mild and slow processes ever have availed. There was still that in the prostrate South which mere force could not conquer, which only annihilation could destroy, — the white man's pride of race.

Save as these successive steps in the working out of the presidential plan of Reconstruction serve thus to make plain the conditions with which statesmanship and philanthropy had to deal in the South, it is useless to dwell on them. As the time approached for Congress to assemble, no one could fail to see that nothing final had been accomplished. The Freedmen's Bureau and the military commanders had from the first disregarded various acts of the new state governments. A

little later, General Sickles in South Carolina and General Terry in Virginia, by military orders, expressly forbade the enforcement of particular state laws concerning freedmen. Johnson himself had not declared military government at an end anywhere in the Confederacy. That Sumner, Stevens, and Wade, with a strong following in Congress, would try to defeat the entire programme, had been apparent for months. These men had not waited for the South to speak before taking their stand; they had merely found in the impolitic acts of the conventions and legislatures what they took themselves, and could present to the country, for a confirmation of their view. As the breach between them and Johnson widened, they did not repress the bitterness they felt at what they considered his apostasy to the cause of human rights. They attributed the change partly to the influence of Seward and of certain personal friends; but they saw in it also the cajolments of those very slave-barons whom he had all his life opposed and envied. Themselves exasperated beyond measure to find these overthrown rulers of the South apparently in a fair way to regain their power at home, and perhaps at Washington also, the radicals could hold up to the fears of the North a startling picture. Once seat the senators and representatives of the restored states in Congress, and would they not at once renew their old alliance with the Copper heads of the North? Had they not already in the White House a Southern man, a Democrat, whom they had found a way to manage? Who could guarantee that at the next election, or the next, some extraneous issue in the North would not send them allies enough to control Congress? What then would forbid them to compensate themselves for their slaves, to repudiate the national debt, even to pay the debts of the Confederacy? Would the North consent to commit both the fate of the negroes and the conduct of the national government to the very men who had tried to destroy the Union in

order to keep the negroes in slavery? For what, then, in the name of Heaven, had the war been fought?

The drift of public opinion was not easy to follow. The Northern Democrats, there were signs enough, were inclining to support Johnson; and among the Republicans men of much influence still looked to him as the party's leader. Morton, the war Governor of Indiana, was one of those who warmly defended him. Two voices as eloquent as Sumner's, and as often raised in the long anti-slavery contest, now spoke out boldly for generosity and moderation. Early in November, the provisional Governor of Alabama visited Boston, seeking a loan for his state, and addressed a meeting of prominent men. Sumner attended, and took occasion to attack the President's policy and state the radical view of Reconstruction. But there were present also John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, and Henry Ward Beecher; and both rose and replied to Sumner. Beecher, from his Brooklyn pulpit, had called on the people of the North for magnanimity and for sympathy with the men who on the other side had made sacrifices as great as theirs, — and all in vain. "You know not what manner of spirit you are of," he said to such as insisted that before the South should be forgiven it must show proofs of humility. He questioned the wisdom of trusting men who, after doing their best to destroy the Union, now made professions of loyalty, rather than those who in adversity still stood by their convictions. Like Johnson, he held that nothing the North could do for the freedmen would compensate them for the good will of the white people among whom they must live. Governor Andrew's devotion to human rights no man could question. But he had early set himself to study the entire problem of Reconstruction. Not content with treating it simply as a constitutional question, he had gone to Wash-

ington to study Johnson. He had sought the acquaintance of Southerners, studied them, and learned what he could of Southern life. He alone among Republican leaders seems to have worked his way to a comprehension of the industrial problem which underlay the political. In the hope of bettering the economic situation in the South, he joined with a group of philanthropists and business men in a land company designed to turn Northern capital southward. In January, 1866, when he laid down his office, he devoted to Reconstruction, instead of the affairs of Massachusetts, a remarkable valedictory address. Rejecting Sumner's theory that the Southern states had committed suicide, "Eccentricity of motion," he declared, "is not death; nor is abnormal action organic change." He defended the President's moderation; pointed out that without the assent of the Southern people and the coöperation of their natural leaders, no stable order could be established in the South; and set forth the demands which the North could reasonably make in view of what the South could and could not concede. Since Lincoln fell on silence, no man had addressed himself to the subject so broadly, or in so noble a spirit. No man had spoken words that had in them so much of the essence of statesmanship.

But when they were spoken the Thirty-Ninth Congress had assembled. Both houses had refused to seat the representatives of the Southern states. The issue was no longer with the President, or the Southern conventions and legislatures, or the people of the North. The national legislature, long eclipsed by the executive, had determined to assert its control. The country turned from the White House to the Capitol, where two men rose above their fellows to a clear leadership — Charles Sumner in the Senate, and Thaddeus Stevens in the House of Representatives.

FLOWERS OF PARADISE

BY ALICE BROWN

HETTY NILES, with a sudden distaste for her lonely kitchen, its bare cleanliness the more revealed by the February sun, caught her shawl from the nail and threw it over her head. She spoke aloud, in a way she had taken up within the last week, while her solitude was still vocal with notes out of the living past:—

“I’ll go over an’ see Still Lucy.” Her dry face, hardened to all weathers, wore a look of anguish, an emotion that smouldered in the hollows about the eyes, and was tensely drawn around the mouth. She was like one of the earth forces, or an earth servitor, scarred by work and trouble, and yet so unused to patience that when it was forced upon her she felt suffocated by it. She hurried out into the fitful weather, and closed her door behind her. With her shawl hugged closely, she took the path across the fields, a line of dampness in the spongy turf, and, head down, made her way steadily to the little white house where Still Lucy, paralyzed for over thirty years, lay on the sofa, knitting lace. Hetty walked into this kitchen with as little ceremony as she had used in leaving her own. She withdrew the shawl from her head, saying, in the act,—

“How do, Lucy?”

The woman looked up from her work, and nodded brightly. To the casual eye she was not of a defined age. Her face was unwrinkled and its outline delicate, and her blue eyes were gay with even a childish pleasure. She looked invitingly at the world, as if it could give her nothing undesired. Yet the soft hair rising in a crown from her forehead was white as silver, and her little hands were old. She was covered to the waist with a cheerful quilt. Her fingers went in and out unceasingly upon her work, while her

bright glance traveled about the room. The stove gave out the moist heat of a kitchen fire where the pot is boiling, and the cat cocked a sleepy eye in the sun. Hetty seated herself by the stove, and stretched her hand absently toward its warmth.

“Parson’s be’n in,” she said abruptly.

“Caroline said so,” returned Lucy, in her sweet, husky old voice. “I thought likely.

“He says I must be resigned,” continued Hetty, with the same brusque emphasis.

“Oh, yes!” said Lucy. She spoke as if it were a task to be accepted gratefully.

“To the will o’ God. ‘Parson,’ says I, ‘I don’t believe in God.’”

Lucy’s fingers caught out a tangle in her thread, while her delicate brow knotted itself briefly.

“Ain’t that hard!” she breathed.

Hetty was brooding over the fire.

“That’s what I told him,” she went on. “An’ I don’t. I don’t know’s ever I did, to speak of. It never really came up till now. He repeated texts o’ Scriptur. ‘Parson,’ says I, ‘you ain’t a woman that had one son, as good a boy as ever stepped, an’ then lost him. ‘T ain’t a week,’ says I, ‘sence he was carried out o’ this house. Don’t you talk to me about God!’”

Lucy was looking at her with eloquent responses in her face. Hetty glanced up, and partly understood them.

“Nor you neither, Lucy,” she made haste to say. “You’re terrible pious, an’ you’ve had your troubles, an’ they’ve be’n heavy; but you ain’t had an’ lost. If I could take it on me to-day to lay there as you be, knowin’ I should n’t get up no more, I’d jump at it if I could have Willard back, whistlin’ round an’ cuttin’ up didos. Yes, I would,”

"I guess you would," murmured Lucy to herself. "It's too bad — too bad."

There was a step on the doorstone, and Caroline came in. She was Lucy's sister, gaunt and dark-eyed, with high cheekbones, and the red of health upon them. She regarded Hetty piercingly.

"You got company over to your house?" she asked at once.

"No," Hetty answered. She added bitterly, "It's stiller'n the grave. I don't expect company no more."

"Well," commented Caroline. She had laid aside her shawl, and began fruitful sallies about the kitchen, putting in a stick of wood, catching off the lid from the pot, to regard the dinner with a frowning brow, and then sitting down to extricate from her pocket a small something rolled in her handkerchief.

"I've be'n into Mis' Flood's," she said, "an' she gi'n me this." She walked over to her sister, bearing the treasure with a joyous pride. "It's as nice a slip o' rose geranium as ever I see."

Hetty's face contracted sharply.

"I've throwed away the flowers," she said.

Both sisters glanced at her in sympathetic knowledge. Caroline was busily setting out the slip in a side of the calla pot, and she got a tumbler to cover it.

"Them parson's wife sent over?" she asked.

Hetty nodded. "There was a dozen of 'em," she continued, with pride, "white carnation pinks."

"She sent way to Fairfax for 'em," said Caroline. "Her girl told me. Handsome, wa'n't they?"

"They wa'n't no handsomer 'n what come from round here," said Hetty jealously, "not a mite. There you sent over your calla, an' Mis' Flood cut off that long piece o' German ivy, an' the little Ballard gal, — nothin' would do but she must pick all them gloxinias an' have 'em for Willard's funeral. I did n't hardly know there was so many flowers in the world, in winter time." She mused a moment, her face fallen into grief. Then she

roused herself. "What'd you mean by askin' if I had company?" she interrogated Caroline.

"Nothin', on'y they say Susan's boy's round here."

"Susan's boy? From out West?"

Caroline nodded.

"He was into Mis' Flood's yesterday," she said, "inquirin' all about you. Said he hadn't seen you sence he was a little feller. Said he should n't hardly dast to call, now you an' his mother wa'n't on terms. Seems 'if he knew all about that trouble over the land."

Hetty's face lighted scornfully.

"Trouble over the land!" she echoed. "Who made the trouble? That's what I want to know — who made it? Susan Hill May, that's who made it. You need n't look at me, Lucy. I ain't pious, as you be, an' I don't care if she is my step-sister. You know how 't was, as well as I do. Mother left me the house because I was a widder an' poor as poverty, an' she left Susan the pastur'. 'T was always understood I was to pastur' my cow in that pastur', Susan livin' out West an' all, an' I always had, sence Benjamin died; but the minute mother left me the house, Susan May set up her Ebenezer I should n't have the use o' that pastur'. She's way out West there, an' she don't want it; but she'd see it sunk ruther'n I should have the good on 't."

"Well," said Lucy soothingly, "you ain't pastur'd there sence she forbid it."

"No, I guess I ain't," returned Hetty, rising to go. "Nor I ain't set foot in it. What's Mis' Flood say about Susan's boy?" she asked abruptly, turning to Caroline.

"Well," — Caroline hesitated, — "she said he was in liquor when he called, an' she heard he'd be'n carryin' on some over to the Street."

Hetty nodded grimly. She spoke with an exalted sadness.

"I ain't surprised. Susan drove her husband to drink, an' she'd drive a saint. Well, my Willard was as good a boy as ever stepped. That's all I got to say."

The sisters had exchanged according glances, and Caroline asked:—

“Stay an’ set down with us? It’s b’iled dish. I guess you can smell it.”

Hetty was drawing her shawl about her. She shook her head.

“No,” said she. “‘Bleeged to ye. I’ll pick up suthin’.”

But later, entering her own kitchen, she stopped and drew a sharp breath, like an outcry against the desolation there. The room was in its homely order, to be broken, she felt, no more. She was childless. All the zest of work had gone. She threw off her shawl then, with a savage impatience at her own grief, and began her tasks. In the midst of them she paused, laid down her cooking spoon, and sank into a chair.

“O Lord!” she moaned. “My Lord!” This was the worst of all the days since he had died. She understood it now. The flowers were gone. They had formed a link between the present and that day when they made the sitting-room so sweet. Even the fragrance of that last sad hour had gone. Suddenly she laughed, a bitter note. She spoke aloud:—

“If the Lord ‘ll send me some flowers afore to-morrer night, I’ll believe in Him. If He’ll send me one flower or a sprig o’ green, I’ll believe in Him, an’ hold up my head rejoicin’ like Still Lucy.”

She repeated the words, as if to One who heard. Thereafter a quickened energy possessed her. She got her dinner alertly, and with some vestige of the interest she had been used to feel when she cooked for two. All the afternoon it was the same. Her mind dwelt passionately upon the compact she had offered the Unseen. Over and over she repeated the terms of it, sometimes with eager commentary.

“It can’t hurt nobody,” she reasoned, in piteous argument. Her gnarled hands trembled as she worked, and now, with nobody to note her weakness, tears fell unregarded down her face. “There’s things I would n’t ask for, whether or no.

Mebbe they’d have to be took away from somebody else; an’ I never was one to plead up poverty. But there’s plenty o’ flowers in the world. ‘T would n’t upset nothin’ for me to have jest one afore to-morrer night. If I can have one flower afore to-morrer night, I shall know there’s a God in heaven.”

The day began with a sense of newness and exaltation at which she wondered. Until this hour, death had briefly ruled the house and chilled the air in it. Her son’s overthrow had struck at the heart of her vitality and presaged her own swift doom. All lesser interests had dwindled and grown poor; her life seemed flickering out like a taper in the breeze. Now grief had something to leaven it. Something had set up a screen between her and the wind of unmerciful events. There was a possibility, not of reprieve, but of a message from the unseen good, and for a moment the candle of her life burned steadily. Since the dead could not return, stricken mortality had one shadowy hope: that it should go, in its turn, to them, and find them living. Again she vowed her belief to the God who would send one sign of his well-wishing toward her.

“I’ll set till twelve o’clock this night,” she said grimly, laying her morning fire. “That’s eighteen hours. If He can’t do suthin’ in eighteen hours, He can’t ever do it.”

At ten o’clock her work was done, and she established herself by the sitting-room window, her knitting in hand, to watch for him who was to come. A warm excitement flooded through her veins.

“How my heart beats!” she said aloud. It had hurried through the peril of Willard’s illness and the disaster of his death. It was hurrying now, as if it meant to gallop with her from the world.

At half-past ten there was the sound of wheels. She dropped her knitting and put her hand up to her throat. A carriage turned the bend in the road and passed the clump of willows. It was the minister’s wife, driving at a good pace and

leaning out to bow. Hetty rose, trembling, her hand on the window sill. But the minister's wife gave another smiling nod and flicked the horse. She was not the messenger.

Hetty sank back to her work, and knit, with trembling fingers. The forenoon wore on. It was Candlemas, and cloudy, and she remembered that the badger would not go back into his hole. There would be an early spring. Then grief caught her again by the throat, at the thought that spring might come, and summer greateren, but she was a stricken woman whose joy would not return. She rose from her chair and called out passionately —

“Only one flower, jest one sprig o' suthin', an' I'll be contented!”

That day she had no dinner. She made it ready, with a scrupulous exactitude, but she could not eat. She went back to her post at the window. Nobody went by. Of all the neighbors who might have driven to market, not one appeared. Life itself seemed to be stricken from her world. At four o'clock she caught her shawl from its nail, and ran across the field to Lucy. Both sisters were at home, in the still tranquillity of their pursuits, Lucy knitting and Caroline binding shoes. Hetty came in upon them as if a wind had blown her.

“Law me!” said Caroline, looking up. “Anything happened?”

“No,” said Hetty recklessly, “nothin's happened. I don't know as 't ever will.” She sat down and talked recklessly about nothing.

A calla bud, yesterday a roll of white, had opened, and the sun lay in its heart. Hetty set her lips grimly, and refused to look at it. Yet, as her voice rang on, the feverish will within her kept telling her what she might say. She might ask for the well-being of the slip set out yesterday, or she might even venture, “I should think you'd move your calla out o' the sun. Won't it wilt the bloom?” Then Lucy might tell Caroline to snip off the bloom and give it to her. But no one

spoke of plants. Her breath quickened chokingly, and her heart swelled and made her sick. Suddenly she rose and threw her shawl about her in wild haste.

“I must go,” she trembled; but at the door Lucy stayed her.

“Hetty,” she called. Her voice faltered, and her eyes looked soft under wistful brows. “Hetty!”

Hetty was waiting, in a tremor of suspense.

“Well,” she answered, her voice beating upon the word. “What is it?”

Still Lucy spoke with diffidence, as she always did when she touched upon her faith.

“I was only thinkin' — I dunno's I can tell you, Hetty — but what you said yesterday, you know, about not believin' there's any God — I was goin' to ask you who you think made the trees an' flowers.”

Hetty did not answer. She stood there, her hands trembling underneath her shawl. She gripped them, one upon the other, to keep from stretching them for alms.

“Well,” she answered harshly. “Well!”

“Well,” said Lucy gently, “that 's all.” Hetty laughed out stridently.

“I'm goin' over to Mis' Flood's,” said she, her hand upon the latch.

“They've driv' over to Fairfax to spend the day,” volunteered Caroline. “Better by half set here.”

“Then I'm goin' over to Ballard's.” She fled down the road so fast that Caroline, watching her compassionately, remarked that she “looked as if she's sent for,” and Lucy said, like a charm, a phrase of the Lord's Prayer.

Hetty looked up at the Floods' and groaned, remembering there were plants within. She spoke aloud, satirically:

“Mebbe I could be the instrument o' the Lord. Mebbe if I climbed into the winder, an' stole a bloom, I could say He give it to me.”

But she went on, and hurried up the path to the little one-story house where the Ballards lived. Grandsir was by the fire, pounding walnuts in a little wooden

mortar, to make a paste for his toothless jaws, and little 'Melia, a bowl of nuts before her, sat in a high chair at the table, lost in reckless greed. Her doll, forgotten, lay across a corner of the table, in limp abandon, the buttonholed eyes staring nowhere. Grandsir spoke wheezingly:—

"We're keepin' house, 'Melia an' me. We thought we'd crack us a few nuts. Help yourself, Hetty."

'Melia lifted her bowl with two fat hands, and held it out, tiltingly. Her round blue eyes shone in a painstaking hospitality. She was a good little 'Melia.

"No, dear, you set it down. I don't want none," said Hetty tenderly. She steadied the bowl on its way back, and 'Melia, relinquishing the claims of entertainment, picked into her small mouth with a swift avidity.

"Clever little creatur'!" Hetty continued in a frank aside.

But Grandsir had not heard.

"How old was Willard?" he inquired, pausing to test the mass in his mortar.

The tears came into her eyes.

"Thirty-four," she answered.

"How old?"

After she had repeated it, 'Melia turned suddenly, and made a solemn statement.

"I picked off my gloxinias and gave 'em all to Willard." She lisped on the name, and made it a funny flower.

Hetty was trembling.

"Yes, dear, yes," she responded prayerfully. "They were real handsome blooms. I was obligeed to ye." She wondered if the lisping mouth would say, "There's another one open," and the fat hand pluck it for her. She shut her lips and tried to seal her mind, lest the child should be prompted and the test should fail.

"I dunno's I remember what year Willard's father died?" Grandsir was inquiring.

"O Lord!" breathed Hetty, "I can't bear no more." She threw her shawl over her head, and hurried out.

"Come again," the childish voice called after her.

Grandsir had begun to eat his nuts. He scarcely knew she had been there.

Hetty went swiftly homeward through the dusk. The damp air was clogging to the breath, and for a moment her warm kitchen seemed a refuge to her. But only for a moment. It was very still.

"I'll give it up," she said. "There's flowers in the world, an' not one for me. I might 'a' had 'em if He'd took the trouble to send. That proves it. There ain't anybody to send,—nor care."

She walked about in a grim scorn of everything: the world, the way it was made, and herself for trusting it. When she had made a cup of tea and broken bread, the warmth came back to her chilled heart, and suddenly her scorn turned against herself.

"I said I'd wait till twelve o'clock tonight," she owned. "I'm the one that's petered out. This is the last word I speak till arter twelve."

She fortified herself with stronger tea, and sat grimly down to knit. The minutes and the half-hours passed. She rose, from time to time, and fed the fire, and once, at eleven, when a cold rain began, she put her face to the pane.

"Dark as pitch!" she muttered. "If anybody's comin', they could n't see their way." Then she lighted another lamp and set it in the window. It was a quarter before twelve when her trembling hands failed her, and she laid down her knitting and walked to the front door. The north-east wind whipped her in the face, and she could hear the surf at Breakers' Edge. The pathway of light from the window lay upon a figure by the gate. A voice came out of the stillness. It was young and frank.

"I'm holdin' up your fence, to rest a spell. I've given my ankle a twist somehow."

Hetty ran out into the storm, and the wind lashed strands of hair into her eyes. She stretched a hand over the fence, and laid it on the man's shoulder.

"Who be you?" she demanded.

He laughed.

"I'll tell you, if you won't bat me for it. I'm your own nephew, near as I can make out."

"Susan's son?"

"Yes; much as my life's worth, ain't it? Never saw anything like you an' mother when you get fightin', — reg'lar old barnyard fowls."

She gripped his shoulder tightly. Her voice had a sob in it, and a prayer.

"You got anything for me?"

He answered wonderingly.

"Why, no, I don't know's I have. My ankle's busted, that's all. I guess I can crawl along in a minute."

She remembered how fast the clock was getting on toward midnight, and spoke in dull civility.

"You come in. I'll bandage ye up. Mebbe 't will save ye a sprain."

Later, when he was by the fire and she had done skillful work with water and cotton cloth, and the pain would let him, he looked at her again.

"You an' mother ain't no more alike than a black an' a maltee," he said. "Hullo! what you cryin' for?"

The tears were splashing her swift hands.

"I dunno," she answered shortly. "Yes, I do, too. You speak some like Willard."

The clock was striking two when she went to bed, and she slept at once. It was necessary, she told herself. There was a man in the west room, and his ankle was hurt, and she must get up early to call the doctor.

The next day and the next went like the moments of a familiar dream. The doctor came, and the boy — he was twenty-six, but he seemed only a boy — joked while he winced, and owned he had nothing to do, and could easily lie still a spell, if Aunt Het would keep him. She was sorry over the hurt, and, knowing no other compensation for a man's idleness, began to cook delicate things for his eating. He laughed at everything, even at her when she was too solicitous. But he was sorry for her, and when she spoke

of Willard his face softened. She thought sometimes of what she had heard about him before he came; and one April day, when they were out in the yard together, he leaning on his cane and she sweeping the grass, she spoke involuntarily: —

"I can't hardly believe it."

"What?" he asked.

"Folks said," — she hesitated, — "folks said you was a drinkin' man."

He laughed out.

"I did get overtaken," he owned. "I was awful discouraged, the night I struck here. I did n't care whether school kept or not. But 'twas Lew Parker's whiskey," he added, twinkling at her. "That whisky'd poison a rat."

She paused, with a handful of chips gathered from the clean grass.

"What was you discouraged about?" she asked kindly.

"Well," — he hesitated, — "I may as well tell you. I've invented somethin'. It goes onto a reaper. Mother never believed in it, an' she turned me down. So I came East. I could n't get anybody to look at it, an' I was pretty blue. Then the same day I busted my ankle I heard from another man, an' he'll buy it an' take all the risk, an' — George! I guess mother'll sing small when Johnnie comes marchin' home!" He looked so strong and full of hope that her own sorrow cried, and her face worked piteously.

"You goin' back?" she faltered.

"Some time, Aunt Het. 'Long towards fall, maybe, to get things into shape. Then I'm comin' back again, to put it through. Who's that?"

It was a neighbor, stopping his lumberous horse to leave a letter.

"That's Susan's hand," said Hetty, as she gave it to him.

He read it and laughed a little. His eyes were moist.

"See here, Aunt Het," he said, "mother's had a change of heart because I busted my ankle an' you took care of me an' all, — an' look here! she says she wants you should use the long pastur'."

Hetty dropped her apron and the

chips it held. She stood silent for a moment, looking out over the meadow and wishing Willard knew. Then she said practically,—

“Soon’s your ankle’ll bear ye, we’ll poke down there an’ see how things seem.”

In a week’s time they went slowly down to look over the fences, preparatory to turning in the cow. Hetty glanced at the sky, with its fleece of flying cloud, and then at the grass, so bright that the eyes marveled at it. The old ache was keen within her. The earth without her son would never be the same earth again, but some homely comforting had reached her with the springing of the leaf. She looked at the boy by her side. He was a pretty boy, she thought, and she was glad Susan had him. And suddenly it came to her that he had been lent her for a little while, and she was glad of that, too. His hurt had kept her busy. His ways about the house, even the careless ones, had strengthened the grief in her, but in a human, poignant way that had no bitterness.

They went about, testing the fence lengths, and then, before they left the pasture, stood, by according impulse, and looked back into its trembling green. The boy had let down the bars, but he was loath to go.

“Stop a minute,” he said, pointing to an upland bank where the sun lay warm. “I’m tired.”

“Lazy, more like,” said Hetty. But he knew she said it fondly.

He lay down at full length, and she sank stiffly on the bank and leaned her

elbow there. She looked at the sky, and then at the bank. It was blue with violets. There were so many of them that, as they traveled up the sod, they made a purple stain.

“Well, Aunt Het,” said he, “you’ve got the pastur’.”

She nodded.

“Don’t make much difference how long you wait,” he continued, “if it comes at last.” He was thinking of his patent, and Hetty knew it.

“Mebbe we can’t have things when we expect to,” she answered comprehendingly. “Still Lucy’s great on that. ‘Don’t do no good to set up your Ebenezer,’ says she. ‘You got to wait for things to grow.’ Lucy’s dretful pious.” She passed her brown hands over the violet heads, as gently as a breeze, caressing but not bending them. “I dunno’s ever I see so many v’lets afore.”

“Like ‘em, Aunt Het?” he asked her kindly.

“I guess I do!” But as she spoke, her eyes widened in awe and wonder. “My Lord!” she breathed. “They’re flowers.”

The boy laughed.

“What’d you think they were?” he asked, with the same indulgent interest. “Herd’s grass?”

He turned over and buried his sleepy visage in the new leaves. But Hetty was communing with herself. Her old face had a look of hushed solemnity. Her eyes were lighted from within.

“Sure enough,” she murmured reverently. “They’re flowers.”

GERMAN IDEALS OF TO-DAY

BY KUNO FRANCKE

ONE of the most interesting publications which we owe to Professor Suphan, the indefatigable director of the Goethe-Schiller Museum at Weimar, is the recent facsimile edition of a Hymn to Germany which occupied Schiller's mind during the last years of his life. This Hymn never passed the stage of sketches, partly in verse, partly in prose; but even these sketches give us an idea of the noble conception of the whole. Apparently, Schiller wanted to proclaim the greatness of Germany in the midst of her national disasters; he wanted to tell his people, threatened in its very existence by the Napoleonic invasion, that there was still a hope left for it; he wanted to contrast the brute force of military prowess with the eternal achievements of literature and art. "May Germany," — thus runs the beginning of this sketch, — "may Germany, at a moment when she issues without glory from a terrible war, when two arrogant nations (France and Russia) have set their feet upon her neck, when the victor rules her fate, — may she feel herself? May the German take pride in his name? May he lift his head, and with firm step appear in the company of nations? Yes, he may. He has been unsuccessful in the fight; but that which makes his worth he has not lost. German Empire and German people are two different things. Bereft of political power, the German has found his worth in another sphere, a sphere of his own; and even if the Empire were to crumble to pieces, German greatness would remain unimpaired.

Das ist nicht des Deutschen Grösse,
Obzusiegen mit dem Schwert;
In das Geisterreich zu dringen,
Vorurteile zu besiegen,
Männlich mit dem Wahn zu kriegen,
Das ist seines Eifers wert.

To him, the German, the highest destiny has been set. He has been chosen by the World-Spirit, in the midst of temporary struggles, to devote his work to the eternal structure of human culture, to give endurance to what the fleeting moment brings. Therefore he has assimilated and made his own what other nations have produced. Whatever came to life in other ages and countries, and disappeared again, he has stored up; the treasures of centuries are his. Every people has its day; the day of the German is the harvest of all time."

How strangely out of date do these words, born from a patriot's grief over the political humiliation of his people, appear at a time when "German nation" and "German Empire" are happily not any longer contradictory terms; when through extraordinary military achievements, as well as through a wise and far-seeing statesmanship, the political power of Germany has been more firmly established than ever before; when German commerce and industry are competing for the front rank among nations in every quarter of the globe. The question which confronts us of to-day is precisely the opposite of the one which confronted Schiller and his contemporaries. Then the question was: Will the high state of intellectual refinement, of literary and artistic culture, reached by the educated few react upon the masses and bring about a new era of popular energy? Will the striving of the German mind for universally human and eternal values, for enlightenment, for spirituality, for cosmopolitanism, result in a heightening of national power also, and in a revival of public activity for material ends? Now the question is: Will the new era of popular prosperity and national self-assertion

result in a reawakening of spiritual strivings also? Will it give a new impetus to the longing for eternal possessions? Will it lead to a nobler conception of humanity, to a deeper faith in the Infinite, to a more exalted view of the meaning of life and the mission of art? Will it, in short, bring about a new era of idealism?

The following observations, gathered during a recent visit in the land of my birth, may perhaps serve as an attempt to analyze the physiognomy of contemporary German life from this point of view.

Even a first impression of the external conditions of the Germany of to-day must convince the unprejudiced that German progress of the last thirty years has not been confined to industrial and commercial development. Not since the days of the Renaissance and the Reformation has there been a time when the outward aspect of the country bespoke such ardent life, such intense activity in every domain of national aspirations, as now. Even the most casual observer cannot fail to be impressed with the picture of healthfulness, power, orderliness, and enlightened citizenship, which meets the eye of the traveler on every hand, on every square mile of German soil, north and south, east and west. These flourishing, well-kept farms and estates, these thriving villages, these beautiful, carefully replenished forests, these bustling cities teeming with a well-fed and well-behaved population, these proud city halls, stately court houses, theatres, and museums rising everywhere, these admirable means of communication, these model arrangements for healthy recreation and amusement, — how plainly all testify to a remarkably high state of public consciousness! This magnificent army, with its manly discipline and its high standard of professional honor (occasional excesses of youthful Hotspurs notwithstanding), these universities and technical schools, with their joyousness of student life, and their earnestness and freedom of scientific investigation, this orderly management of political meetings and demonstrations, this

sober determination and effective organization of the laboring classes in their fight for social betterment, this respectful and attentive attitude, even of the masses, toward all forms of art, — what unmistakable proofs of a wonderfully organized collective will, of an instinctive reaching out toward higher forms of national existence!

It has been said, and not without some reason, that the distinguishing quality of American patriotism, as compared with Old-World sentiment, consisted in this, that it was preëminently directed toward the future. The absence of a long historical tradition, as well as the gigantic tasks pressing in upon a people still in the making, undoubtedly accentuate this forward-leaning of American patriotic sentiment. But it would be a mistake to think that German patriotism of to-day was preëminently looking backward, that it was chiefly concerned with the maintenance of the traditions of the past, that it lacked the outlook into an ideal future. Germany, too, is a young nation; here too, a new order of things, new tasks, new ideals, are forcing themselves upon the national consciousness; here, too, the substance of patriotism, if not its form, is concerned with the working out of the problems of to-morrow.

Let us consider some of the ideals which consciously or unconsciously dominate the intellectual and moral world of the German of to-day, shaping his conception of what the Germany of the future is to be.

I

The average American, if asked to define his political creed, would probably without much hesitancy sum up his answer in the one word, Liberty. The German would find it less easy to give a generally acceptable answer to this question. His answer would vary according to the variety of fundamental political demands contained in the programme of the party with which he might be affiliated. The Conservative would maintain that a strong

monarchy was the only power to whose guidance the ship of state might safely be committed; and the principal safeguard of a strong monarchy he would see in the army. He would further declare a close alliance between throne and altar, between the State and the Church, to be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of public morals, and, as to governmental maxims, he would have no hesitation in giving preference to the methods of paternalism and state regulation. The Liberal would probably point to the English Constitution as his ideal of government; he would speak of the necessity of parliamentary government, he would deplore the impotence of the present parties, he would deride militarism, clericalism, and protectionism, and he would declaim on the beauties of free thought and free trade. The Centrist would above all inveigh against the principle of state omnipotence, he would speak of "a free Church in a free State," he would exalt the work done by the Catholic Church for the moral and economic improvement of the working classes, and he would demand the admission of Catholic thought and scholarship on equal terms with Protestant science in the higher schools and universities. The Socialist, finally,—not to speak of a number of other ephemeral parties and fractions of parties, such as the Pan-Germans, the Anti-Semites, and so on,—the Socialist would squarely come out for a republic as the ideal form of government; he would condemn the whole existing order of things as utterly corrupt and untenable; he would wish to replace the standing army by a militia system, abolish the established Church, nationalize the great industries, and what not. In short, it would seem from such an inquiry as though there were a great chaos of political opinions furiously at war with one another; as though an agreement on some few fundamental tenets, irrespective of disagreement in matters of practical expediency, were an impossibility in German politics.

Closer questioning, however, would re-

veal the fact that the picture of the future hovering before these representatives of the various German parties was, after all, not so radically different as it first appeared.

In the first place, the headlines in the various party catechisms — in Germany as well as elsewhere — are for the most part not much more than hypnotic formulae designed to catch the eye and to delude the party-follower into a comfortable state of sleepy assurance that he believes these things. In reality, no sane Conservative would deny that, if the monarchy had no other justification for its existence than that founded upon bayonets and guns, it would not be worth while for the people to maintain so costly an institution; and as to the reestablishment of patriarchal methods of government without popular control, that is a pious wish which may swell the breast of a few fanatics, such as the notorious Count Pückler, but the practical execution of such wishes would involve the perpetrator in serious conflicts with the courts, or land him in an asylum. On the other hand, the record of the Liberal party — which, by the way, for the moment has almost been effaced in national as well as in state politics — has been such that one may well doubt the sincerity of its professed enthusiasm for self-government and independence of thought; for no party has been less willing to acknowledge the rights of its opponents, none has been more ready to resort to coercive measures against powerful minorities, than this very party. As to the Centrist party, its motto, "a free Church in a free State," is in reality only a euphemism for "the State controlled by the Church," and would disappear from its programme the moment the State showed the slightest intention of carrying it out, that is, of disestablishing the Church. And lastly, the Socialist talk about a German republic is so manifestly a mere catchword, or at best so shadowy a dream of immature brains, that it need not be seriously considered.

While, then, a good many of the apparent differences and contradictory principles of the various parties turn out to be, as a matter of fact, mere surface ebullition and froth, it will be found that all German parties have one essential thing in common: a strong confidence in government supervision. This confidence is well founded, historically. By whatever ill-sounding name one may call it,—bureaucracy, officialdom, governmental caste, or what not,—the fact remains that the government service, both civil and military, has during the last two hundred years been the chief taskmaster of the German people in its evolution to national greatness, the strongest force in the gradual working out of an enlightened public opinion. It may be doubted whether the government service of any other country, except possibly that of Japan, has been so unremittingly and steadfastly committed to the principle of public welfare as the only law of conduct for a public servant, as that of Prussia and those German states which have taken the keynote of their administration from Prussia. The idea that a public office is a public trust, and that efficiency and trustworthiness are the only indispensable prerequisites for holding office, has come to be something so self-evident to the German mind that it needs no place in any party platform. It is tacitly admitted by all parties, and, although it would be too much to say that in point of fact the German administration of to-day is strictly non-partisan, it certainly must be said that this is the principle to which it tries to live up.

The recent conflict of the Prussian Ministry of Education with a large part of the Prussian student body, as well as with not a few governing bodies of the universities and technical schools, is a good illustration of this fact. During the last decades, Catholic clubs have had a great ascendancy in the German universities. These clubs admit as members only young men who regularly perform their religious duties, and are in every re-

spect faithful sons of the Church. They are affiliated with the Centrist party, and make no secret of their desire to make a propaganda for its policy. Naturally, they have brought upon themselves the hatred and contempt of the larger part of the student body, which is still dominated by free thought and decidedly anti-clerical feelings. When, some months ago, the Catholic Club of the Polytechnic at Hanover demanded an official representation in the General Students' Committee, this demand was refused by the other student organizations, on the specious plea that the Catholic clubs were essentially opposed to the principle of academic freedom, and disdained fellowship with the rest of the student body. Strangely enough, the Faculty also took this view, and other polytechnics and universities followed suit. The Ministry of Education, however, applying the principle of non-partisan administration, sided with the Catholic clubs, and refused to sanction their exclusion from the General Students' Committee. Thereupon a storm of indignation throughout the Prussian universities, a flood of high-sounding talk about freedom of science, about the defense of modern civilization against Romanism and Mediævalism, mass meeting after mass meeting filled with denunciations against the "reactionary" government. But the outcome undoubtedly will be a triumph of the non-partisan view of the government; and the only pity is that it does not seem at present likely that the same view will be maintained by the government to guard the rights of other student bodies, less acceptable to the powers that be,—for instance, Socialist societies.

But to return to our main question, the question whether there is one political ideal uniting the great diversity of German parties in a common aim. The traditional non-partisan methods of German administration, we saw, have brought it about that all German parties rely much more readily than is the case in most other countries on government action. This widespread trust in government action,

on its part, has brought it about that the government is looked upon, much more generally than in England or America, as the great harmonizer and arbitrator between conflicting interests. And this view of the function of government, in its turn, has forced into the very centre of political life a demand which in other countries is more commonly based on moral and economic grounds,—the demand for social justice. I believe I am not mistaken if I designate the idea of social justice as the peculiarly German ideal of political life.

That the Socialist party should have been the first to proclaim this ideal is in the nature of things; for it represents the cause of the masses to whom social justice is so largely denied, the disinherited and the downtrodden. But it is by no means an ideal of the downtrodden only, it is an ideal inspiring the best minds of every party and class; it is part and parcel of the very make-up of the people. The Conservative is bound to it by the certainty that only in rallying the masses about the Imperial standard can the monarchy in the long run be saved. The Centrist cannot escape the conviction that social justice is one of the foremost tenets of Christian teachings. The Liberal is forced to acknowledge that without this principle there is no really enlightened civilization. And the common man throughout the land feels instinctively that Germany, of all countries, is the one where this idea is destined to play the leading part in shaping the future of the nation.

How threadbare and antiquated most of the other ideals have come to be that held their sway during the last one hundred years! How few of those that swelled the breasts of Schiller and his contemporaries are a living force to-day!

The brotherhood of nations? Germany has had every reason during the last two or three generations to doubt the sincerity of those who make it a business to declaim about humanity and the peace of the world. Every step which

she has made toward national unity and consolidation has been contested by her good friends and neighbors: the Empire had to be welded together in a bloody war brought about by the jealousy of France; and now the beginnings of German sea power are grudgingly watched, denounced, and, as much as possible, thwarted, by the cousins across the Channel. No, the brotherhood of nations has no particular charms for the German of the twentieth century. Enlightenment? The time has long passed when this word beyond any other thrilled the élite of the nation. We have come to see that, priceless a possession as intellectual enlightenment is, it is after all not without its dangers, and easily leads the masses to materialism and moral indifference. Freedom? To be sure, the mission of freedom is endless, and there is plenty of work left for her in contemporary Germany, as everywhere, particularly in religious matters; but it would be absurd to deny that the German constitution of to-day allows to the individual an amount of political freedom undreamed of a hundred years ago, and larger than the great majority of individuals are capable of carrying. Even to the Socialist, freedom is not any longer the one magic formula to conjure with; what he demands is not freedom, but justice. Nationality? To the great mass of Germans this word would appeal more than either human brotherhood or enlightenment or freedom. And yet even this word does not any longer express a widespread, elemental longing; it expresses rather satisfaction at the fulfillment of national aspirations, pride at national achievements; it has ceased to be an ideal. The question: "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" does not any longer make the German heart beat faster. Industrial progress and supremacy? Certainly, this is a thing for which thousands and thousands of heads and hands are ceaselessly at work, a goal of ambition hovering before the keenest and best trained minds of the country. But how could one forget

that this very progress is, often enough, a fetich to which thousands of living beings are sacrificed, a cancerous growth preying upon the nation's health? How could industrial progress ever acquire the dignity of a national ideal?

Place by the side of all these ideals and objects of ambition the words "social justice," and you will see at once that this phrase expresses better than any other the ideal content of German patriotism of to-day. In no other country has the State the same obligation to control the exercise of social justice, or the same capacity for maintaining this control, as in Germany. A government which strains every nerve of the people for public purposes, which takes some of the best years from the life of every citizen for military service, which at every important point of the individual's career impresses upon him his connection with the State and his responsibility to the State, such a government cannot possibly avoid the responsibility of acting as the great social peacemaker, as the mediator between capital and labor, as the advocate of the weak, as the support of the needy; and it is in the nature of things that in exercising this duty it will more and more be drawn into the management of the great industries on its own account, and will more and more come to be the great employer of labor. That the German government is fully aware of this solemn obligation, and is to an extraordinary degree capable of fulfilling it, is amply proven on the one hand by the gigantic undertaking of the State insurance of workingmen against accidents, invalidism, and old age, on the other by the remarkable success which has attended the passing of the German railways into government control. Now, it is perfectly clear that such an enormous social and industrial power vested in a partisan government would inevitably result in the worst form of tyranny and oppression; only a non-partisan government is capable of wielding this power for the cause of social justice. The great question, then, the great desideratum of German political

life, is the further development of its historic principle of non-partisan government, the building up of a government which, while recruited from all the various parties, will, in reality as well as in declared intent, be raised above all parties, and serve still more exclusively than it does now the one great cause of the common weal. Is it too much to hope that the German government of the future will habitually unite in itself the best minds of the Conservative, the Liberal, the Centrist, and the Socialist parties, and thereby rob party life of its present bitterness and implacability? Does not the whole trend of German political history, with its traditional aversion to the rule of parliamentary majorities, and with its traditional insistence on a stable, public-spirited, and highly trained civil service, point in this direction? Is not this a worthy aim of patriotic aspirations? And will not this complete carrying-out of non-partisan government for the sake of social justice, the establishment of perpetual party compromises within the Executive itself, be an important and highly instructive addition to the history of political experiments, and enrich the forms of government by a new and peculiarly valuable type? Indeed, here is a task before Germany, for the successful solution of which all nations will owe her a debt of gratitude; here is a new chance for the Hohenzollern dynasty to prove to the world that its historic motto of "Suum cuique" is not an empty word, and to demonstrate anew its wonderful power of uniting faithfulness to inherited traditions with keenest grasp of the problems of the future.

II

If social justice may be called the political ideal of contemporary Germany, social efficiency may be called the fundamental demand of the new German education.

The times are long since passed when scholarly culture could still be considered the chief or even the only aim of higher

training. The demands of practical life have become so manifold and so pressing that it has become absolutely imperative for the school to adapt itself to these variegated needs. Hence the practical tendency of what is called the School Reform, a movement initiated in theory by such men as Paulsen, Rein, and other university professors, directed into legislative channels, at the instigation of the Emperor, chiefly by the Prussian Ministry of Education under the skillful executive of Dr. Althoff. The abolition of the Latin essay in the final examination of the Gymnasium, the increased attention given to German history and literature, the introduction in certain gymnasia of French previous to Latin, the reduction of the time devoted to Greek, the admission of schools without Greek (the Realgymnasia), and even of schools without Latin (the Oberrealschulen) to the same standing with the gymnasia, the tentative establishment of girls' gymnasia, the proposition to introduce a certain amount of election into the curricula of the secondary schools, the admission of women to the universities, and even to the doctorate, the liberal endowment of laboratories and other scientific institutions at the universities, the foundation of new polytechnic schools, the official recognition of the polytechnic schools as being of equal rank with the universities and as being entitled to confer the highest academic degree, — all this has a decidedly practical and, as scoffers would say, American aspect.

But while it is unquestionable that most of these reforms, or all of them, have been forced upon the schools and universities by economic needs, and the increased struggle in all strata of society for making a livelihood, it is equally certain that the economic motive has not been the only one in bringing about these reforms. A spiritual motive, as well as a material, is lying back of the Educational Reform, and those who oppose it — although they may imagine themselves to be the advocates of superior interests —

are surely not the only supporters of ideal demands.

The increased struggle of life, the quicker pulsation of blood, the greater tension of will and intellect, all of which are characteristic features of modern society, are bringing about, in Germany as much as anywhere else to-day, a new type of man and of woman. We do not care, — this is the instinctive feeling prevalent among the younger generation of parents, — we do not care to have the life knocked out of our children by the old learning. Let those who have a special bent in that direction devote themselves to the study of the ancient world. To make an appreciation of ancient literature and art the prime standard of cultivation, to demand of all of us a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin grammar, of Greek and Roman history, to confine the best part of schooling to studies of direct import only to the philologist or the historian, — this is intellectual tyranny. What is the colonization of Asia Minor by the Greeks, compared with the gigantic colonization of America by the Germanic and Romance nations? What is the struggle of Rome and Carthage over the supremacy in the Mediterranean, compared with the struggle for world-dominion that has been going on during the last few centuries? What is the conflict between the Roman plebs and patriciate, compared with the huge conflict between capital and labor that is now agitating the whole civilized world? What is even Greek literature and art, compared with the wealth and variety of artistic ideals and types produced by Italy, Spain, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and England, not to speak of other nations that have enriched the artistic vision of our own age? To set up the ancient languages as the one means of linguistic training, to magnify ancient civilization as the climax of all human development, is worshiping an idol of arbitrary fancy. Far from having a liberalizing effect upon the youthful mind, this insistence by the schoolmen upon the superiority of the ancient world either tends

to narrow the range of intellectual sympathy, or, by arousing the protest consequent upon all exaggeration, leads to indifference and open hostility against the very thing which the pupil is bidden to admire. The true and essential demand of a liberal education is that we should be made intellectually at home in our own country and people, that we should know the history of our mother tongue, that we should be familiar with the great epochs of our national development,—whether political, literary, or artistic,—that we should be intimately acquainted with the language and the literature of those nations that have had the greatest influence upon our own history, and with whom we have now the most intimate relations,—in the case of Germany, then, at least the English and French language and literature; and only after all these requirements have been met, should the study of the ancient world come in as an element in the education of the average man.

Is it not an intolerable condition of things that the majority of our educated men should have struggled through the best part of their boyhood with Greek moods and tenses, and not be able to read our own *Nibelungenlied* or Walther von der Vogelweide in the original? Is it not an absurdity that they should have been initiated into the details of archæological discussions concerning excavations in Olympia or Pergamon, and at the same time have been left practically ignorant of the treasures of plastic art stored in the cathedrals of Bamberg or Naumburg or Strassburg? Is it not preposterous that they should have been made to worry through Platonic dialogues and Ciceronian orations, without for the most part being led to grasp their true significance and beauty, and at the same time hardly know more than the names of such men as Milton or Voltaire or Rousseau,—men who, both on account of their language and because of the subjects treated by them, are very much nearer to the understanding of the youth of to-day? If we

demand a complete reversal of method in the study of the humanities, we make this demand not from mercenary motives, but in the name of liberal education. We are convinced that, if the emphasis of the instruction in all schools were laid upon the modern world,—modern languages, modern history, modern art and literature and thought,—education would acquire a new meaning. It would cease to be a matter of the school alone, it would come to be a part of public life. It would be a kind of self-scrutiny of the national mind as to the foundations of its own strength. It would lose all the harshness and artificiality inseparable from the old system. It would stimulate the independent activity of the pupil, and his desire to find his own bearings. It would, in the best sense of the word, be delivery,—delivery from self-deception and self-conceit. It would be a most active power in preventing, or at least allaying, international misunderstandings and animosities. For how could a man who felt truly at home in the intellectual world, at least of France, Germany, and England, fail to recognize the close interdependence of the great modern nations; how could he but be filled with the desire to contribute on his part toward their mutual understanding and friendly devotion to a common task?

If, then, the tendency toward modern subjects, so characteristic of contemporary German instruction in the humanities, is actuated to a very large extent by ideal motives, the same must be said of the two other most conspicuous features of German education of to-day: the emphasis laid upon natural science, and the constantly increasing interest taken by women in university studies. As to natural science, the conviction is steadily gaining ground that, quite apart from its importance as an economic factor, it should form part of the liberal training of an educated man. As little as a man can be called truly educated who is not intellectually at home in the great problems and conflicts that have shaped the history of his own country, so little can he be

called educated who is not intellectually at home in the physical world that surrounds us. And what age has brought this self-evident truth clearer into view than ours, which puts its best energy into the service of physical observation, and which year by year reveals new forces in the cosmic order hidden heretofore? It is this truth to which Germany has risen with astonishing rapidity. As to the influx of women into the universities, there can be no question that the desire for economic independence or the necessity of self-support has not been the most cogent cause of this remarkable phenomenon. Most of the German women do not pursue bread and butter studies in the university; what they crave is intellectual stimulus. The German woman has, late perhaps, but on that very account with particular ardor, taken up the struggle for emancipation; she has come to the full consciousness of her spiritual dignity. She does not want any longer to confine herself to the narrow sphere of the house, she does not want any longer to be a mere piece of decoration, she does not want any longer an education which fits her only for society babble. She is resolved to get on her own feet intellectually; to grapple herself with the problems of modern life; to become a comrade, an equal of man; to reach out into the wide realm of liberal study. The result has been that to-day there is hardly a German family of the higher classes in which some feminine member is not taking up some serious life work, and that the state of things of a generation ago, when the lieutenant was the ordinary ideal of the typical German Backfisch, is fast becoming obsolete. The remarkable activity which German women have of late displayed in literature, especially in lyrics and in the novel, is only one phase, although a highly significant one, of this widespread, ardent, and earnest striving of womanhood for higher activity. The woman question is as much alive, and as momentous, and on as high a plane, in Germany as in any other country.

It will perhaps be clear now in what sense I called social efficiency the fundamental demand of the new German education. Not in the sense that only that has social value in education which is of immediate application to some specific public or private need; but rather in the sense that only that knowledge is socially valuable which has been self-acquired, which has become part and parcel of the individual's own make-up, which adds to the individual's originality, which increases his or her power of adjustment to given conditions, which leads to a fuller insight into the great problems pressing in upon us from all sides, which stimulates active participation in public work of any kind, which heightens the joy of life. It will also have become clear that the nickname "American," which has been attached to the new education, is in reality not a term of derision, but a name of honor and of deep significance. For it brings out the fact that the two great nations which have perhaps more to give to each other than any other two nations of to-day stand shoulder to shoulder in this fight for a rational, modern education. Indeed, there can hardly be any question that it is in America and in Germany that this cause will first achieve its final and lasting triumph. In no other country, with the possible exception of Scandinavia, is public opinion so overwhelmingly on the side of the new ideal; in no other country is the work of reconstruction taken up in so earnest, methodical, and comprehensive a manner; in no other country has the reform found such sagacious, uncompromising, and fearless leaders. It is more than a mere coincidence that at the present moment the two most influential men in educational matters in America and Germany should be men so strikingly alike in intellectual temper as President Eliot and Dr. Althoff.

III

Thus far we have paid little or no attention to the spiritual ideals dominating

contemporary German life. In considering this side of our subject, we are at once struck with a remarkable difference between conditions in Germany and the state of things in other countries, particularly America and England. In America and England questions of the higher life are still very largely bound up with the Church; it is hardly conceivable that spiritual problems should arise in either of these countries without the Church trying to meet them. In Germany, the Church has ceased to be a moral leader; it has sunk back to the position of a defender of creeds. The inner life has been secularized in Germany; the men who shape spiritual ideals are philosophers, poets, artists.

In a large measure this state of affairs is due to the after-effect of that great epoch of German humanism signalized by the names of Goethe and Kant, Schiller and Fichte. The very substance of the life work of these men and their compatriots consisted in this, that they replaced the ecclesiastical doctrine of atonement by the belief in the saving quality of restless striving. Never in the whole history of the world has there been held up to man an ideal of life more exalted, more inspiring, freer from unworthy or belittling motives, than in their teachings. They trusted in the essential goodness of all life; they conceived of the universe as a great spiritual being, engaged in constant self-revelation and in a constant struggle toward higher forms of existence. They believed that man, as a part of this spiritual universe, was in immediate and instinctive communication with its innermost essence; and they saw the great office of man in helping the spirit toward its fullest self-realization. They did not close their eyes to the fact that there is evil in the world. But they saw in evil merely abortive attempts toward good,—failures, as it were, of the world spirit in its reaching out for completeness of self-manifestation; and the remedy for evil, the atonement for guilt, they found not in contrition or self-inflicted suffering, but

in renewed effort, in heightened activity, in unremitting work. That the practical demands growing out of this new faith, the fullest development of all human faculties, the freest play of all human aspirations, and the redemption of man from sin by his own strength, are absolutely incompatible with the traditional church doctrine of the radical perversity of human nature and the impossibility of salvation except through divine intercession, is undeniable. But it is equally clear that they are in full accord with the whole drift, with the strongest tendencies, of modern life. And there can be no question that literature and art, in so far as they are expressions of what is most distinctly modern in contemporary life, cannot help drawing their best inspiration from such views as these.

During the decades following the death of Goethe, the problems of political reconstruction and national unity so largely absorbed public attention that the higher demands of the human heart, the longing for spiritual perfection, for oneness of the individual with the all, for the harmonious rounding out of personal life, had, as it were, to be hushed. Hence the lameness, the half-heartedness, the prevailing mediocrity, of German literature and art about the middle of the nineteenth century. With the foundation of the new Empire in 1870, the most urgent national need was at last put out of the way; a basis for a secure political development had been established. From now on, questions of the inner life pressed to the foreground once more, and in course of time there followed a revival of that moral enthusiasm, that intense striving for a free human personality, that fearless and comprehensive view of the world as a great living organism, which had brought about the great epoch of German culture at the end of the eighteenth century. To-day we are in the midst of a literary and artistic movement which is in every way a worthy counterpart to that great era of moral delivery; to-day literature and art have again assumed the rôle of leader-

ship in the national striving for spiritual possessions.

If we were to express in one word the keynote of this new German art, so as to indicate what it has added and is adding to the moral consciousness of the German people, we probably could not choose a better word than sympathy with life,— *Lebensbejahung*, as Nietzsche, its most impassioned, though by no means noblest, champion would say. Of course no art could be imagined which was entirely devoid of this sympathy with life; the principal difference between the various epochs of artistic development consists in the greater or smaller degree, the larger or narrower range, of this sympathy. The distinguishing feature of contemporary German, as indeed of all modern, art is the intense ardor, the well-nigh universal comprehensiveness of this feeling. Humanity,—this is the general impression left by the most characteristic productions of this new art,—humanity is once more throbbing with the desire to comprehend all, to sympathize with all, to feel at one with all. Dumb nature and animal life, the lot of the common people, the drudgery of everyday existence, the suffering of the downtrodden and the degraded, the whole gamut of human instincts, passions, ambitions, and aspirations,—it is all worthy of loving consideration and interest, all is part of one great living whole, in it all there is felt the breath of the infinite spirit, the restless striving of the universal life for completeness of existence.

The two men who have given the most perfect artistic expression to this new pantheism, Richard Wagner and Arnold Böcklin, are no longer among the living, but their works are as active a force in creating the ideal atmosphere of cultivated Germany as ever before. The thousands upon thousands who year after year listen to the soul-stirring strains of Wagner's music, who enter into the world of elemental longings, passions, and strivings contained in such heroic figures as *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan*, *Siegfried*, or *Par-*

sifal, cannot help undergoing thereby a process of moral revolution. They cannot help being made to feel,—blindly, perhaps, in most cases, but on that account no less forcibly,—that here there are types of a life raised above the ordinary conceptions of good and evil, beings that have in them something of the primeval power of nature herself, superior both to happiness and to distress, finding their only law and their only joy in living out what is in them. Even where their names suggest ecclesiastical tradition and lore, these heroic figures are themselves as unecclesiastical as possible; no matter whether they succumb to a tragic fate or whether they press on to victory, they are sufficient unto themselves, they remain unbroken, they have no need of changing themselves into something which is contrary to their natural instincts; what inspires, moves, and maintains them, is their indestructible faith in life, their instinctive assurance that they themselves, are indestructible parts of that great, mysterious One and All which through countless transformations and cataclysms maintains itself in unimpaired splendor and strength. And similar is the effect of Böcklin's paintings. Here also there is a life, exultant, ecstatic almost, with the feeling of the oneness of man with the powers that surround him. Here the line dividing man and nature has been effaced entirely. Whether we see the surf dashing against the rocks, tossing about in its mighty whirl a fantastic host of half-human, half-animal forms, or the fights of centaurs on lonely mountain heights, encompassed by rolling clouds; whether the wonders of the forest open before us in the shy, half-crazed glance of the unicorn stepping noiselessly through its gruesome dusk; whether the holy grove receives us in common with the solemn company gathered about the altar and bending in mute adoration before the sacred flame; whether we lose ourselves in gentle meditation with the venerable old hermit playing the violin before the image of the Virgin, or whether

we follow the daring fancy of the knight-errant riding with head erect and lordly mien over the sandy, desolate beach; whether the sun sparkles in the brook and the meadows teem with flowers and sporting children, or whether the Island of the Dead, with its sombre cypresses and its austere rocks, looms up from the glassy sea, — everywhere there seems to look at us that same magic, all-embracing, all-enfolding, inexhaustible being, of which man, beast, plant, and all the elements are partial, but closely kindred, manifestations; everywhere our sense of life is heightened, our sympathy is enlarged, our passions are stirred, our longing for a complete rounding out of all our faculties is intensified. Of Böcklin it may in truth be said that he has forced the present generation of Germans to see in a new way, more intensely, and at wider range; that the sky seems bluer, the meadow greener, the light of the sun more dazzling, the shadow of the poplar and the cypress deeper, than before he opened our eyes to these sights; that he, as no one before him, has revealed nature as one gigantic, irresistible striving for beauty, for color, for light, for variety of forms, for perfection of types. That a man of such astounding creative power, and of such an extraordinary wealth of ideas as he, should during his lifetime have had to struggle against all sorts of prejudices and animosities, and that even now he should hardly have begun to exert an influence beyond the confines of German-speaking countries, is a fresh proof of how hard it is for the truly great to dispossess fat mediocrity.

Perhaps none of the sculptors, painters, musicians, and authors of the younger generation can be compared in range and sweep of conception with the two masters whose works will probably stand to posterity as calmly resplendent symbols of all the brooding, longing, striving, all the passion, exultation, and restless activity that vibrated in German hearts at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. That,

however, even the most modern German art and literature is committed to these same ideals, that it is permeated with this same zeal of grappling with the fundamental problems of existence, that it is impelled by the same desire to express the innermost cravings of life in all their wealth and variety, the mere enumeration of such names as Richard Strauss, Max Klinger, Gerhard Hauptmann, Joseph Widmann, Wilhelm von Polenz, Ricarda Huch, Helene Böhlau, and Clara Viebig, is sufficient proof. And it should be added that recent years have given us not a few productions which, for their artistic perfection as well as their spiritual significance, may well be ranked among the great.

Think of such creations as Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*, Klinger's Beethoven, Hauptmann's *Der Arme Heinrich*, Widmann's *Maikäfer-Komödie*, — has the contemporary art of other nations anything to offer, deeper in feeling or more irresistible in expression? Does not Strauss's ravishing composition lead us into the very centre of the elemental struggles and catastrophes of life; does it not spread before us the vision of an infinite, all-embracing activity? Has not Klinger's chisel transformed the features of Beethoven into a symbol of the concentrated energy of modern intellectual striving; has it not made the marble proclaim the indomitable determination of modern man to conquer matter? Is not Hauptmann's dramatization of the mediaeval legend of "Poor Henry" a wonderful embodiment of the modern longing for firmness of faith, for spiritual resurrection, — a song of redemption by inner transformation? And does not Widmann's fantastic poem of the joys, the desires, and the tragedy of insect life open up our heart to everything that lives and draws breath; does it not make us see our own life in a new light, increasing our capacity for enjoyment and strengthening our readiness to endure? Indeed, here there are ideal creations that have sprung from the very midst of the spirit

ual problems that surround us; here there are hymns of modern belief; here art appears in her noblest form, as priestess of humanity, as healer, uplifter, exhorter, and redeemer.

But quite apart from such works as these, works appealing to aspirations universally human and removed in subject matter from the actual conditions of to-day, what a wealth of idealism and joyous vitality has come to light of late in the literature dealing directly with contemporary subjects and situations. The German novel, in particular, has during the last ten or fifteen years undergone a complete transformation. Not in vain has it gone to school with the masters of realism in Russia and France; it has learned directness of expression, precision of delineation, perspicuity of grouping, simplicity and truthfulness of characterization. As mere specimens of artistic composition, such novels as Polenz's *Der Büttnerbauer*, Ricarda Huch's *Rudolf Ursleu*, Clara Viebig's *Das Weiberdorf* or *Das Schlafende Heer*, Helene Böhlau's *Der Rangierbahnhof* or *Das Recht der Mutter* are equal to anything which the contemporary novelists of Europe or America have produced. What, however, gives their peculiar significance to these and similar German novels of to-day is the noble, generous humanity pervading them, the sympathy with human suffering and struggling, the charitable view taken even of the degenerate and the criminal, the openness and hospitality for any kind of strong and genuine feeling, the belief in the sacredness of life, the earnest desire to do justice to all of its types, the eagerness to approach all questions of private conduct or public morality without prejudice or malice, the trust in the saving quality of honest endeavor and courageous grappling with circumstance. These novelists are moral leaders, even though they do not know it, and most effectively so when they do not intend to be. They are helping toward a wider and fuller conception of humanity, a more truthful foundation of

morals, a freer development of personality, a society based on justice and reason. They are enriching the moral consciousness of the German people; they are adding to its storehouse of spiritual ideals.

I have already alluded to the fact that the Church, the great organized power for the maintenance and propagation of spirituality, has remained entirely foreign to this body of spiritual ideals which, sprung from the great epoch of German Classicism and Romanticism, have formed the German lay religion ever since, and have during the last few decades found renewed expression in literature and art. Unfortunately, this statement is not quite strong enough. The Church, both Protestant and Catholic, has not only maintained an attitude of indifference toward these ideals; it has over and over again declared its open hostility to them, it has condemned them as unchristian and atheistic, it has designated them as the root of all evil in modern society.

Here there lies the fundamental antagonism, the cardinal paradox, of contemporary German life. Nowhere is there a greater chance, a wider opportunity, for the Church to become a spiritual leader, to receive into its own stream all the higher aspirations of the nation, than in Germany. No people is at heart more deeply religious than the German; nowhere is there more individual reaching out after the infinite. No view of life seems more clearly destined to become the common creed of modern humanity than the noble optimism, the joyous trust in the universe, the belief in the affinity of all things, the sympathy with all existence, the faith in work, in continual endeavor as the royal road to redemption, which are the living legacy of our classic literature and philosophy. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in these convictions which the Church might not assimilate. By placing herself on the same intellectual level with our thinkers, poets, and artists; by relinquishing the unworthy notion of an extramundane deity residing somewhere in a corner of the universe; by abandoning

the childish conception of a single revelation of this deity in times past through the mouths of a few men and to a few chosen people; by resolutely casting aside the incongruous idea of the salvation of mankind through one vicarious sacrifice; by openly adopting a religion which is in harmony with the modern view of the universe, which is broad enough to include the demands of every human instinct, and which listens without fear to every message of Nature and all her interpreters,—the Church would at once rally around herself all the longing, striving, aspiring minds of the nation, and a new era of popular religious life would be at hand. Germany, the home of free thought, would become the home of a new, free religion, also.

Instead of that, what do we see? We see that the Church, of all the public forces in German life of to-day, is the only one which has remained absolutely stationary; that she obstinately clings to a set of beliefs which are in direct contradiction to the most primitive knowledge acquired in the common schools; that she forces these beliefs upon the religious instruction in the schools, nay, even upon the theological faculties of the universities, the seats of the "Higher Criticism;" that she applies her obsolete and unenlightened views with such consistency and energy that she has, for instance, succeeded in having cremation forbidden by law in Prussia, on the ground of this process of interment being prejudicial to the resurrection of the body; we see, in other words, that the Church is doing her best to make religious life, to the great majority of the people, appear as one prodigious lie or mockery. No wonder that, in the Protestant parts of Germany, at least, the religious instruction forced upon school children leads in most cases with growing maturity only to contempt for everything connected with church life; that sermons as a rule are preached to

empty benches; that the materialistic vagaries of Haeckel and the immeasured anticlericalism of Nietzsche find a ready ear with the masses, and incite them to hatred of religion herself.

Such a state of things cannot last. Either the Church persists in her present defiance of everything that makes life interesting and precious to thinking men. In that case the disaffection and the revolt against the Church will, of course, steadily grow, and ultimately reach such dimensions that the whole ecclesiastical system goes to ruin. Or, the Church rises at last to her opportunity, fills herself with the modern faith in life, casts to the winds dogmatic squabbles, and preaches that God whom Christ and his disciples preached, the infinite spirit in whom we live and move and have our being. In that case there will be a religious reawakening such as Germany has not seen since Luther. Let us hope that this is what the future has in store for us.

A few words in conclusion. We have seen that contemporary Germany is by no means lacking in ideal impulses. Social justice as the controlling force in the development of political institutions, social efficiency as the goal of education, universal sympathy with life as the guiding principle of literature and art,—this is a triad of uplifting motives which cannot help stimulating every constructive energy, every power for good, contained in the nation. All that Germany needs is an undisturbed condition of public affairs, absence of foreign complications, and mutual forbearance and good-will in domestic controversies. With this prospect assured, the new ideals briefly analyzed on the preceding pages will more and more completely dominate the national consciousness, and the way will be free toward a golden age of German achievements in every domain of higher aspiration.

THE CHOICE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

BY CAROLINE DUER

"**THERE** are no two ways about it, Emma," said her cousin, "you ought to have a change. You're moped to death."

Miss Hinsdale looked with kind eyes at the girl, who was sacrificing a day to her suburban seclusion, and smiled.

"I'm in no danger of being moped to death during *your* visits, at any rate," she returned affectionately.

And indeed, there was so much exuberant youth about this cousin, — such an amount of irresponsible, light-hearted mischief and vitality, that the stuffy, draughty little wooden house itself, sitting hunched in the snow under the fir trees, seemed to expand its lungs, and breathe in the spicy scents of spring when she was in it.

"You cheer one up very much," continued Emma.

"Oh, for a few hours, perhaps," answered the other, fitting her fingers into her gloves, "but that's not what I mean. Now that you are free from — from responsibility, you know" (thus delicately alluding to the somewhat recent demise of Emma's irascible old invalid of a father), "now that you have nothing to tie you down here, you ought to get away. You ought to travel. Why don't you?"

"I lack the energy to carry me very far, I'm afraid," confessed Miss Hinsdale, sighing, "to say nothing of the fortune."

"Energy! nonsense! Go as far as you can, and trust to luck to bring you back," exclaimed the girl. "I'd rather be stranded *anywhere* than here. Shut up in the country — in winter — with three doddering old servants — and no company but the rector's once in two weeks or so — Gracious! I'd go mad — or marry! I'm not sure which."

"Marriage would be a resource," re-

plied Emma, gravely humorous. "I might advertise in the papers: 'Wanted, a husband, — even a bad one, — by a lady in the country.' And I think I'd add 'Musician preferred.' "

"Why? You're not musical."

"No, but it might solace his leisure hours to have a wonderful old violin to play upon. And I happen to have one. I don't know how it came into the family, but papa, who was learned in such matters, said it was a Stradivarius."

"Then if I were in your place I'd sell it, and go abroad."

"If you were in my place you'd feel as I do, — that it's a lonely thing to travel about the world by one's self. I do need a change. Sometimes I long for it unspeakably, but I don't seem to have the spirit to go out and hunt for it. It must come to me."

"You are n't the kind of person to attract adventure, I'm afraid," cried the pretty cousin, shaking her head and flashing her brilliant eyes. "Now if it were in *my* hands" —

She kissed Emma, and departed, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Miss Hinsdale's ridiculous old horse, carryall, and coachman conveyed her away, and Miss Hinsdale stood at the window, and watched them out of sight.

But some unsettling influence remained behind. The spice of youth yet lingered in the atmosphere. She suddenly felt rebellious against her own life, — her surroundings, — her age, — her looks, — her neat, prim, orderly ways. She wanted with vague passion to be something she had never been, to do many things she had never done, to escape in any way out of the rut into which circumstances had forced her. Looking back, she seemed always to see herself managing the house

adjusting means to sudden emergencies, waiting upon her father. She had been used to spend her time, her care, her every thought, upon others,—but now there was no one who needed her. She was free, and she told herself that there was nothing to prevent her shutting up her inconvenient little house, boarding her exacting old servants, and creeping a few paces out into the world with her income in her pocket, and her thirty-nine respectable years about her eyes, but in her heart she knew that she lacked the initiative for such a step.

As she had said to her cousin, the change must come to her; she had not the energy to go and seek it.

And indeed, it needed not only energy, but a physical force which Emma did not possess, to seek anything abroad for the next few days. Bitter winds and many feet of frozen snow kept the inhabitants of the cottage weather-bound, and their seclusion was invaded by nobody more exciting than the reluctant and somewhat frost-bitten tradesmen who served them. Then a sudden thaw made the roads even more impassable, and it was not until the end of as dismal a week as she had ever spent that Emma, opening her window one morning, found herself greeted by soft airs and sunshine such as would not have disgraced the month of May.

It was good to be alive on such a day. She went about her small household tasks with a light heart, humming a little tune to herself as she dusted the time-honored ornaments in the drawing-room. This was a lengthy operation, and she was still in the midst of it when the doorbell sounded a weak, wiry alarm through the house, surprising her to such an extent that she involuntarily stood still, a cup in one hand and a fine cloth in the other, listening to the result of so unusual a summons. She was caught in this attitude as the curtains parted to admit a visitor.

He was a delicate-featured young man, with curly brown hair, and gray eyes that seemed to look past one into a distance peopled, apparently, by angels. He

was dressed in exceedingly well-cut, if rather shabby clothes, and carried himself like a gentleman. Emma, being at a loss to account for his presence, hesitated for a second or two over the best method of address, but he saved her further trouble by beginning the conversation himself.

“Not hearing from you, Miss Hinsdale,” he said, in a voice of engaging softness, “I ventured, as you see, to present myself.”

“Not hearing from me?” echoed Emma in surprise.

“Why,” remarked the gentleman, with explanatory gentleness, “I said in my letter that if I did not hear from you I should come.”

“You wrote to me, then?” said Emma.

“Naturally,” returned the young man, bowing.

“May I ask what it was about?” she continued. “I am sorry to say that I have been getting my mail most irregularly of late. For several days my old coachman has found it impossible to get to the post office. This morning he went, but has not yet returned. I am expecting him at any minute. Have you lost anything?” she continued, with interest, as her visitor began a sudden and hurried search through all his pockets.

“I trust not,” he answered, in some perturbation. “No, here it is,” and he produced a slip of newspaper-cutting which he held out to her. “I took the precaution of writing, because I feared to trust absolutely the genuineness of this advertisement,—which is my only excuse for troubling you.”

Emma took the clipping and read it with stupefied astonishment:—

“EXCHANGE WHAT YOU DON’T WANT FOR WHAT YOU DO.

“A genuine Stradivarius, for a Congenial Traveling Companion. Address Miss Emma Hinsdale, Sand Lane, Midvale, S. I.”

“You found this in the newspaper?” she gasped.

“It appeared for several succeeding

days in the *Evening Telegram*," he replied. "At first I did not credit it, but gradually — reading it again and again, you know — I began to think it might mean something. I accordingly wrote to 'Miss Emma Hinsdale,' requesting an interview — or a line to intimate that it would *not* be agreeable to her. I imagined that the letter would have reached you before yesterday. I regret extremely to have troubled you, Miss Hinsdale, if you are already suited."

"Suited!" cried Emma. "You don't understand. I never put that advertisement in the paper. It's a — a joke, I suppose. An absurd, preposterous, insufferably impertinent joke."

Her eyes blazed as she pinched and tore the paper between her fingers. She had no difficulty in guessing who had perpetrated the outrage.

The young man looked exceedingly unhappy.

"Then there is no Stradivarius?" he said blankly.

"Oh, that," said Emma, moved to sudden half-amused compassion, "is genuine enough, I believe."

"You really own such a priceless possession?"

"I really own it; and have no thought," she added gently, "of parting with it at present."

He smiled, a faint, despairing sort of smile.

"Of course not," he said, shaking his head. "I knew it could n't be true."

His tone was so tragic that Emma began to feel distinctly apologetic.

"I am very sorry that you should have been brought all the way down here on such a wild-goose chase," she said, "but I am quite guiltless of blame in the matter. We are both the victims of a most ill-advised, not to say insolent, jest, and we have, I'm afraid, no redress."

He gazed at her for a moment in silence, and then began, hesitating uncomfortably, "You could n't — that is, I suppose you would n't — let me look — just look — you know" —

"At the violin? Surely; if it would give you any satisfaction," she responded kindly, and went to fetch it.

He handled it with the jealous care and loving tenderness of a childless woman for some indifferent mother's delicate offspring. Then, returning it to its case, he heaved a long sigh, and straightened himself to take leave.

"Thank you," he said simply. "That was worth a much longer journey."

"You do not want to" —

"No, no," he interrupted, his long, taper-fingered hands fluttering in depreciation of her impending suggestion. "No, if I tuned it, if I once drew the bow across it, I should never leave it." He buttoned his coat and turned resolutely to the door. "Is there a train starting soon?" he inquired. "I forgot to get a time-table at the station."

Emma glanced at the clock. "There should be one leaving in about ten minutes," she said. "You can just catch it if you hurry. Take the carriage," she added, as it drew up before the door. "My man will drive you to the station."

It seemed to her that he was gone almost before she had finished speaking, and yet she had a vision of a head bowed over her hand, and the sound of a hardly articulated "good-by" lingering in her ears.

Poor young man! His embarrassment appeared far greater than her own — and yet surely to have answered such an advertisement at all argued a certain amount of callousness — even effrontery! He was probably a hardened character. He might even be a dangerous one.

She walked to the hall door, and, opening it, stepped out upon the piazza with the intention of convincing herself that the stranger had really quitted her premises. To her dismay she beheld the carryall returning at full speed from the gate. She stood still. Perhaps he had left something behind. His gloves — his stick? Of course; that must be it. Reassured, she came forward as the carriage approached.

"Have you forgotten anything?" she called.

"Oh — ah — Yes. Yes, indeed," he cried. He had opened the door and was standing on the step prepared to leap off. "It just came over me — I hope you didn't think that I" —

But the words were cut short. Whether the old coachman, shaken out of his accustomed calm, misjudged the distance, — or whether the old horse, hustled out of his, became suddenly unmanageable, — cannot be known. Whichever was the case, the wheel of the carryall struck the bottom stair with a shock that all but overturned the vehicle, and dashed the young man with frightful force against one of the heavy wooden pillars that supported the portico.

The thing took place at Emma's feet, almost, and yet she did not seem to have the least idea how it happened.

She could never remember, afterward, quite how she reached him, nor how she became aware that he was not dead, nor how she managed, with the aid of her servants, to get him conveyed into the house. It took the united efforts of them all to accomplish this move, and Emma was by no means sure that it had not been injurious to the patient. She felt, as she observed his perfect unconsciousness and awful pallor, that there was but too much reason for serious alarm. She flew to the telephone, and fortunately was answered by the doctor himself, but the moments during which she waited for his coming were among the most trying of her life.

She was so infinitely relieved at his verdict that she forgot to be dismayed at the further responsibility it entailed upon her. The young man was not marked out for immediate death, — that much she ascertained with thanksgiving, — but concussion of the brain was feared, and, for the next ten days at least, his removal from her house was inadvisable. So, with the help of her two women, Emma undertook the charge of him. She was old-fashioned enough to be prejudiced against trained nurses, and shy of having

a strange, authoritative young woman rustling about her house. She felt, moreover, unwilling to commit her unfortunate guest to any unnecessary extravagance. But as she stood by his bedside that evening, she could not help thinking that if this were the "change" which she had challenged Fate to send her, it partook a good deal of the nature of that history which repeats itself. How many times she had stood there looking down at her father, and wondering whether she had done everything possible to secure him a comfortable night! How many times had she moved about this very room, — the most convenient she had to offer her unexpected guest, — mending the fire, arranging the curtains, shading the light, settling herself to watch patiently till morning! Heavens, how many times, and how this brought them all back!

Ah, well, the situation was, at least, less complicated than she had at first feared. The young man would not long trespass upon her hospitality. In the meanwhile, during a brief return to consciousness, he had vehemently disclaimed the possession of any relations or friends who would be anxious if not communicated with, — a thing very comforting to a lady who dreaded explanations.

She gazed at her patient curiously. He looked so young, and yet so oddly faded, so simple, and yet so strangely acute, irresponsible, but shrewd, and, as she could not but consider he had proved, bold to the point of impudence. At this instant he opened his eyes wide, and, meeting hers, which she had not had time to turn away, he smiled, and made an effort to speak. She threw out a quick hand of protest.

"You must not talk."

He frowned impatiently.

"You have something you want to say before you sleep?"

He signed assent, evidently relieved at her quick understanding.

"Say it as briefly as possible, then," she warned him. "It must be very important to your night's rest to justify my

letting you make the exertion. What is it?"

She leaned over him, and he looked up at her gratefully.

"Only that — it was n't *myself* I was offering as your companion to-day — honestly. Not such a goat," he said.

There was something so pathetically humorous in this endeavor to set himself straight with her before he would close his eyes under her roof, that Emma could not help smiling.

"I suppose this is what you nearly killed yourself hurrying back to tell me," she observed, with a sudden flash of remembrance and comprehension.

He absolutely grinned in response, and she went on hurriedly, —

"You had some one in your mind who you thought might fill the position? A cousin, perhaps, — you indicated, I think, that you had no near relations, — some girl who longed to travel; and you imagined you were perhaps putting her ambitions within her reach when you answered that advertisement?"

It was extraordinary how his probable good motives grew and multiplied in her ready brain. She perceived all at once that she had wanted to think well of him.

His expression became suddenly quizzical.

"I wanted the situation for my wife," he said, and then allowed the lids to droop over his eyes, as if, having disengaged his conscience of something that might, by some straight-laced people, be considered a burden, he had now earned the right to that perfect repose which is the reward of all well-doers in this vale of tears.

Emma did not find her night's rest any more assured for this remarkable piece of confidence; and she speculated so much about her strange guest, his past and future history, and the silly joke that had led to her being mixed up in it, that the ghostly light of early morning came stealing between the curtains before she was prepared for it.

The next day and the day following

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brought about decided improvements in the condition of her patient, and as soon as he was permitted to talk freely, he regaled her with the story of his life.

"I suppose," he began, "you've been wondering why, since I've got a wife, I would n't let you send her word where I was."

"I thought perhaps she was away," said Miss Hinsdale amiably.

"Away," echoed the young man. "Yes. You're perfectly right. She is away — in South Dakota, getting a divorce from me. We — well, we did n't get on. She could n't stand my vagaries — I don't blame her."

He gave this information with a regretful candor that was delightful.

Emma's knitting, which she had taken up when she settled herself as a listener, dropped into her lap, and her face stiffened.

"No," he went on. "I don't blame her entirely. I meant to be a decent sort of a chap, but somehow I'm afraid it did n't turn out like that. Anyhow, I soon realized that I was not designed for a good husband. It did n't interest me near so much as my profession. I wanted to be a good violinist, all right, but I did n't seem to be able to put much energy into the other, — after the first rush, you understand, — and you've got to put a fearful lot of energy into it if you want to keep some women contented."

He looked so determinedly at his hostess that she felt herself obliged to express a faint acquiescence in this sentiment.

"I was chuck on the world suddenly at sixteen, with no particular brains, and a taste for music," he continued, "and somebody sent me abroad to study. She says — my wife, you know — that she fell in love with me at the first concert I gave in New York. I suspect she's often wished she had n't gone, but I was what you call the fashion, just at first, and so she could n't miss it — the concert, I mean."

"I understand," said Emma gravely, as he paused.

"Well, *I* never did," he frankly admitted. "Why Fate took her to that concert — yes, perhaps, — for it was largely advertised, and she and her aunt were on from the West, staying at the Waldorf, not knowing many people, and not having much to do. But why she liked me, or why the old lady (who ought to have known better) let us meet and marry, *that* I never can understand."

"I suppose she saw you were in love with one another."

"In love," he cried impatiently. "I was *always* in love with every pretty woman who was willing to be nice to me; and my wife says she does n't know what *she* was in love with, — something she invented that was n't me at all. Anyhow, things soon began to go badly with me, and people did n't seem to care to hear me any more. Finally I joined an orchestra." He broke out into a sudden chuckle. "It was the finest thing in the country, but she thought it was an awful disgrace. Then I met with an accident and was laid up for six months — almost got the morphine habit, and then took, mildly, to drink. It affected me so queerly, too, — sometimes I played like an archangel, they said, and sometimes I would n't play at all, so, naturally, I could n't hold a position for any time worth mentioning. Oh, I can't go all through it. I think perhaps if she'd been patient a little longer I'd have pulled myself together for the sake of what she'd thought me — I know as soon as she left me I did pull myself together after a fashion, but that was for spite."

The listener made a murmur of dissent.

"Yes, for spite. I just would n't go under, because she said I would, and that she'd be glad when I did."

"She could n't have said that. No woman who had once loved a man could say that to him," cried Emma.

"Oh, she never really loved me," answered her candid patient easily. "She was just *in love with* me for a little while, which is different. But even if she had be-

gun by loving me, she might easily have said such a thing when she'd grown to hate me. It was my own fault. I know that, and that's why I wondered whether she'd forgive me if I got her the position I was fool enough to think you offered. I'd an idea you might be an old lady, a kind, eccentric old lady, who wanted a gay, cheerful young woman to go abroad with her. I'm always chasing after some impossible position these days. And I must say the violin part of it attracted me."

"But if she's in Dakota" — suggested Emma, puzzled.

"Why, the papers will be signed in a few days," he returned, "and then she won't want to stay out there. And she does n't care to go back to her aunt, and I don't want her to be wandering about the world alone."

"I'm afraid *I'm* not very likely to be wandering about the world at all," said Emma, with reserve.

"And if you were, you'd not need to advertise for a companion," he remarked, smiling. "Oh, don't think I thought of it after I saw you and spoke to you. I'm only explaining what I had imagined before. Well, I suppose now I've explained too much, — more than I'd any right to do. You see, I have not had anybody I could speak to about it, and it just seemed as if I had to tell some one or die. Thank you for listening. You have been uncommonly kind."

Miss Hinsdale was not by any means sure that she felt kind. His revelations had somewhat shocked her, and she knew it was going to take some hours before she could readjust her mind to a sympathetic understanding of the case. There were many such cases, she supposed, only she had not been brought into contact with them. She got up and began to roll up her knitting.

"You have not explained at all too much, if in any way the explanation has been a comfort to you," she said. "I am glad that you felt able to tell me, but I'm afraid I must not let you talk any more

now. It is time for your soup, and after that I hope you will rest."

The young man made a grimace of mingled amusement and concern as she left the room, but did not attempt to detain her.

Their subsequent conversations bore more relation to the present tastes and feelings of each than to any past episodes in the career of either. Indeed, as Emma's life had been a tame succession of nights and days, down which she had moved like a pawn on a checkerboard, the word "episode" hardly applied to her at all.

"I can't understand your being willing to go on like this, week after week for the rest of your days," he observed one afternoon some days later, when she had been betrayed into a slight allusion to the extreme solitude of her life.

"I don't seem to be very well able to help it," said Emma.

"Nobody seems to be able to make life just as they want it," he replied, with a sigh. "Look at me! And yet my desires seemed simple and laudable enough to begin with. Music, as an ambition, was not in any way unworthy."

"I should think not," cried Emma. "And that reminds me — Why did n't I think of it before? You must be starved without it. You shall have the violin to play upon every day."

"You spoil me too much," he said; but his eyes were eager.

Now that he was allowed to solace his convalescent hours with music, the violin was seldom out of his reach, and the sounds he managed to call forth were so ravishing that even Emma's tuneless ear was touched. As for her patient, from the first moment the instrument was put into his hands he seemed to receive new strength, courage, and contentment.

It was now more than ten days since he had come to her house, and Emma was beginning to feel as if he had been there always. It became the most natural thing in the world for her to consult his opinions and wishes about all the little inti-

mate affairs of daily life; and when the rector, who had heard (as all the neighborhood had gradually heard) of the late untoward incident, came to extol what he called her "noble and Christian endurance of an exceedingly trying situation," she found herself distinctly offended. Any commiseration he had to spare, she told him, had better be directed toward her unfortunate visitor. She had had long consultations with the doctor, and knew that he considered his patient fairly on the way to recovery. "Only," he said, "we must get him away. I rather suggest California."

"The heights of Olympus would be about as feasible," remarked the impatient patient, when this was broached to him. "What does he think I am to travel to California and live upon when I get there — my looks?"

"But if it's necessary" — began Emma.

"Necessary? Fiddlesticks! Nothing is 'necessary' that you can't afford to do," he replied. "I shall get on all right here when once I get my strength back. You'll see. Listen to this. Some people call it 'Consolation.' It represents all that you have been to me. Do you like it?"

"It seemed very sad," said Emma, as he put down the violin. "Not as if the consolation had brought much hope. It sounded more as if it should be called 'Resignation.'"

"There! there! there!" he cried. "That's your character all over. To take whatever comes, bad or good, and make the best of it! However, I ought to be the last person to complain, for if you had not taken me in — resignedly!"

"I shall not turn you out resignedly, unless I can induce you to follow the doctor's directions," she observed gravely.

"But under those circumstances you would pack me off as quickly as possible and return to your life of peace, — resume the even tenor of your ways? I have invaded your 'happy solitude' an unconscionable time, poor lady, and disturbed your contentment."

"I was not contented," said Emma briefly. "And I am very lonely."

There was a pause, and then, suddenly beginning to smile a little, she added, "Indeed, it was because of some half-serious complaints I made on the subject that my cousin put that abominable advertisement in the paper."

"You did want to get away from here, then?" he inquired.

"I should be glad if my lines had fallen in pleasanter places."

"But you won't step out to find them?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid there's no chance for your wife," she said gayly, for she had taught herself to treat his original proposition lightly, as the least embarrassing way of treating it at all.

"My wife?" he repeated slowly. "My wife has written to me that now that she's got her divorce, she's going to be married to the doctor out there. Devilish attractive fellows, these doctors! This one's a six-footer. I've suffered all my life from being undersized. It's size that tells with some women."

Emma looked up, startled.

"How long have you known this?"

"Since early in the week, when you brought me the letters I wrote to town for."

"And it hurt you?"

"Why should it hurt me? I don't think that it did. It just took me a little while to get used to the idea. It's not so bad as seeing another man playing upon *your* violin, you know," he ended whimsically.

"My violin?" cried Emma. "Oh, it's not my violin. It is yours from henceforth. You shall have it always. I give it to you."

"To console me because another man has married my wife?" he inquired, with a little grin.

"To restore to you, as far as I may, the one real enjoyment you have in the world," she answered readily.

"Ah, that," he said, "is so like you, you kind woman. I cannot take it from you, — but I thank you, believe me, so from my heart that words would choke me."

Emma did not insist, but the day he had settled upon for departure she had the case brought down and placed with his meagre possessions on the piazza, to be in readiness for the village hack that was to take him to the station. She had received a stab of pain as she passed his room, now being what the servants called "turned out of the windows," and her heart ached incomprehensibly as she looked at his white, drawn face in the brilliant sunlight.

He held out his hand.

"God bless you," he said, "every day for the rest of your life."

"And you," she answered.

"That won't require too much attention, I hope," he responded lightly. "Good-by."

She did not attempt to withdraw her hand.

"You will take the violin?" she begged.

He shook his head.

"Is there *no way* in which I can show you how much I want you to have it?"

The words seemed to come without her will.

"There is a way," he said, suddenly looking full at her, "but you know I must not think of it."

"That is the way I meant," she said simply. "Will you take it on those terms? And will you let me take you to California, — for my own sake? I cannot face my life if you throw yours away."

"Well, I see you disapprove with all your might and main," said the pretty cousin, encountering the rector on the road. (She had been joyously pardoned, and was returning from a farewell visit to Emma.)

"A divorced man, and, if I am not mistaken, a good-for-nothing person! I should think so!" cried the indignant gentleman, swelling with injured feelings.

"I find him rather charming," declared the young lady, "and after all what Emma wanted was something to spend herself upon. She has got it, and she is perfectly happy."

A FRENCH CRITIC OF OLD IMPERIALISM

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

THE political events of recent years have given rise to frequent comparison between the great American republic of to-day and the great Roman republic of two thousand years ago; and there is no doubt that there are marked points of resemblance, not only political, but as regards many other phases of social and spiritual life.

The Roman world, during the last years of the Republic and under the early emperors, had, in some respects, reached a high stage of civilization. It had not the advantages of printing, of rapid transportation, or of electric light. Nevertheless, those who lived chiefly to amuse themselves were able to do so with a variety and refinement of luxury which Chicago and Newport would find it difficult to surpass. What is of more importance, the few whose immense wealth enabled them to devote their lives to the endless pursuit of new and stimulating pleasures grew gradually farther and farther apart from the toiling many who lived merely from day to day. The old, simple, governmental machine, which had worked perfectly with the old, simple conditions of life, creaked dangerously under the new strains that were placed upon it. And the rich said to themselves that it was a fine thing to be free, but a far finer thing to have some power strong enough to protect capital from the anarchical greed of labor.

With idleness and luxury went the usual tendency to brutality and demoralization. The historical novel was not invented; so that Roman ladies and gentlemen could not sit by the fire of an evening and read highly-spiced narratives of murder and torture. But, after all, the incidents of the arena, though less varied, were perhaps even more piquant than Mr.

Kipling or Mr. Jack London. Social morals, too, were of a quality which seems only too apt to accompany the highest civilization. Divorce was almost as easily obtained as in some of our Western states, and nearly as common. Cicero, for instance, was separated from two wives; yet he was universally regarded as of stainless character, and that he was wise is shown by his remarking, when urged to marry a third time, that "it is difficult for a man to devote himself at once to a wife and to philosophy."

If we consider the Roman world in its religious aspects also, we shall find interesting points of resemblance to our own. In the earlier days of the Republic the whole duty of man was to honor the gods and lead a simple, upright life. The Roman religion was always very formal in character; but, in the beginning, form was closely connected with spirit, and the founders of the nation believed that virtue was the highest form of worship. Later on, the subtle philosophies of Greece began to make themselves felt. Life became a vaster, more complex thing than it had at first appeared to the rugged farmers on the banks of the Tiber. The gods grew much dimmer and at the same time rather less respectable. Cæsar could proclaim openly, in the Senate, his disbelief in a life after death; and it is probable that a large number of educated men — and women — were inclined to agree with him. Yet, as has happened since, under similar conditions, the general skepticism was accompanied by a vague unrest. Men said to one another bravely, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But in their hearts they were discontented and longed for something different, — they knew not what. Thus they were ready to take up

with any new superstition that offered. The East, always fertile in deity, poured out her swarm of strange gods upon them, — Isis, Osiris, the Dog Anubis, and the rest, — and every one found eager worshippers.

It will be said that it is easy to pick out resemblances and neglect everything else. Of course, no one can overlook the marked points of difference between the Roman republic and our own. In the first place there is slavery, supplying always at the bottom of the social structure a dark stratum of ignominy and suffering, a chaos of envy and licentiousness and despair. Then, too, in the sphere of politics, the government of Rome was intensely centralized. One city held all the power, and one class in that city the greater part of it. Faction and mob violence, backed and controlled by the subtle schemes of selfish ambition, had far freer play than could ever be possible in a country with many centres of political life, all equally important and quite dissimilar in their interests. Nevertheless, the political resemblances between the greatest republics of the Old World and of the New are the most striking of all. In both cases we find a government devised to meet very simple conditions of life, and under those conditions working well. A hardy, thrifty, industrious, self-controlled people make laws for themselves, live by those laws, develop, and prosper. But internal circumstances change. The rich separate themselves from the poor and are hated by them. New elements come into the commonwealth and are assimilated with constantly increasing difficulty. The old, simple forms of government are already proving hardly equal to the burden placed upon them, when the perhaps unalterable march of events brings the nation into control of other nations, places upon those who had proved barely able to govern themselves the far greater responsibility of governing others. The result to Rome was disaster: greed, fraud, corruption, confusion, anarchy, and finally, the loss of that liberty which some had

forgotten and many had despised, but which had appeared to the really greatest Romans the most essential blessing that can fall to the lot of man. It is the height of folly to predict positively that events must run a similar course under conditions so different, in many respects, as prevail among ourselves to-day. But surely the careful examination of what took place in that old Roman state cannot fail to be extremely profitable as well as extremely interesting.

To any one wishing to make such an examination the abundance of books is naturally bewildering, but hardly any are more stimulating and more suggestive than those of M. Gaston Boissier. M. Boissier is the permanent secretary of the French Academy, of which celebrated society he became a member in 1876; and for the last half century he has devoted himself exclusively to the study of ancient Rome, its history, its literature, and the life and manners of its people. To attribute to M. Boissier the exhaustive erudition of a German *Gelehrte*, a Niebuhr, or a Mommsen, would be too much. He himself would be the first to disclaim such a pretension. But he has the peculiarly French gift of making the best possible use of the erudition of others; and having lived a long life in Paris, through all the stirring events of the Second Empire and the Third Republic, in daily contact with the most brilliant minds of the age, he has acquired that experience of the world, which, for the purposes of historical writing, at any rate, is worth more than the most encyclopædic learning.

M. Boissier's mental attitude is, however, more important than his equipment as a scholar. He approaches the problems of the past in a thoroughly scientific spirit. I mean by this not only that he is faithful and careful in the investigation of facts, but that he studies the bearing of the facts in itself, without preconceived theories or prejudices. He does not set out to write the history of Rome because that history illustrates doctrines of his

own about the advantages or disadvantages of Imperialism. Nor does he fall into the more insidious error of Macaulay and Froude, that of exaggerating everything for the sake of literary effect, of intensifying lights and deepening shadows, merely to make sure of a telling and impressive picture. He does not think of himself at all, or of his writing, or even of his readers; he is preoccupied only with the subject before him, bent to examine it, with broad and curious interest, from every angle and every point of view.

I do not wish to imply by this that M. Boissier is one of those cold and indifferent historians, whose impartiality means a total absence of life, and who are so afraid of interesting us for one side or the other that they end by not interesting us at all. A true disciple of Sainte-Beuve, M. Boissier's whole work is an application to Roman history of the method which that great critic constantly employed in his study of French history and literature both. That is to say, it is a subordination of all partisan ideas, even of all speculative theories, to the passion for human life as such. One is not republican, one is not monarchist, one is not Christian, one is not pagan, — at least, as a critic, one does not profess these things; but one is human, and nothing human is alien to one. The beating of the human heart, its loves, its hates, its hopes and aspirations, its failures and despairs, whether in Greek, or Roman, or Frenchman, or American, — that is what interested Sainte-Beuve, that is what interests M. Boissier, and can hardly fail, I think, to interest his readers.

To these other merits is added the charm of M. Boissier's style. This charm is by no means a matter of rhetoric, mere brilliancy, or picturesqueness. No writer thinks less of writing for itself. In all his books there is hardly a passage which one would quote for pure literary display. The whole secret is simply a constant, faithful preoccupation with the subject in hand, coupled with the artist's in-

stinct for pure, lucid, rhythmical expression: in short, the transmission of ideas through a clear and perfect medium. M. Boissier's method is that of Sainte-Beuve; but his style is that of Renan, in other words, that of George Sand: a style simple sometimes to the verge of diffuseness, but infinitely restful after the pyrotechnics of more conscious and more laborious writers. How much the reader owes to such a mode of expression is best appreciated by comparing M. Boissier's work with that of others in the same line; for instance, with the very useful and suggestive studies of M. Constant Martha, or with the books of the late Professor Sellar, so interesting and profitable in their subject matter, but lacking the saving quality of grace.

It is, perhaps, best to make one's first acquaintance with M. Boissier through his *Rambles of an Archaeologist*, which has been translated into English, though with some loss of its original brightness. In these charming essays the author describes the great localities and monuments of ancient Rome, — the Forum, the Palatine, the Catacombs, the Port of Ostia, the Villa of Horace at Tivoli. Those who have already visited Rome and those who would like to do so in the future, — the two classes include all mankind, do they not? — will find here rich matter to stimulate either memory or hope. It is true that M. Boissier's antiquarianism is already a little out of date. The process of excavation moves rapidly, and the Forum of twenty years ago is not the Forum of to-day. But what is really interesting in the book does not change, that is to say, the human associations, which make every pier and arch, every brick and stone, of the old ruins, instinct with enduring life.

M. Boissier places us in the Forum and with a few words recalls to us the tremendous events of the past. He brings back the throngs who gathered there on election day, the orators who hurled argument and vituperation at their opponents, the candidates who moved among

the crowd, humbly soliciting votes, or had their glorious deeds painted on large screens and exhibited to the public gaze. "One of them, the *Prætor* Mancinus, even carried his condescension so far as to stand beside the picture which represented his mighty actions, in order to make suitable explanations to those who might request them. Such a degree of politeness enchanted the citizens, who made him *consul* the following year." Just as, in our day, a politician might write a book describing his own prowess in war, and endear himself to the people thereby. Again, in the same historic spot, we are made to see the fierce convulsions which attended the downfall of the Republic, the troops of armed adherents driving their enemies from the polls and electing their own candidate by a majority of clubs instead of ballots. And, later still, we have the Forum of the Empire, rich with splendid ornaments, but become the favorite haunt of triflers and idlers, and no longer alive with the struggles and the passions of liberty.

In the same way we are guided about the ruins of the Palatine, wandering there not among the relics and traditions of a free nation, but through the luxurious haunts of despotic tyranny. Here were the halls where Augustus, not yet sure of his absolute empire, feasted, flattered, and overawed the discontented survivors of the old order of things. Here was the house of Livia, his widow; and we see on the walls the very pictures which met her eyes nearly two thousand years ago. Here was the Palace of Tiberius. Here the dark passage through which Caligula fled from his assassins. Here a great reception hall. There a library. At least, M. Boissier's sympathetic suggestion enables us to see all these things, even in a formless heap of stones. It may be that his conjectures are not always accurate. Messrs. Middleton, Lanciani, and the rest might be sometimes more reliable from an archaeological point of view; but they have not the charm which makes the past alive in spite of any weight of years.

Of M. Boissier's other works, one, *The Opposition under the Cæsars*, is devoted to conditions which prevailed after the empire was thoroughly established. In it the author studies the different elements of society which, for one reason or another, kept up the struggle against the new order of things. The details of these matters are perhaps remote from us; but as a whole they impress upon us most powerfully the old story of the fatal price that is paid for peace and good order when received at the hands of absolute despotism: the lack of all individual initiative, the throttling of free speech, even of free thought, the degradation of genius, the disappearance even of natural, open social life by reason of the dread which each man feels of the indiscretion or the treachery of his neighbor. It may seem, perhaps, that this is a very old story indeed; but it is one of those that need to be repeated long before there is any apparent danger of their being forgotten.

M. Boissier's most elaborate and most important book is entitled, *The Roman Religion, from Augustus to the Antonines*. It is interesting to note that the late Lafcadio Hearn, in his last work, *Japan, an Interpretation*, has followed the same method as our French critic, in making Japanese religion the central point of his study and showing how largely the politics, the manners, and the whole life of the Japanese people depend upon their religious beliefs and practice. That this is a most fruitful and suggestive attitude for the historian will be appreciated, when we reflect that in Japan, and far more in Greece and Rome, we find the attainment of a very high point of civilization, quite independent of those spiritual influences which we are accustomed to regard as the basis of similar development among ourselves. The question of just how much the modern world owes to Christianity is frequently debated and is full of interest. It will probably never be settled, — or always be settled according to the beliefs and prejudices of the individual disputant. But there can be no doubt that a

dispassionate study of Greek and Roman society in religious aspects and connections will afford most valuable data for the discussion of the problem.

M. Boissier begins by establishing the fundamental idea of the Roman religion as that of duty, obligation. The Romans were a reverent and thoughtful people. They visited their gods with punctual service, with solemn step and veiled head; and their primary religious emotion was awe. They had not the Greek gayety of imagination. They did not clothe the powers of nature with light and joy and celebrate their festivals with song and merriment. On the other hand, they had, even more than the Greeks, a sense of the presence of the gods in daily life. Like their descendants in modern Italy, they divined and solicited the intervention of supernatural power in all the commonest occupations. A god presided over the child's birth; another, several, over the different features of his education; another over his marriage; another over his death. There was a god to be propitiated when one went a journey, another to be thanked at one's returning home. Separate deities were gradually devised for every minutest action, till their number equaled the calendar of the saints, and only an *Acta Sanctorum* could contain their history.

A religion so minute in its details could not but degenerate sooner or later into pure formalism. M. Boissier makes clear to us the process of this transformation, and shows that in the later days of the Republic, although the ceremonial of worship was more technical and elaborate than ever, the spiritual meaning had passed out of it, at least for all thinking men and women. But the establishment of the Empire brought a reaction. It is in the highest degree convenient for a despot to cultivate religion among his subjects; and political absolutism has always detested intellectual anarchy, or even liberty. Augustus, therefore, set himself to bring about an evangelical revival, and M. Boissier narrates most

interestingly the Emperor's efforts in this direction. That they were not wholly successful does not surprise us, when we learn that one of the most active evangelists was Horace, who one day perhaps writes a solemn hymn to Jupiter, the Protector of the Capitol, but, alas, on the next may describe himself as a hog of Epicurus and invite Lydia to a graceful banquet, where the wines are exquisite, but the gods appear to be of no account at all.

In a later volume M. Boissier studies the advent of the Greek philosophies, which bore something the same relation to the older religion that Unitarianism has borne to orthodoxy among ourselves. One of the most striking resemblances between the old and the modern heterodoxy is that both furnished an admirable religion to those who were comparatively little in need of it; but neither had any hold upon the masses, for whom religion, if it is to mean anything, must be almost the whole of life.

In a separate work, published many years after *The Roman Religion*, and entitled *The End of Paganism*, M. Boissier completes his task by depicting the gradual disappearance of the old worship and the various elements which Christianity was obliged to overcome before it could enter into full possession of its kingdom.

What makes the interest and charm of these religious studies of M. Boissier is that, again like Lafcadio Hearn, he does not confine himself to the dry discussion of creed and ceremonial, but sees religion constantly and only in its relation to human life. Thus, he has chapters on the social reforms of Augustus, on the religion of the upper classes, on the Roman women, on the slaves, on the popular associations, all of these being intimately connected with the main subject, and all full of matters of common interest, which bring home to us clearly the resemblances and differences between that age and our own.

Of all M. Boissier's writings probably the best known and certainly the most

likely to be interesting to the American reader is *Cicero and his Friends*, of which a very fair translation is fortunately obtainable. This book deals wholly with the dying struggles of the Roman Republic. We see first the misgovernment of the conquered provinces. Greed and rapacity are let loose to exploit the immense resources of Africa and Asia. Then the thieves and grafters who have stolen all they can abroad return to spend this gain in luxury and corrupt politics at home. Enormous fortunes are accumulated in a few hands and are expended to purchase votes or to overawe peaceable voters, and drive them from the polls. Capital and labor are arrayed against each other in the form of a rich, idle, vicious senatorial aristocracy, and a hungry proletariat constantly recruited by all the lawlessness and degradation which human slavery can produce. Clever politicians work on the credulity of labor. Capital becomes frenzied, cries that property must be protected, if the heavens fall. Both sides rush to arms, and, after a long nightmare of bloodshed and misery, the Roman citizen awakes to find that he is a Roman citizen no longer, but a Roman slave.

In approaching this most dramatic subject in the history of the world, M. Boissier has borne in mind the great truth, so often forgotten, that the essential element of history is character. Facts are frequently dull and in themselves meaningless. General principles are dangerous: when new, so apt to be untrue; when true, so often stale and barren. What is always new, what is always interesting, because it can never be settled, is the question of character. The human heart, the human brain, make history; they are history; it is they who are to read and feel history. If all historians could only keep this before their eyes, what a difference it would make!

M. Boissier, at any rate, never forgets it; and, in consequence, he makes his study of the critical period of Rome centre around one of the most interesting and sympathetic figures of that period, at the

same time analyzing various other important personages in connection with him. M. Boissier's portrait of Cicero is indeed admirable. Without forcing the note in the least, the critic keeps constantly before us, as the main clue to Cicero's character, the anomaly of a born man of letters thrust into, or thrusting himself into, the conduct of practical affairs. From this point of view it is easy to understand the great orator's failures and misadventures and to sympathize with him in spite of them. Possessed of a keen wit and a ready tongue, he was quick to see the defects of his friends as well as of his enemies, and as prompt to ridicule the former as the latter. Thoroughly upright in intention, but timid when called upon to act, he was a partisan when he should have been a patriot, and a patriot when he should have been a partisan. He thundered forth the most magnificent eloquence on one side of a question; and behold, when the vote was taken, his voice was given on the other. On the whole faithful to the old Republicans in practice, he was always impatient of their narrow stupidity, and always just ready to throw himself into the arms of the other faction. In short, the total result of his political career was to make him respected by all parties and trusted by none.

On one side of Cicero we see grouped, in M. Boissier's book, the sturdy adherents of the old régime: Cato, the rude and rugged, scornful alike of Cæsar and of the rabble rout which shouted at Cæsar's bidding; the melancholy Brutus, whose psychological attitude toward his friend, his country, and himself still remains such a curious puzzle, after twenty centuries have studied it.

But these survivals of the past are less interesting to the modern reader than the men who had been directly evolved out of the great struggle and knew how to take advantage of it for their own benefit. Can one ever tire of speculating as to the character of Cæsar? What were his real feelings, hopes and purposes? Having

involved his own affairs to the verge of ruin, he seeks to extricate himself by success in politics. Gifted with imitable charm in social intercourse, he wins all men, some by favors, some by flattery, some by the frank give and take of intellectual companionship. He keeps his ear to the ground, and his brain soars as high as heaven. Step by step he works his way onward, — then the assassination trammels up the consequence, and the full scope of that immense ambition remains a mystery.

The case of Antony is much simpler. Here is a man of the strenuous type which Falstaff stamped forever when he described Hotspur as "he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.'" No schemer this, no plotter, no long contriver of subtle conspiracies, or ambiguous statecraft. Cut, thrust, hack, hew! Let the fat and greasy citizen complain of anarchy, tumult, and disorder. These things are the very element of such as Antony.

And behind the Antonies and their kind lurks Octavius the fox. He has all the fine scorn of cultured intellect for these brutal methods; but he knows how to make use of them in others. Even in boyhood his greatest delight was to get two of his companions into a difficulty and then watch the battle from a secure hiding place. So he stirs up strife between

Antony and Lepidus, and profits by it. With his close and cunning eyes he watches Antony running out his furious course to the very end, and then steps quietly into the fruit of others' victories. Cæsar had grace, nobility, it may be even a certain shred of patriotism, Antony had at least brute courage and distinguished soldiership. Augustus had nothing but craft and greed; and he put the whole world into his pocket.

Modern America is to be congratulated on having no public men like these. The last three, at any rate, were notably immoral in private life; and not Charles the First was more distinguished for domestic virtues than the leading politicians of the United States to-day. There are many other obvious reasons why the greatest republic of the twentieth century should not follow the course of the greatest republic of the past. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that the same course has been followed by very many republics of the past, great and little alike. Liberty is a rare and beautiful blessing; but, like many other blessings, it becomes indifferent from too great familiarity. As has been well said of it, it is won with long struggle, suffering, and sacrifice; it is lost with such apathy and indifference that the transformation has taken place even before it is perceived. At any rate the stanchest believer in "manifest destiny" cannot but admit that the study of old-time mistakes is of the greatest value and interest for modern achievement. And, assuredly, any such study of ancient Rome cannot be made with a more suggestive and more thoroughly human guide than M. Boissier.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES

BY CLARE BENEDICT

I

"You look so dreary, Rachel, that you get on my nerves. The countess asked me yesterday whether you were homesick, but that was her polite way of cloaking her curiosity."

Rachel Baring suppressed a sharp rejoinder; she had learned that to argue with her brother was unwise.

"Now of course I know what ails you," went on Oswald Baring pleasantly. "You disapprove of my present course; but, as I have often told you, you are not responsible for my misdoings, nor do I admit that they are misdoings. The countess is a splendid type for study; the Austrian great lady has not been much done, and decidedly not as I shall do her. But I must push the thing to a climax; the tale requires a dramatic ending."

He turned a little absently toward his companion.

"It is rather a bore for you; but it will soon be over, so do cheer up!"

Oswald Baring patted his sister's arm encouragingly; he even treated her to his best smile, but Rachel was in no mood for cajolery, this time she would not and could not yield.

"I should think you must have studied her very thoroughly; you have hardly been apart for the last four weeks. If you have n't analyzed her by this time, I am afraid you will never do so, especially now that her husband is expected."

"Oh!" he cried, "for Heaven's sake, don't make it personal! On my part it's nothing but a piece of business, on hers — a game — to pass away the time."

Miss Baring maintained a frigid silence, and Oswald, having waited an instant for an answer, now resumed his argument, this time with ill-concealed

irritation. People had no right to oppose him when he was creating; the slightest jar might spoil a whole day's work, and Rachel's revolt was peculiarly disconcerting, for she had supported him so staunchly through other literary anxieties.

"It is you, Rachel, with your North American conscience, who *will* drag a moral into a fantasy,—very bad art, that, and the ruin of a light touch. Now the position is this," he went on, his brow clearing, "I have a good idea for a story, an idea which I can't afford to throw away — everything is sketched out — the characters dissected — there is only one thing missing, and that is my heroine in a passion. In other words: the little countess up to the present has been playing, but I want to see her once in earnest. Of course the affair will end in mutual compliments. Trust us to come out safely — only — and here is my point to you — don't spoil it all by interfering. Let the bubble burst; it won't destroy us."

She made no answer, and he continued with increased vehemence.

"I tell you I love her, as an artist! As an artist, she pleases me beyond expression. Her contradictions and lively sallies are exquisite; besides, with all of it, she is such a lady, not the kind one runs across every day, but rather some precious type that has been hoarded up in Hungary for centuries — the type, I mean, not the dear little girl herself!"

Rachel turned away in dumb anger, but Baring ignored her silence and continued.

"Next week, I shall be plunged in grief at losing her; the week after, I shall mournfully begin my tale; after that — unless you bother me — I shall think of nothing but the story; when it is finished, Countess Essie will be to me a dream. There, old girl, have I reassured

you? If you knew my joy, old Rachel, at coming on this treasure!"

The man's fine eyes were eloquent in their appeal for sympathy, but his sister turned her face away abruptly.

"I don't enjoy seeing you play either the villain or the dupe," she said.

Oswald waved his hand impatiently.

"Bother your scruples! No one is being duped; there is n't any villain. Every one is playing fair — every one, that is, except yourself, and you are taking advantage of a delicate situation to upset my nerve and rob me of my assurance. The count arrives to-night. Who knows what may not happen? At all events, you must be at hand to smooth things over, in case the third act rushes on too fast."

"I will not do it," cried the girl hotly. "I will not be drawn into your plot!"

Oswald Baring fixed his eyes on his sister. He had not conquered his world without a struggle, and in the struggle he had acquired hardness.

"Your jealousy would be absurd if it were not so selfish," he said. "You seem to have lost your common sense to-day. I do not recognize you."

"I don't recognize you, Oswald," she retorted bitterly. "I wonder if you know how you alter when you are writing?"

Something in Rachel's face affected her brother's sensitive perceptions. He caught her arm impulsively.

"Dear old girl," he cried, "it's such a splendid subject!"

"Oswald," she murmured, looking at him wistfully, "what if you were mistaken in your analysis? What if the countess were hurt by the affair?"

"I would not draw back unless dear old Barkworth himself should beg me. He is the only one who would be justified in interfering, for it was he — God bless him — who took my first story! Nothing short of that will move me."

Baring's tone this time was sharply hostile.

Rachel pressed her hands together tightly. "Very well," she said in a low voice, "I will leave you to your studies.

Give my good-night, please, to Countess Lynarsberg;" and before her astonished brother could protest, the girl had escaped swiftly in the dusk.

Oswald Baring felt the artist's fury at threatened failure; he also felt the leader's fury at unexpected opposition. There was, however, but one course open, and that was to hide his annoyance and to amuse the countess. Their farewell interview must be dramatic, given Essie's temperament and his necessities; besides, he might even gain by Rachel's desperation.

II

"So you cannot come this autumn to Vienna? There is not, after all, so much to tempt you,—horrid wind, many Jews, a sad court, our best singers and actors mostly dead. No," said the little countess sorrowfully, "our Vienna is scarcely gay enough for you Americans."

"After Paris, you mean," put in Baring maliciously. The lady had disappointed him by her abstraction; he had tried in vain since eight o'clock to rouse her, though now, at last, he seemed to have succeeded, for Countess Lynarsberg turned her small face toward him, her blue eyes flashing. Oswald noted that her eyes had purple lights.

"Paris?" she cried, "but why bring Paris into the question? Don't you know that Vienna leads the world in fashions and music — and — and in what we call cosy charm?"

Baring smiled. In comedy she was matchless; would she go through tragedy with equal grace? He longed for some manifestation of emotion; but Countess Elisabeth was provokingly self-contained; indeed, except for furtive glances at the clock, one might have thought her quite oblivious to the situation. They were strolling in the brightly-lighted garden; it wanted but twenty minutes to the count's expected arrival.

"Ah!" exclaimed Baring in a low voice, "I am sure you are right! Joy of life,

color distinction, irresponsibility,— all these things are included in one word, 'Gemüthlichkeit.' One has heard of that mysterious Viennese quality, and now—most happily— one has seen it!"

But Essie did not seem to hear the compliment; she was absorbed apparently in meditation. Oswald wondered if he had ceased to please her; at other times she had been flattered by his attentions. She addressed him rather abruptly.

"It is unlucky about your sister's headache. I like your sister—she is so honest. I wish she liked me. Don't protest; she does not. She has views, too, on all subjects," added the countess, growing pensive. "Now you and I and Aloys have no views—at least, if Aloys has, he does not tell them. But your sister"—

Oswald dashed headlong into a more congenial topic. "Won't you tell me something more about yourself?" he asked softly. "About your early life in Hungary, your pursuits, your companions? These things interest me immensely."

But they did not, at that moment, interest Countess Essie, who shook her head absently as she replied,—

"I have no story, and if I had I should not tell you, for then you might put it in a book! No, instead I will relate your own history, as I have fancied it. Shall I? Yes? Then listen—this is my idea. You are a grand seigneur—left early orphaned—an extravagant father having cruelly bereft you of your estates. Your prestige is damaged, your position desperate, you look at your beautiful sister and wring your hands!"

"Beautiful?" repeated Oswald interrogatively.

"Yes, beautiful as St. Cecilia, only much more clever. But to return to our little story. Thus are you two left together penniless; you cannot, like many Americans, enter trade; you are in fact, already an artist. Do not protest—you were born one—I know it. And so," cried the countess, with a fine dramatic gesture, "what you do is to write a splendid book!"

Baring groaned, but his biographer was undaunted.

"Yes, you become at once a very famous author; editors and public worship your success. You take a grand lodging with your sister—many persons call on you each day, ten, I think, except on Sunday, when as a rule you hold a great reception. St. Cecilia told me this—the rest I imagined for myself!"

"Bother St. Cecilia!" cried Baring.

"In two years you publish *Thomas Flint*."

"D— *Thomas Flint*!" cried Baring again, this time under his breath.

"That book is one of the first novels of the age. Aloys has read it, I am convinced,—that is, if it has appeared in Tauchnitz? Aloys has a passion for English romances. I have written him about yours. Ah!" broke off the little lady breathlessly, "there he is, alighting from the carriage. Come, let us go to meet him."

The countess fairly flew across the space which divided her from the hotel entrance. When Oswald reached the spot, she was shaking hands warmly with a tall man, whom our author proceeded to analyze as follows to himself,—

"Well made—good hands—keen eyes—probably kind—a touch of sarcasm in the mouth—and," as the count raised his hat, "remarkably fine forehead."

He now joined the Austrians, at a sign from the countess.

"This is Mr. Baring, the great writer, Aloys. Mr. Baring, may I present my husband? Mr. Baring and his sister have quite rescued me from my loneliness!"

Count Lynarsberg shook hands gravely with the American.

"And your sister?" he inquired, in perfect English. "May I not have the pleasure of meeting her as well?"

"Oh, Miss Rachel has gone upstairs. She fears the dampness; her neuralgia came upon her very sharply."

Oswald thought he detected a slight tremor in the pretty voice.

"Perhaps you will both join us at supper?" remarked the count, with much suavity.

Baring excused himself discreetly, pleading his sister's indisposition and his own arrears of work.

He glanced at the countess, but she did not seem to see him, she was looking up so anxiously at her husband. They mounted the stairs together, while Baring watched them; when they disappeared, he lit a cigarette.

"I have her perfectly," he reflected, as he strolled up and down outside the hotel, smoking. "Only I must recollect in drawing her that she does n't always act in character; in fact, her sudden changes are her greatest charm. I wonder what is going on between them?" he thought, glancing up curiously at the brilliant windows of the middle sitting-room. "I fancy Aloys will say a few words to her to-night — not very bad ones, I hope; still, I have misgivings. The eyes are all right — hands ditto — but his mouth does n't please me quite so well. However, to such a fairy, one could not be very brutal."

He threw down his cigarette end with a sigh.

"I wish I could see them at this moment, but as I can't, I may as well go upstairs and invent a scene between them. It must be dramatic, though; that's the worst of it."

Then he thought of Rachel.

"Good old Rachel. I will get her that little clock she liked, to-morrow."

III

The next morning, as Miss Baring was making ready for her early walk, she heard eager voices in the hall. An instant later the chambermaid announced the Countess Lynarsberg, and before the startled Rachel could frame a hasty excuse in German, Essie appeared in person at the door.

"Miss Rachel, will you pardon this in-

discretion? I have to consult you on a matter of importance."

"I am sorry that I have no sitting-room," said Rachel, with a touch of stiffness. "Won't you take this easy-chair by the window?"

But the visitor did not heed the profered courtesy; instead, she walked quickly toward Miss Baring, who saw to her surprise that the countess looked pale and anxious.

"I have come to beg for your kind help, Miss Rachel," began the Austrian, as she fingered her gold chain nervously; then, drawing from her breast a small blue locket, she held it out beseechingly to her companion.

"Will you swear by this picture of St. Elizabeth never to betray my sacred confidence?"

Rachel recoiled instinctively.

"I would rather not," she said, "it would make me most uncomfortable."

"Ah! you do not like me, Miss Rachel," cried Countess Elisabeth wistfully, "else you would see that I am frantic."

And in truth the little beauty seemed transformed. All the brightness had gone out of her, leaving heavy-eyed gloom behind. Rachel was filled with sudden terror. What if Oswald were the cause of this great change? Visions of stormy scenes, recriminations, duels, rose before the startled sister's eyes. She forgot her brother's selfishness, her own disapproval. If anything could be done, she would do it.

"Can I help you, countess?" she asked gently.

Her tone seemed to reassure the agitated beauty. "Of course you can, else why should I be here? But first please swear by my blessed picture. You will not? Holy Mary! what do you Protestants hold sacred?"

She glanced about her vaguely in search of relics.

Miss Baring placed a timid hand on the Bible.

"I swear by this," she said, feeling in her heart quite like an actress.

Countess Elisabeth heaved a sigh of relief.

"Now listen," she said, seating herself close to Rachel, "you must know that Aloys is very angry — angry about your brother and myself. He did not like to find me alone with him last night. He does not believe that it was an accident, caused by the dampness and your neuralgia — in fact, he does not believe a word I say, although I am telling him God's own truth!"

She paused a moment to put back a lock of her flaxen hair.

"I am quite untidy," she remarked in parenthesis, "but you see I had to dismiss my maid this morning, because she dared to say that I looked pale. This coiffure is therefore my own invention, and you must pardon it. Well, to return, Aloys made an ugly scene last night, and I — I cannot bear to be so spoken to," she said, flushing suddenly, "it gives me no sleep and a bad migraine. Still, if it were over, I might forget it — as it is" —

And Essie shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"What is it?" asked Rachel, in some apprehension.

"Only a speech he made just before he left me — that this time I should be punished for my folly. Ah!" cried the countess, with a passionate gesture, "I know very well what that means!"

She buried her blonde head for an instant in her hands.

Rachel felt both embarrassed and excited. Was this what her brother had found so fascinating, this bewildering frankness, this simplicity, this extraordinary indifference to public opinion? Rachel wondered whether, if she herself had figured in life's real drama, she, too, would have acquired self-unconsciousness.

"But surely," she ventured, as the silence grew oppressive, "surely he would not ill-treat you?"

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "Shall I tell you what he will do?" she asked. "He will cut down my allowance

— I mean, he will refuse to make up my deficit. Why, I have pledged December's money already, and here we are only at the end of September."

Rachel suppressed a pang of disappointment. She had prepared herself for tragic revelations.

"Your husband wishes to guard you very jealously?" she suggested.

"Oh! No, no," cried Essie bitterly, "you do not understand, Miss Rachel. You are romantic, we are not — Aloys and I — he goes his way and I go mine, only, when he decides to amuse himself for weeks on various hunting parties, then I amuse myself with Cousin Otto or Mr. Baring or any one agreeable whom I run across."

Rachel winced.

"Ah, these domestic details bore you, and no wonder. They are so prosaic; but let me get at last to my favor. Aloys must be convinced that this affair with Mr. Baring is but smoke, that neither of us has taken it seriously for a moment; otherwise I fear that he will make an *esclandre* before to-morrow. Your brother will be dragged into a quarrel, you will consume your heart away with anxiety, and I — well, I shall be sent to Hungary with Marie for company, and" — she added half under her breath, "I shall not be allowed to join him until I fairly cringe to him for pardon."

Essie glanced sideways at Miss Baring; her picture, she felt, had been extremely vivid.

"He must be very cruel," said the girl slowly, as she surveyed the fragile little beauty.

"No, not exactly cruel," replied the victim, faintly smiling, "only proud and obstinate and self-willed. No, I should not call him cruel — not as you mean," added Essie gloomily. Then she changed the subject.

"Will you help me, Miss Rachel. You have not promised?"

"You have not told me what I am to do."

"Only this: you must speak to Aloys

this morning; with a word you could straighten matters out. He will believe you, for he, like your brother, reads people's characters in their mouths. Now you have a lovely, honest mouth; mine, you see, is less satisfactory, it curves too much and turns down at the corners." Essie laughed hysterically. "Ah, do not look so frightened. I do not ask you to tell a falsehood. It would be useless, too, for no one would believe you. No, I only ask you to stretch the truth a little, an inch perhaps — an Austrian inch — not more. Tell him that you have been always with us, — you have, you know," she added apologetically. "You used to sit in the garden, close at hand."

Rachel hesitated, for deeply hidden under doubts and shyness lay a secret desire to see the Austrian husband.

But the visitor was growing impatient; her tired head began to throb more violently; she decided on a new line of attack.

"Aloys is nice," she said coaxingly, "quite like your brother. He manages words, too, nearly as well. I wonder which would win if they were matched against each other? Yes, you will like Aloys, Miss Rachel; you will do more, — in ten minutes you will go over to his side. Well, no matter, so that you convince him. Ah! Miss Rachel, be soft-hearted!" she cried, raising her small hands piteously, "I am so unhappy!"

"I should think your husband would grant you anything you chose to ask for," said Rachel in sudden admiration. "Where you have failed, how can I possibly succeed? However, I am ready to try."

"You blessed St. Cecilia," exclaimed the countess. "May our Lady reward you a thousandfold! In the meanwhile, I will intercede for you with my gracious patroness, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who has often granted me indulgences. I will burn three candles to her in your name."

Rachel thrilled at recollections of the Wartburg. This wonderful countess was actually linking her with the Middle Ages.

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"And now," cried Countess Elisabeth briskly, "for our plan of action. Meet me, please, at Arnold's toy shop at half past eleven."

"But," objected Rachel in some confusion, "I thought — I understood — that you were not at present on good terms with your husband?"

Essie frowned.

"Oh! that will not prevent me," she said; "besides, he is sure to go to Arnold's to buy a toy for Rudi. I can waylay him in the Allée."

"Very well," said Rachel, "I will be there."

"But," added the countess, glancing at Rachel's walking-dress, "you will wear your white frock, won't you? And that pretty hat with the feather? With your complexion, you do not need a veil."

Miss Baring smiled in genuine pleasure, as she put her hand out to her visitor.

"I hope," she said warmly, "that your troubles will soon lighten."

Essie paused.

"I don't mean to complain of Aloys, Miss Rachel," she said, almost appealingly. "He is quite the nicest person I know, and even when he is angry I like him better than — than — other people who are always amiable. He is what we call a perfect cavalier. In fact, it is just because he is so high-minded that my conduct often seems to him so deplorable. But then, you see," added the little countess with a sigh, "my great-great-grandmother was a Frenchwoman. Good-by — au revoir — auf Wiedersehen!"

And the little figure vanished as suddenly as it had come.

IV

Two hours later Miss Baring descended cautiously to the appointed meeting-place, where she was greeted with effusion by Countess Lynarsberg, who emerged from a shop across the way, followed by a tall man in white flannels.

"Aloys — Miss Rachel Baring. Will

you wait here one moment while I run back to fetch my parasol?"

Without stopping for a reply Countess Essie was off toward the hotel, her small figure looking quite sylph-like under the shadow of the huge old trees.

"My wife much enjoys talking English," remarked the count, as he surveyed the girl politely. "She has a pretty accent, but she speaks too fast. Essie is unfortunately nearly always in a hurry."

His smile was distinctly reassuring.

"Countess Lynarsberg is wonderful, I think," she said. "Have all Austrians a talent for languages?"

The words escaped without any fixed intention. Rachel felt the hot blood rush to her face.

"Ah, you flatter us, Miss Baring. We all know what nation really leads the world in cleverness. Is not your brother a proof of what I say?"

Rachel glanced furtively at the questioner, whose face, however, did not betray the least emotion.

"What is Mr. Baring's favorite field, if I may ask?" went on the count, having received no answer to his question.

"He is particularly fond of character drawing," stammered Rachel; "he has a passion for analysis. He even enjoys dissecting his best friends; and when they find him out they are very angry, but Oswald always pacifies them in the end. He says they are contributing to the joy of nations by just existing and letting themselves be painted!"

Rachel's courage was rising with her subject; besides, the count's eyes were sympathetic.

"You see," she went on confidentially, "Oswald is three parts artist and one part man; this makes him very difficult to live with; difficult, that is, until one learns his point of view. For instance, he lives only in the present. He says his head would go to pieces if he tried to remember the past; so he forgets everything that has ever happened, and, you see, one can't always manage one's memory. But this cannot possibly interest you?"

"It does interest me immensely; you share your brother's gift of language."

"Oh, no!" cried Rachel, this time almost gayly, "I can't write at all. It must be such ecstasy, though, to create! When Oswald comes across a new type, he is beside himself with joy; he does n't care for anything under the sun, if only he can seize the precious image and dissect it!"

"How interesting," said the count, "but you, mademoiselle, are you not a painter?"

"I have tried, but I have so little courage. This shows you that I am no artist."

"It does not show me that, by any means," said the count with decision.

Rachel cast a grateful look at the speaker. Somehow he seemed to have divined her secret craving; at least he had the tact to speak to her as Rachel Baring, and not as the sister of her distinguished brother. Suddenly a recollection smote that sister; she gave a gasp, and braced herself for the effort.

"It has been so pleasant for us," she began a little nervously, "having the countess here with us. We have made so many charming excursions, and we have passed our evenings listening to the music — all but last night, when I was obliged to go indoors."

The count was silent. Rachel summoned up her last remaining spark of courage.

"Oswald has given me all I have," she said simply, "if it were not for him, I should be teaching children their alphabet. He has worked night and day to gain his present position — and I, well — I should die if anything went amiss."

A flash of comprehension passed between them; then Count Lynarsberg held out his hand.

"Will you and Mr. Baring dine with us to-night? We leave, you know, to-morrow morning for Austria. I hope very much that you will give us the pleasure of your company?"

Rachel was smiling [her acceptance, when she saw the countess approaching,

and then, as usual, all her assurance vanished.

"Ah!" cried Essie, with forced hilarity, "you are laughing. Has Miss Rachel been telling you some funny stories?"

"Miss Baring has told me many interesting things about her brother," replied her husband gravely, "and incidentally she has told me something else, and that is that American ladies make adorable sisters. Mademoiselle, may I kiss your hand?"

Rachel Baring received the homage shyly, then, on a plea of letters, she fled with tingling pulses to the post.

The count turned toward his wife.

"I am giving a dinner to-night at eight to your friends, Mr. and Miss Baring," he said. "If I were you I should save myself as much as possible; you are looking tired. I should rest this afternoon—I mean in bed with darkened windows, not on the sofa with a book. When you have finished with Marie, send her to me, please, in the sitting-room."

He paused, but Essie was speechless.

"Your luncheon shall be sent up; I will attend to it," he added carelessly.

Still the little countess made no sound. This time her husband glanced at her. She was staring at him wide-eyed in blank amazement.

"Did you hear me?" he asked politely.

Essie was seized with sudden panic. She gathered her gloves and parasol hastily together.

"I heard," she said, not trusting herself to look at him. "I—I—will go."

"Run along, dear child," he said, "you have no time to lose. I want you to shine your brightest to-night."

Essie gasped, then she raised her eyes; the count was smiling at her.

"I will do my best, Aloys," she murmured, as she retreated in utter bewilderment.

V

The salon was gay with lights and flowers; the clock was striking half-past

seven. The count stood at the middle window, gazing absently at the scene below. A slight sound made him start. He glanced toward the door; surely that was his wife's step?

The next moment Countess Elisabeth made her appearance, a vision of soft white lace and Viennese distinction; a tender blue bow in her flaxen hair, another on the left side of her bodice, which was cut low in deference to Anglo-Saxon custom; round her neck she wore a long pearl chain to which was attached her precious turquoise locket.

The count, in one keen glance, saw that she was excited; rest had not brought back her equanimity. He approached her with a touch of ceremoniousness.

"You are perfect," he said. "Marie has improved on my instructions. You should be painted in that frock," he added more genially, "as a saint—a siren—or better still, a fairy."

Essie turned her face away abruptly; the next instant she had hidden it against her husband's arm. To his dismay he felt that she was trembling.

"My dear little girl," he said uncomfortably, "you are nervous. Shall I get you a glass of cognac?"

He waited in some perturbation for an answer, but the countess neither spoke nor raised her head. Then with a sudden impulse he bent down and pressed his lips to the slim white throat that lay against his black sleeve so appealingly.

Essie started, and looked up at him eagerly, then, stooping, she laid her cheek against his hand.

"Is this comedy, Essie?" he asked.

For answer she drew his hand to her heart, which was beating much too fast, as he noted with consternation.

"Punish me, Aloys, and have done with it," she cried passionately. "This sort of thing will make me ill."

"Who ever thought of punishing a firefly?" he asked, smiling, as he took the girlish figure in his arms. "But there," he added, "if you will have it." And he struck each small white shoulder lightly.

"Now look up, my child, and moderate those heartbeats. The affair is closed between us."

"But you said last night," began the countess ignoring her husband's banter.

Aloys released her instantly.

"The affair is closed between us," he said.

"Between us — yes — but Mr. Baring?"

"Oh! I shall try not to hurt him more than I have you."

"But you have hurt me, horribly. Do you think that I am made of iron?"

"No, I have never thought that," he said, returning to the window.

Essie followed him, her pulses quivering.

"This dinner, Aloys, is that your threatened revenge?"

He turned toward her with a mystifying smile.

"This is my plot," he began; but she interrupted him.

"There you are again — another mystery! You stifle me with enigmas. I shall be multiplying and subtracting all during dinner!"

"Do that, if you like; but if you stir hand or foot against me, you will find yourself entangled. For years you have spread your invisible meshes to the right and left of me, so that whenever I have made a free step forward, I have heard the wrenching and tearing of countless delicate threads."

"You hold the threads in your own hands," she retorted bitterly. "Some day you will have to answer for having drawn them up so tight."

"Perhaps," replied the count, "but that is at least better than telling my private woes to strangers. I dread to think what ideas that poor, innocent Miss Baring has received of Austrian manners!"

Essie flushed and turned as if to leave him, but he caught her arm and pulled her to him.

"Listen to me, my child," he said, patting her cheek half jestingly. "You

must throw off this air of tragedy, it does not suit you; besides, I particularly want you to play the hostess graciously tonight, in a manner worthy of our best traditions. Do you understand me?"

"No, I do not," she cried, as she struggled in vain to free herself. "Am I a bourgeoise, that you speak to me of manners?"

The count's arms tightened about her shoulders.

"I am in earnest about to-night," he said, with sudden sharpness. "I must insist on your doing as I ask you."

"A request would have been enough, Aloys."

The count smiled ironically.

"Ah? But with you one never knows. So many oaths by St. Elizabeth, and never one that was binding! No wonder, though, since your patroness herself was not above a falsehood. I never liked the part where she deceived the poor Landgrave with roses! Come, my angel," he said, bending over the palpitating lace figure, "what can I do to convince you that tragedy is not appropriate on this occasion? You must get rid of those drooping lids and trembling hands, little girl," he added, as he kissed her. "What will your friends think of this childish collapse?"

But Essie pulled herself violently away from the hands that held her.

"I am *not* a child, Aloys! You have no right to treat me so contemptuously!"

The count's expression changed.

"I don't think that you stand in a position just at present to dictate methods to me," he said coldly.

"Ah! but your method last night was at least honest; besides, I had brought it on myself; but now" — she broke off with a passionate gesture.

There was a pause, in which Essie crept back nearer to her husband.

"I suppose you will take me home tomorrow and — leave me there?"

"I certainly shall not leave you here," he replied dryly.

"I don't want to be left here. I don't

want to be left anywhere," she added under her breath.

The count glanced at the clock.

"Your friends will be here in a few moments," he observed.

"They are not my friends. I would rather not see them. Let me go to my room — now — instantly. You can say I had a headache. You will do far better without me."

"There is no question of that, and you know it," he said impatiently, but she persisted.

"I am unstrung, Aloys, horribly unstrung and nervous. They will see it. Mr. Baring sees everything. You will be angry."

The count shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"Really, Essie, in your place I should have left things as I found them, instead of returning so persistently to a forbidden subject. I have my reasons for wishing you to control yourself, for wishing you to receive your guests with smiling composure. Now tell me, please, how the thing is to be accomplished?"

His tone was both peremptory and persuasive. Essie knew the tone and rejoiced at it.

"If you would be friends with me," she suggested, "real friends, just for this evening? Do you think you could manage it? You could be strict with me again tomorrow, very strict, on the journey and — afterwards?"

He smiled in spite of himself, and drawing her to him he smoothed her hair with absent fingers. She raised troubled eyes to his, divining some hidden anxiety.

"I am sorry you mind things so much," she murmured, "but if you do, why, then you do — nothing that I could say would alter it."

"Suppose we leave that."

"Very well," she said gloomily, "but you must not think I do not understand."

"We will let that pass," he said again, and she hung her head in silence.

"Hold up your head, my child," he

cried, "don't spoil your pretty mouth with such expressions. There is no need for them, Essie."

She lifted her face to him obediently, and he saw that her lips were trembling.

"Where are those smiles, little girl?" he asked.

"If I might cry for five minutes and feel your arms about me? I could smile a great deal better after that."

He bent down and kissed her — first on her lips, then on her forehead.

"There is no time for tears, sweetheart," he said. "Now brace your dear little shoulders. It won't be for long, and then" —

She waited breathlessly.

"And then we will run off to Hungary for the autumn," he added, as he smiled at her.

Countess Elisabeth's eyes became all at once as bright as stars.

"I — I am very glad, Aloys," she stammered. "I will do my best to-night. I" —

She caught his hand to her lips before he could prevent it, then she turned abruptly toward the window.

"They are coming, my heart," cried her husband. "Johann is opening the outer door."

VI

The private dining-room which the count had taken was on the ground floor, overlooking the park. Nothing had been spared to make the scene attractive, though the room was pleasant enough in itself. The red of the carpet and curtains contrasted agreeably with the pure white of the woodwork and tiled stove; the round table with its lights and flowers gave a further touch of color to the whole. The menu and wines were beyond criticism; the count's own man superintended the staff of waiters.

But until now, the third course in the dinner, the talk had failed to flow quite easily; a kind of weight lay upon the

company, which even the host's unceasing efforts could not altogether cast off.

Baring, having spent the day in goading his heroine into a passion, was content now to sit back and admire his original, for the countess, it seemed to him, had never looked so charming. The author was, however, in spirit still with his new creation; he was going over his scenes as he gazed at Essie, who with shining eyes and gentlest manners presided over the table like a dream princess.

He wondered what had caused this singular transformation. By degrees he forgot all else in his desire to solve this problem.

At last the count turned to Baring with determination.

"Will you think it very bad form if I venture to talk shop? To beg you to do so, rather," he added smiling. "My shop would consist of live stock and potatoes. You see, I am what you would call a farmer, Miss Baring, and so to me the fine arts are above all things precious and desirable. That is why I dare to introduce the subject of literature to Mr. Baring. Can't you persuade him to lay aside his scruples?"

Rachel glanced dubiously at her brother. She wondered why the count cared so much to hear him; for her part, she would have preferred any other topic.

"Tell me," continued the speaker, bending toward her confidentially, "tell me, which does he like best, *Mélanie*, or *The Last Favor*?"

"*Mélanie*," whispered Rachel.

"No wonder," replied the count in an aside; "we all know who sat for the charming heroine."

Rachel looked so confused that even Essie was interested.

"Was it Miss Rachel?" she asked.

Her husband shook his head at her severely.

"Authors' secrets, my child," he said, as he smiled at Miss Baring, who now volunteered another bit of information.

"The one he hates most is *Thomas Flint*."

"Ah!" exclaimed the count, "what would the rest of us have given to have written the garden scene?"

Baring flashed him a look of sudden gratitude.

"It is the one decent thing in the book," he said quickly, "but no one ever speaks of it."

"No, because you probably turn them off. Most people have a wholesome fear of authors. Now I make it a rule to ignore their first rebuffs."

Baring laughed.

"You are very kind, I am sure," he said, "but where do you come across so many authors, if your time is mostly spent in ploughing?"

"How can you tell such stories, Aloys?" cried Countess Elisabeth indignantly. "Never speak to me again of poor St. Elizabeth and her roses! Mr. Baring, he took all the prizes, or honors, or whatever one calls them, at the University, for composition; and since I have known him — now six years — I think he must have read the world's literature through at least twice."

The count exchanged a look of amusement with Baring, who, however, instantly resented his host's manner toward Essie.

"He patronizes her," thought the American angrily. "That is the way with these foreign husbands."

But the count was speaking, and Baring was forced to smother his feelings and listen.

"Don't exaggerate, dear child," he was saying, "you don't understand the subject. Essie thinks that a few Tauchnitz volumes represent a vast field of learning," he explained, as he turned back to Rachel.

Essie lowered her eyes in silence. The novelist watched her with close attention.

"She is afraid of him," he thought, with renewed satisfaction. "She is acting the meek little girl in order to conciliate him."

This pleasing theory considerably raised his sinking spirits.

"Mr. Baring," the count began blandly, "you should come to Austria-Hungary some day. You would find our people a complex study. You would, I think, find us amusing to analyze."

Oswald wished the speaker at the bottom of the sea, for touching so dangerous a subject, and then he wished him up again for having praised the right scene in *Thomas Flint*.

"I know almost nothing about Austria or Austrians, except that the men are famous for their horsemanship. I should be very glad to know more, though," he added, as he glanced toward the little countess. To his discomfiture he met her eyes, which smiled at him half quizzically.

"Oh, I can hardly be the one to praise my countrymen," said the count, "nor will I run them down before foreigners; for that you must turn elsewhere."

Oswald did turn, and so swiftly that he saw the sudden flush on Essie's face.

"But," went on the count composedly, "I could perhaps give you a few points about my countrywomen,—a more pleasing subject, in every way, for our Austrian women are unique, Mr. Baring; I repeat it, they are unique."

"Don't I know it without being told by him?" thought Baring impatiently.

"Yes," continued the count, sipping his champagne, "they are unique; the product of mixed races and peculiar conditions. They have the fidelity of the German with the passion of the Italian, the brilliancy of the Frenchwoman with the high breeding of the Englishwoman; they are versatile, gracious, affectionate, full of charm."

"Ah," murmured Baring, inwardly groaning, "I can well believe it—I"—He broke off abruptly, having caught Essie's stare of surprise. He felt it was an order for silence, and he obeyed without a protest. Words had altogether failed him throughout this strange evening. He seemed to himself to be some prisoner of the Holy Office, brought up before three high judges—to answer for his sins or to

be condemned to fire; only in this case the judges were fatally attractive. He found himself longing to surprise them, to show them some hitherto unsuspected virtue. He wondered if the heretic had ever wavered—he, himself, felt horribly faint-hearted; his notes began to weigh upon him like lead.

Again the voice went on, and Oswald listened.

"They are, besides, the very spirit of mischief, even their strong regard for good taste does not always restrain them,"—the speaker was now addressing Rachel. "They are children of light, the joy of their husbands and fathers. I doubt if they have their equals even among the wonderful young girls of the New World, for, in spite of some craft in their training, our ladies come out clear-souled from the trial. Their faults are superficial—quite on the surface—their virtues are deep down at the very roots of their dear little hearts. If you ever write them up, Mr. Baring, remember this,—their noblest qualities are carefully hidden, hoarded up for those they love best."

The two men exchanged a swift look.

In the pause that followed, Countess Elisabeth put her hands before her face.

"You cover me with confusion, Aloys. I have no words—I"—she broke off and, bending suddenly forward, she stretched her hands out across the table to her husband. He took them, smiling.

Baring started.

"Good Heavens," he thought in dismay, "I have blundered like the veriest beginner."

"You are a very chivalrous champion," he said the next moment, addressing his host with an effort. "The ladies owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Oswald is not a bad champion himself," said Rachel, throwing off the reserve which had weighed her down during the dinner. "I could say a few words on that subject if he would let me."

"Ah!" cried Countess Elisabeth, raising her glass gayly, "since we are all

exchanging courtesies, let me propose one,—Miss Rachel Baring—the best of friends—the pearl of sisters—I wish to drink your dear, unselfish health!"

VII

The count and Baring had finished two cigarettes; their talk had been difficult and disjointed, for one of the men, at least, was far away in thought. Suddenly Baring rose and walked to the door.

"I should like to show you a new light I have for cigars," he said carelessly. "Will you excuse me for two minutes while I fetch it?"

The count smiled his acquiescence, but as soon as he was alone, his face became intensely sober.

When Baring returned, he carried a thick package in one hand and a candle end in the other.

"This is it," he said. "I want you to watch the conflagration."

The count met his eyes with a question.

"Yes," went on Baring, "I want you to see it through, as a witness."

He crossed the room rapidly, carrying his two burdens.

"What I am coming to is this," he said, "that I have decided to destroy the notes for my latest story. They are all wrong, anyway, so I am going to burn them. See! there they go, every one of them."

He pushed the manuscript into the mouth of the stove, then he lit the candle end and placed it carefully beneath the thick mass of paper. When it blazed, he

shut the door and opened the draught. The furious roar made further speech impossible. Oswald fancied that the God of Fire was gnashing his teeth at the cruel sacrifice,—or was he rather consuming the shameful thing with transport?

At last Baring moved away from the fire.

"How far that little candle throws its beam—or rather heat," he added with a laugh. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world! It's all very well to gloat," he went on, "but I know I shall regret it bitterly to-morrow; that is why I am burning the thing to ashes, otherwise I should be found here early in the morning, laboriously picking out the charred remains!"

The count rose slowly and approached him.

For a moment neither spoke, then the Austrian grasped Baring's hand and wrung it.

"I don't see that you have left me anything to do except to envy you. It was magnificent!"

"Ah," cried Oswald—"now you are undoing me! You are working my destruction! I want to write you up, you see, I want to—I must—I will! Tell me, will there be any harm in describing an Austrian count?"

The count put his hand almost affectionately on the young man's shoulder.

"Shall we join the ladies?" he asked, smiling.

Baring looked him straight in the eyes.

"You will not tell her?" he said.

"She shall never know from me," the count replied gravely.

THE LITTLE CHRIST

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

MOTHER, I am thy little Son —
Why weepest thou?

*Hush! for I see a crown of thorns,
A bleeding brow.*

Mother, I am thy little Son —
Why dost thou sigh?

*Hush! for the shadow of the years
Stoopeth more nigh!*

Mother, I am thy little Son —
Oh, smile on me.
The birds sing blithe, the birds sing gay,
The leaf laughs on the tree.

*Oh, hush thee! The leaves do shiver sore.
That tree whereon they grow,
I see it hewn, and bound, to bear
The weight of human woe!*

Mother, I am thy little Son —
The Night comes on apace —
When all God's waiting stars shall smile
On me in thy embrace.

*Oh, hush thee! I see black starless night!
Oh, could'st thou slip away
Now, by the hawthorn hedge of Death, —
And get to God by Day!*

SIR HENRY IRVING

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

HENRY IRVING is the last of his line. It is a long line and great, but it is extinct. Other actors there will be. Some now on the stage maintain the great succession. The race remains. The type disappears. The conditions that created it are gone. No more shall we see the English-speaking actor trained as in the past three centuries. The dire years of obscurity in wandering plays and vagrom companies, despised in the despised purlieus of the city playhouse; the sudden burst on some central audience,—London, for the most part;—the vivid success and such receipts as appall the more frugally sustained and more carefully trained actor of Latin lands, and in the end too often, as for Irving, closing years clouded with the pecuniary anxieties of a career begun without contact with the better cultivation of his day and at the end possessing its best;—these things are no more possible. The great flood of lesser companies give early employment; long runs deprive men of the training that comes from many parts; and when success dawns, men and women stand as part and partners in a great trade whose greater rewards bring a moderate competence in a season.

No one knowing the actors, rising and risen, of the past twenty-five years, will fail to see that Irving, and, with us, men like Booth, Barrett, and Jefferson, gained in catholicity. They won those virtues that go with the experience of Ulysses and all who, like him,—

have enjoyed

Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those That loved him and alone.

To these men, as to none to-day, there came the sharp personal struggle which humanizes. Now the organized life, instead, civilizes. So it came about, that when one met the man just gone, leaving

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sense of loss wherever he was known, one found perpetual reminder of scarred years, and consciousness, as well, of that high temper which stimulates and ennobles all who meet it with high desire to breast life's fate with more than courage, with emulous emprise.

It was a perpetual marvel that a man whose calling was simulation should be continually sounding in the ears of those who knew him well the call of the greater realities. Even with those most familiar with the stage there is a prepossession, a will to believe that acting is a sublimated trick. Mr. Birrell holds a brief for this view. But here was a man, like all great artists, so much greater than his art—for Art too is but a handmaiden in the House of the Soul—that by sheer weight and force of intellection he made you know and confess that his art was real and dealt in its last resort with the realities of life. Early, he had this grip. An American professor known now in many walks, when he chanced forty-five years ago to meet Henry Irving at a supper in Liverpool with a group of young provincial actors, saw already in him this sharp force. So far as his outer look, accent, manner, and turn of speech were concerned, that night the man was still but as other provincial actors. What these were in place, pay, station, and manner Mr. Pinero has drawn with pitiless fidelity in *Trelawney of the Wells*.

It was digged out of this pit and this training, so far removed from an academic standard or a cultivated tradition, that, eight years on the stage, at twenty-six, in 1865, he essayed *Hamlet* at Manchester. The notices in the provincial press were such as we all give the rising young actor. Praise and appreciation spawn tenfold more critical falsehoods than all else.

His conception of the character, its business, the handling of the play scene, were as later. But his personation grew amazingly in power. There are those, and they are many, who deemed Booth's Winter Garden Hamlet his supreme achievement. Irving's Hamlet began lacking weight, and ended by dominating through sheer intellection. This was the note of his interpretation, and the stage and he lost immeasurably when the heavy cost of the modern theatre turned him to plays of spectacle. "Do you remember," said he, when a friend ventured to object to this side of *Faust*, "that for a hundred years every London manager has died a bankrupt?" But even in these plays there shone that lambent intellectual quality which lights all that it touches. Better voice, figure, inflection, and all that, there have been; but where the man who left lines, "to his wish or not," more luminous?

Sheer mind wins slowly. After more than half a generation, in which Sir Henry had come to stand the dean of his craft and calling, not for his land alone, but for the English-speaking race, it is not easy to recall or realize that his first appearance away from New York, at Philadelphia, on his first tour, in 1884, had its nervous apprehension. He had succeeded in New York, but he had only succeeded. The full harvest came later.¹ Much was done by many friends in Philadelphia to assure him of a public support. From Macready on, not an English actor had succeeded here. In personal conversation, and in some public utterances, Mr. Irving recurred to the Astor Place riots, with anxiety over a welcome which he has done so much to secure to every English actor since, by his immeasurable service to the American stage in educating the American audiences to be satisfied only with the best. *Inter alia*, he sat, on that visit, now twenty-one years past,

at a little supper in the old Journalists' Club of Philadelphia with a group of newspaper men. It was a bit stiff. In part, I remember, because, while Mr. Irving was equal to the occasion, the waiters were not. "Mr. Irving," piped a journalist in a pause, "do you not think that actors are superstitious?" "Actors, actors," was the reply, in some slight heat, "are not this or that; they are simply men, like other men, superstitious as other men are or not. They are not a class by themselves. Take them as they are."

With no physical advantage, personal charm, or outer aspect which bespoke success, to have at a little past twenty the mental forces which pulled him out of the crowd; to possess from the very dawn of his career an intellectual and imaginative conception of the greatest part on the stage, which only the experience of life could ripen and render visible and of weight; always and everywhere to be insisting that an actor was a man and an artist, to be reckoned with as such, and not put in a class and category apart, alien to the world's active work and to its higher achievements and recognition,—this, one may fairly say, has been the life of Henry Irving. Along these broad lines his work has steadily run; from the day when, as François in *Richelieu*, he stood under the white feather-plume he had bought out of his pittance, and said his first words before an audience,—"Here's to our enterprise,"—to the day when, as more than one English paper asserted, he had forced Lord Rosebery to honor the calling of the stage by knighting its most conspicuous member, as for over a century in England knighthood had gone to the representative head of all other callings and professions.

In this long "enterprise," whose best success in fifty years has been as much the lesson of character achieved as of characters acted, the feathers of François, the details of a great art, have had from the actor and the manager an unwearied care which has changed the practice of

¹ Mr. Irving began by drawing fewer hearers, not only than Mme. Bernhardt, but even than Mrs. Langtry. — *New York Times*, April 29, 1884.

the stage and the standards of the audience. In all art trifles count. In mimetic art they are supreme. The knocks in *Macbeth* show what a master hand can do with a trifle. The costume on the English provincial stage of forty years ago was provided by the manager. The accessories came from the actors' purse. A fellow actor has recorded that the young beginner for the trivial part of François had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy from an old print of the period. Thirty years later, with all London at his call, he did the same from Van Dyck for his Charles I. I have known a subordinate actor to be kept raising and lowering a curtain for a quarter of an hour, until the quick sweep of the hand, which pictured sudden overpowering attention to what was without, had been caught.

But these details require a perpetual care and the best paid aid. There is a moment in *The Bells* when Mathias, unconscious of his doom, poking the ruddy glow of his porcelain stove, looks up, sees the similitude of his victim in the door, and drops the poker with a clang that is like the bell of fate. Unless you know the theatre, you cannot know how much it costs to keep that poker always within reach. I mind me of one Philadelphia performance where the poker was missing, and the stove door was kicked shut with a bang that was temper rather than tragedy. Since all this costs, and costs much, there is always risk, unless the restraint of the artist be strong, that the golden shower smother Danaë instead of planting the seed of some new life of genius. For all this the largest dramatic receipts in dramatic history have been as freely drawn upon as the pittance earned by the young clerk with theatrical aspirations in 1856. Whole scenes and sets were cancelled after preparation in the *Corsican Brothers* in 1880. *Faust* was provided, in the long series of dress rehearsals, over sixty in number, with a mediaeval cloak which cost, I believe, some seventy pounds, a pretty trifle for a trifle, a mere detail. The splendid cloak was worn

through those tireless dress rehearsals which no other actor or company begins to endure in like number, and whose fruit neither one nor the other is therefore able to equal in complete ensemble and effect. As the picture took its shape and the pageant gained its due proportion, the actor-manager saw that this vivid spot of color unbalanced the broad effect. The gray cloak worn when Shylock comes home to his empty house was substituted. There are few actors, believe me, in whom the love for fine raiment does not come to be a passion. There is something about the dressing-room, that chapel in which so many candles are burned to human vanity, masculine more often than feminine, which robs men of the sense of proportion, and a raw newness spoils nine stage pictures out of ten.

If this was avoided by this great artist of the footlights, it is because he was the first to grasp the fact that a stage is a luminous interspace of three dimensions, and not a lighted bas-relief on edge just behind the footlights. Henry Irving had, of course, the prodigious advantage of the volume, the flexibility, and hability of newly discovered lights in gas, calcium, and electricity. It was but a dismal stage in the past, voice and little more, when candles guttered in their tin reflectors,— and how it smelled! Mr. Irving has given the stage not only light in all its tones, but those things as precious, — shadows and darkness.

“Most can raise the flowers now
For all have got the seed.”

But the plant, to be effective, must be cultivated with the same artistic penetration, the same capacity of the artist to get hints as to his own medium of expression from all sources and to use them as not abusing.

Abused they are, when mere colored light, stark-naked calcium shadows that could be cut, fill the stage; or that other foible from which even the Lyceum was not exempt, the round radiance which is like the Star's halo. “Be patient, my dear boy, said he once to an anxious plea in

Louis XI for a share in the radiant privilege, "be patient. You'll have enough of the light before you are through with the career I see before you."

It chanced to me once, and only once, in a life of some faring by land and sea, to ride up a Kurdish gorge at early dawn, the sky still starry, as the charcoal-burners had begun their work, and to see over all, as the smoke rose, a gray-blue light as of the depths, some touch of deep-chilled enveloping air on gorge and mountain-side, as though a sapphire had aged, and grown gray and wan. Once only I saw this, and never again. When, in *Faust*, the curtain rose on the Brocken, I saw before me the same miracle of gray-blue. "How did you," I asked once at supper, "who ride abroad so little and are so rarely on the mountain-side, hit on this, the rarest of lights?" "Once," and he took up a small plate, "I saw in a gallery," and he named it, but I have forgotten, "a landscape by Dürer the size of this plate, a mountain-side in early morn in this same gray-blue light. It gave me the light I wanted for the Brocken."

But given fastidious accuracy of detail set in a light that charms, and this is still but framing background and illumination, but soil for that blossom and fruit, dramatic art, which is action, and human action at that. Unless sense of reality be had in that, the rest is waste. This sense and illusion may be secured by a mutual convention between actor and audience. Most acting is on this level. It seeks to express by convention what can only be reproduced by tireless observation and study. The simplest human act is complex. Most actors fail to see this. Their acting is crude in consequence. They do, not what men and women really do, but what it has been agreed shall on the stage be the symbol of what is done. Neither do all bad women smoke cigarettes, nor are all women who smoke cigarettes bad. A shrewd guess can be made as to the kind of woman a man has seen smoking cigarettes, when he maintains as inevitable his evil association of the woman and

the cigarette; but on the stage life is made easier, particularly for the actress, if, instead of acting the bad woman, she smokes a cigarette. Labels come cheaper than pictures. More than once, with a graceful acknowledgment of the share our stage has had in his education, Sir Henry Irving has told what touch saved him from mere convention. He was "supporting" Charlotte Cushman. He had to cross with silver the palm of her Meg Merrilies. That magnificent and imperious gypsy witch broke him of the silly stage habit of handing over a purse. She bade him empty its contents in the palm of his hand, finger it, and pick out the coin — which in the case of the prudent and thrifty Charlotte would certainly have been a small one — to give Meg. In all his work there has been this sedulous use of the precise dramatic change needed to woo and win the sibyl of the stage. The sustained interest, and the continuous intense intellectual interest, of his presentations from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same is precisely due to following and bettering this early hint. The complex of each human act, however simple or trivial, was grasped in all its parts by a keen mental apprehension, and presented, by patient training, in its totality, not as convention, but as human beings really act. Nor has the economy of action been less conspicuous than its employment. As he has broken the stage convention of an uniform glare, so he has broken the convention, as evil, of unremitting speech. He first used silence as the note of an effective stage picture, which tells more than speech, as when Shylock returns to his emptied house.

The opening and the closing of *Charles I*, which, as first composed by Wills, had that singular detachment from human interests which marks most of his poetic plays, — perhaps this is why, Mr. Gosse testily suggested, that you could find no literature in *Charles I*, no, not though you strained it through a sieve, — the scenes of happy family life with which it opens

and the parting with which it closes, are both, if the London *Spectator* is to be trusted, the suggestion of the actor to the playwright. They add human interest to the strained conception of the play as first composed. Fifteen years ago, one returning to the Chestnut Street Opera House some moments after *Charles I* was over, the audience gone, the lights lowered, and the curtain half hung, as is the theatre habit in an empty house, came upon the great actress who had shaken her house with that parting between Charles and his Queen, walking up and down the darkened stage, still sobbing, quivering with overwrought feeling, lost in the part she had created, still swept by the tides of its emotion, slowly returning to the common dark of night, as a child might come sobbing out of a dream, soothed by a familiar touch and voice.

Apter illustration could not be of Mr. Irving's well-defended thesis that Diderot's *Paradox of Acting* missed the highest flight of the art it sought to compress within the lines of artifice. But such an occurrence is illustration still more apt of the success of the tireless industry of an actor-manager in raising all about him to a common white-heat of emotion. A stage presentation is a blend of the play, the *mise-en-scène*, the company as a whole, and the actor and actresses, one or both, who lead the performance, as in all great plays a hero and heroine are the protagonists of the action. It is easily possible to detach either or both of these from its context and contexture. Booth, in all his later years, did, so that he walked a puissant figure among characters little less than shades. Men always, and often women, acted worse with him than they did elsewhere. His acting killed theirs. Sir Henry Irving has had the better fortune of treating the play and the company as a whole. Both men and women were better with him than apart. It is the familiar experience of critics, familiar with the rising figures of the stage, to be amazed by the development which took place under his touch. The London Ly-

ceum Company was for twenty years the one school of acting on the English-speaking stage from which men, entering little known, passed to high distinction. William Terris, Alexander and Forbes Robertson, are three such. Mr. Robert Taber furnished an instance as remarkable of sudden sure growth in a career, alas, too early ended and over. Miss Ellen Terry, the only actress on our English-speaking stage whose power, whose temperament, and whose amazing charm equal the eerie glamour of its feminine parts, had been long on the stage before she became the gifted associate of the man with whom her name will always be linked; but her position has all been won since her unrivaled powers came under his extraordinary gift for awakening and evoking the best in all who have come within the circle of his influence. Through all the history of our English stage, these two will together pass in the long flight of a great art, shadowy but real,—two that ever play together on that stage where a perpetual audience watches the manifold drama of the past.

These are, however, all the work of the manager, touched if you please with genius, the genius of conception, execution, and achievement; but still of the manager. Irving restored the play as an organic whole to our stage. He found it the vehicle for elocutionary arias, like the Italian opera. He educated the public to a demand so clear and unmistakable for the presentation of a play as an integral work of art that under his dramatic reign the very argot of managers has come to discriminate between a "performance" and a "production." The public and actors both once thought of a play as a series of dramatic situations in which some one gifted actor, or at most an actor and an actress joined to him, presented characters, conceived, acted, and admired, apart from their setting. This is gone, never to return. Sir Henry Irving ended the theatrical presentations of the past as completely as Wagner ended the opera of the past. The stage Sir Henry

treated as a picture, where others had treated it as a scene. He has given it light and life. He made of it a completed whole, whose organic impression renders bare and skeleton-like the customary stage performance. He vindicated the claim of every character to intelligent treatment and interpretation, and thereby raised, to the dismay of all who meet the prodigious expenses of the modern stage, the salary commanded and the ability needed in lesser characters. Where one well-paid actor and a score of ill-paid subordinates once made up the pay roll, the leaders are better paid than ever before, and the average subordinate salary has risen to a level inconceivable thirty years ago, when Sir Henry's methods first began to break up the system which had brought the stage to a condition in which actors of eminence and distinction accepted support and scenery which to-day is no longer tolerated by any audience.

These are achievements of the first magnitude; but they stand for nothing in a great art unless to them are added the achievements of the artist. At no point in this singular career has this been universally conceded. He had been thirty years on the stage when Mr. William Winter said of his Hamlet that parts of it were seen at the Star Theatre with "consternation," and another New York critic, Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, records that in it his legs passed from "one stained glass attitude to another." Not a play has been produced in thirty years of his management which has not met the indignant protest of some accepted critic that Sir Henry could do everything on the stage but act. So long as he faced audiences educated in the old conception of an actor as a man of physical presence and comeliness given to the sonorous recitation of effective speeches, his progress was slow. He won the long fight, as all men of genius win, by creating an audience of his own, taught that the highest work of an actor is intellectual interpretation and not elocution and gesture.

The fight has been won against all odds, without and within. Acting is an art in which most men excel, if at all, in their early twenties. Garrick, Kean, Kemble, the Booths, — these all had the world of the stage at their feet at an age when a doctor is seeking his first patient and a lawyer untying his first brief. Sir Henry Irving was forty when his Hamlet was first accepted as a great interpretation of a great part. For twelve years he endured an arduous provincial apprenticeship in which he appeared in four hundred and twenty-eight parts, the most utterly insignificant, but all of training value. He had twelve years more of probation not less trying before London audiences. He won popularity first, having caught the eye of Dion Boucicault, as the eccentric character comedian who acted "Digby Grant" in the *Two Roses*. For years, he fought a dubious fight as a tragedian. For a decade it was almost literally true that no one professionally or critically familiar with the stage accepted his success, and that it rested almost wholly on men free from stage preconceptions, who were asking not for conventional grace and modulated speeches, but the thing as it is, — the final core of simulated being, — as the stage and the stage alone lays bare and analyzes life, revealing its final and inmost secret.

There were reasons for this long delay. Of all arts the stage is most rooted in conventions. There is proof in a German diary of the period that the singular halting walk of the stage which has lasted almost to our own day was a habit of the boards caught from the court of the day, or the reverse, under "Eliza and our James." Still more the physical facts were against him as an actor. Youthful beauty was not his. His voice had its manifold limitations. His command of enunciation and pronunciation was not helped by those weary and obscure years in the provinces; for outside of a certain social and educated circle, whose English accent is the best in the tongue, the general speech

of England makes but base coin of many a noble word. "I know he is going to do it," said a life-long friend, yearningly anxious over his success on the eventful evening when he first gave *The Bells* in New York, "for he is pronouncing God, 'God,' and not 'Gawd,' and he never has that word right unless he is up to his best work." There were doubtless also mannerisms, the spasmodic walk, the frequent gesture, the suppressed interjection. These were once the jest of London. They have been felt by every fresh audience, and laboriously noted by every raw critic. They have been triumphantly overcome by the magic of genius which of imperfection makes the means and mediums of its triumphs.

Given the old "reading of lines," the mellifluous elocution of the part as the test of acting, and they were an insuperable bar to his acceptance as an actor. Overflowing, overwhelming success came in spite of his lack of these, because acting is more than elocution, because it is an art which depends for its success not on cadences, but on the intellectual and emotional mastery of situation and character. "One of my calves," said Mr. Lawrence Barrett, "is a little smaller than the other. Most legs are that way. I had always padded the worse leg until I was in London, and had a talk with Henry Irving. He pointed out to me that it was better to leave your legs as they were made. They fitted the figure as a whole, and the instant you padded, the general balance of the figure was upset, and you had a sense of unreality." I quote from memory after years, but with perfect certainty as to broad fact and general expression. How keen, how penetrating, how illuminating was this view, which accepted even physical imperfection as part of the stock in trade with which a sense of reality could be created!

When Mr. Winter saw in Henry Irving twenty years ago no more than "a commanding intellect, and an intense nature concentrated on the sincere and momentous treatment of great themes," he missed

the crowning triumph of the artist as seen by younger men and worse critics less confused by the preconceptions and preconventions of the stage. The transcendent verbal music of Shakespeare, without equal or example in the whole range of letters until one reads the greatest of the Greeks, has not unnaturally over-weighted the attention and devotion to mere verbal cadence in our theatre. Thirty years ago the English-speaking stage had either the tragic or the trivial, either a formal acting which had certain tragic conventions, or the tinkling of Robertson's tea cups. It was Mr. Irving's great office, after a training which had been unequaled in the detail of his calling, suddenly to show that it was of more importance to present the thing the words stood for than merely to sing the music of periods. As always comes when in any spoken medium meaning is attained, the words sounded to a new value, and Shakespeare became once more familiar on our stage.

Where plays had dwindled and shrunk to a single part, masque rather than drama, his method, which filled the lines with meaning, the stage with pictures, and thronged the theatre with the ordered whole of characters which made up the tragedy, left the central figure not less, but more. There were characters, like Romeo and Othello, in which physical limitations impeded the path; there were others, like Lear, for which the actor's temperament was not fitted; but taking the long procession which has crossed the stage through thirty years, it has been true of all his personations that by intellectual weight they vindicated the stage from the frequent charge of mere simulation. By sheer force of acting, not elocution, by character and not by phrases, they have made that definite and determinate impression which is the high prerogative of genius, creating, as Lessing long since pointed out, a detached existence which lives apart from its creator. Of the greater characters, one may unhesitatingly affirm that there is not one

which has not left its clear image as if itself alive; and even of plays of a lower order, like *King Arthur* or *Becket*, it is still true that a character barely sketched in the lines has become vital and lived in the pictured world of the stage.

There are lines in Tennyson's play, in which the great primate dedicates himself to the public service, whose possibilities, Sir Henry has frankly confessed, attracted him to its production and to the character. In a moment of sudden confidence infinitely precious in memory, he once said, with a light admonitory tap on the shoulder, such as the older gives to the younger man, "They have made me, I hope, a better man." As he spoke, in his face there dawned that inner light man to man recognizes when one or the other desires to signify and signal some new certainty in this strange night of life in which we all needs must sail by stars "whose worth's unknown although his height be taken." It was plain, though *unsaid*, that in the play and the devoted service of the character, he had caught some hint of the great riddle. Its full solution has now come with the last words of the part, "Into thy hands, O God, into thy hands."

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Through half a century he kept to the purpose of his life. For him, as for all men, his life was more than his work. Of all the arts, the stage, with its adulation, applause, and jealousy, its inexorable need for a personal popularity as the one necessary foundation for the very opportunity and occasion of its best work, has been least happy in its heroes. They come and they go, the creatures of a breath, whom voices make and vanishing voices discard. But when the history of the stage of the century just closing comes to be reviewed and recorded, it will be clearer than to-day, and to-day in death it is already clear to most, that in Sir Henry Irving the stage has had one figure which to the genius of the actor and the ability of the manager has added the example of the man who raised an entire calling to a higher level, who gave to an ancient art a new view and aspect, and whose long career has had that intellectual force, personal dignity, high endeavor, and unflinching resolution, which belong to no walk and work alone, but are the common property of the few who, having created great opportunities, use them to great ends.

JUDGE BANKS'S MARY

BY ROSE YOUNG

JUDGE BANKS was talking of his daughter Mary as he and Ralston, who was burdened with a heavy "grip" and a sample case, made their way through the reclining-chair car to the vacant seats in the rear. He was still talking of Mary when the local pulled out for its day's run between Kansas City and St. Louis. When the train stopped unexpectedly at Bunkerton flag station, his voice, pitched high against the anticipated roar and rumble, made the people in the car turn toward him. They saw an elderly man, whose fine face, underneath a wide soft hat, announced gently but distinctly, "gentleman of the old school." The man beside him was another sort of man, a much younger man, whose face and equipment bespoke modernity, save that the look in his eyes was more indicative of the eternal dream and hope of young manhood than of times or customs. He seemed at this moment the victim of a carefully suppressed excitement. And the Judge was saying to him, —

"Ah, my boy, the young women of today are not like the young women of my time, except my Mary, thank God. They have not the — ah — the fine femininity of their mothers. But, there, wait until we reach Arcana," — the Judge laughed fondly, — "and I'll show you one who saves the day."

"Or say the yesterday," suggested Ralston, and the Judge bowed to the suggestion, and waved his hand with the grace of the Virginia cavaliers who had been his ancestors.

"It was worth saving. I think that you will see that when you see her." The train moved on again, the other people in the car began to attend to their own business again, and Ralston, his sad eyes shining, — Ralston's eyes were sad, al-

though (perhaps because) he was a humorist, — leaned back and, listening to the Judge, followed the Judge's Mary, as he had often followed her before, into a charming place, haunted by the scent of lavender.

It was not in the least Ralston's eligibility that was making the Judge talk about Mary. He would have talked just as impressively if Ralston had been twelve years old, and a hod-carrier, instead of thirty, and heir-apparent to his uncle's rubber goods, the commodity that engaged the talents of both men in different capacities. The Judge liked to talk, and he especially liked to talk about Mary. At Penangton he was saying, with radiant satisfaction in his theme, that all his life his daughter had been his lode-star.

"Why, Mary herself does n't begin to know how many good things she has made me do, and how many bad things she has made me hate to do. I don't believe a fine, sweet woman ever fully appreciates herself as an influence upon a man. I sometimes feel that I should be almost willing to be a woman myself, just to have some man think about me the way I think about Mary." The Judge meant what he said so much that he spat out of the car window by way of emphasis. Then he began to remember the days when there was a fence around Kansas City, and you stood up on the fence and selected the hogs that you wanted. "T was n't much except a stock yard then," mused the Judge. "It's different now, but is it any better? Railroad tracks and trolley tracks get us to it quicker now, but the country roads that used to lead into it were mighty sweet in the summer time. The whole place is a glare of electricity now, but I don't believe peo-

ple see any prettier things than they used to see by candle-light."

Ralston always tried to be patient with this sort of talk, recognizing in it the swan song of one of the pioneer state-makers, who had spent himself formulating ideals for his own generation, and now found it desperately hard to accommodate himself to the ideals that a new generation was formulating. But to-day it was not easy to be patient. To-day Ralston was so nervous that he was irritable. He could quiet his excitement only by not heeding the Judge, and considering instead what the Judge's acquaintance had meant to him. That acquaintance dated from a trip that had called both men to Kansas in the interests of the house, some six months before, Ralston as the house's star traveling man, the Judge as the house's legal adviser. All during the Kansas sojourn Ralston had exercised a protectorate over the Judge, softening the asperities of the shyster lawyers with whom they had to deal, translating the irreverent ways of the "drummers" into terms of deference, and spiritualizing the frank liveliness of the girls who came out to meet the trains at the depots of the little towns along their route. For that espionage that a younger man may extend to an older man out of careless good nature Ralston had reaped a fine reward. The reward had been the Judge's Mary. On the very first day that the Judge had spoken of her the young man had lifted his head alertly, his fancy aroused and pleased. He had thought that he knew all the kinds of women that there are to know, but here was a different woman, new in her oldness. He got the Judge to talk of her often, humoring and petting him for that purpose. And the Judge, Old-World and sweet, knowing adequately what he admired in womanhood, gradually brought into Ralston's life, with broad and sure strokes, a woman who, by her ancestral completeness, made the other women whom Ralston had known seem inchoate. For Ralston she came at the exact psychological moment, just as

he was becoming exasperated by his own incompleteness and willing to have the vague tantalizations of romance take on concrete form. To be sure, the form that Mary took seemed astrally sheer and fugitive, but Ralston liked that impression. He had a misty recollection of his young mother, dead ever so many years ago, that affected him as Judge Banks's Mary affected him. Finally he passed completely under the spell of Mary's idyllic charm, heightened as it was in a subtle blend of mother memories.

"Why, I'll be dogged if I don't think of myself as Mary's lover," he told himself now, while inclining his head courteously to the Judge's artless talk of yesterday. Then he smiled at the conceit, remembering how little the girl in the flesh had to do with his self-appraisement. For Ralston had never seen Mary in the flesh. The essential girl to him so far had been the astral girl who came at her father's call and decoyed both men into the lavender-haunted place far away. Her satisfactoriness several times surprised him into a glow of pride that he was fine enough to get his satisfaction out of high places in the presence of the ideal. And in one of these very glows, only the day before, he had suddenly yielded like water to the Judge's oft-repeated invitation, and was even now on his way to Arcana to meet the real.

"Judge," he asked suddenly, "do you really think that your daughter looks like you?" This was his surest way of making the Judge produce the photograph of Mary which he carried in a little morocco case in a breast pocket. In another moment the two men were bending over the photograph in close scrutiny, as they had bent over it many times before during the last six months. Happily, it showed to the inquiring eye no trait that the Judge's Mary should not have had. The pictured face was girlishly sweet, lovely in contour, and lighted by eyes that seemed to see far.

"What do you think, Rawly, does she or does n't she?" The Judge dearly liked

to have any one corroborate his strong conviction that his daughter got her beauty from him. However, before Ralston could gratify him, the train began to slow down and the Judge hastily put the photograph away. "Rawly," he said, "just you come along with me, and I'll show you something a good deal better than a picture. I'll show you the real girl."

And Ralston, with an abrupt, odd sense of impending loss, answered like an idiot, "I've a good mind to give up and keep what I have."

"How's that? How's that? But here, don't waste any time. This is Arcana. Come a-running."

Ralston came, but not running. On the car steps he turned back, but the Judge seized his arm and pulled him from the steps, laughing at him, but not in the least comprehending him. The train moved off, and Ralston gazed after it sorrowfully. Then the Judge engaged his attention again. He was arranging with the man who drove the 'bus to take Ralston's baggage to town, and, having accomplished that, he drew Ralston away with him.

"We'll walk down, if you don't mind. I want to show you the town. Made after my own recipe. I like to see a town come up just so." He had piloted Ralston into a long, wide, dusty street, and he gazed about with paternalistic pride. "Do you realize that this state is getting old?" he asked next. "I have helped start several towns in this commonwealth upon paths of prosperity; this is the youngest of my family, and I set out her trees twenty years ago."

It occurred to Ralston that the trees had been a wise precautionary measure for Arcana. They relieved her by hiding some of her. She was in the stage of architectural development that inevitably finds expression in straight up-and-down houses painted lavender, with red or green trimmings. However, the town itself caught but little of Ralston's attention. He could think of nothing now but of his coming meeting with the real Mary.

At the foot of a street that showed a slight grade Judge Banks pointed toward a house at the top of the incline. "That's mine," he said. Ralston's heart quickened with satisfaction as he looked at the house. It was white, for one thing, and it had green shutters, and there were vines about the porch, and it seemed as if the life which the house sheltered must be less experimental, maturer, and finer than that in the lavender cottages. Ralston, light-hearted and hopeful, quickened his pace.

"I suppose Miss Mary selected the plans for your house, Judge?" he remarked, with very little question in his tone.

"Oh, no, she did n't. That's the old Larney farmhouse. Arcana is built on the old Larney farm. Phil Larney, my mother's father, came out here from Virginia in the forties and brought with him Virginia notions of house-building. To-day my house is not only the oldest house in Arcana, it's the newest. The old style has come back, you see. Mary says the house would be all right if it were only lavender-colored, — why don't you come on? — As for myself, I don't mind its being white."

Meantime in the parlor of the house at the head of the street a girl, sitting at a piano, played some chords in a jerky fashion, and then leaned her head forward on the music rest and said, "Oh, how I wish father would n't!"

"Would n't what, Mary, honey?" That was Miss Sue Banks. From the chair, where she sat rocking, she turned a gay face toward her niece.

"Would n't bring those two people here together," answered the girl, and, as if the words increased her nervousness, she arose and walked up and down the room, with her hands locked behind her.

"What two people? — Saints and masters, my chicken is not going to be enough — What two? Mr. Ralston, and who else?"

"And father's Mary." The girl bit her lip, and her aunt laughed out loud.

"Oh, Mr. Ralston's a man; he will

like her, don't you fret," said Miss Sue, and went out of the room with her shoulders shaking.

"Yes, that's just it," said Mary Banks, as though she still had an audience, "he'll like *her*," and then stopped abruptly, and stood in the middle of the floor, fluttering like a bird, as she heard the men coming in through the front doorway.

She was still standing there when the Judge entered the room. "Here! Here! Where's my girl? I am mighty glad to see you, pet." Was there a restraint in the Judge's tone, or did Ralston, at a polite distance behind, only imagine it? He was ushered forward at once, and as he came, he could not tell whether he was disappointed or not. He had seen the girl, pretty as a vision, take her father's caress smilingly, and he saw her now, still smiling, with her arm slipped filially through her father's, yet he got no more sense of her actuality than if she had been miles away. He heard her tell him, in the right sort of voice for the Judge's Mary, that she was glad to meet him because she had heard so much about him from her father,— and from some other friends. And he heard himself tell her that he had heard a good deal of her, too, from her father. And to that he heard her reply, "Yes, I don't doubt that you have." And it was just then, for the first time, that he got any sense of her actuality. For one fleeting moment somebody, with some definiteness, seemed to stand before him. Unfortunately she was gone before he had any chance to apprehend her significance. Mary Banks, smiling again, turned her face up to her father and asked him if he were well, and if he had had a pleasant trip. Was there a shadowy stress on the upturned face, or did Ralston only imagine it? Before he could answer his own question, Miss Sue Banks came in and took his hand in hers, and made him feel so much at ease with her and so much at home in the parlor that he forgot to worry himself with questions.

From the moment of Miss Sue's appearance, Mary seemed to slip into the

background. The older woman's touch was surer, in some indefinable way. It was she who rallied the Judge gayly on having made his guest walk from the station, "just to show off the Banks model for a railroad town." It was she who suggested that they all sit down, and it was she who suggested that they all get up, and that the Judge take Ralston upstairs if perchance he wanted to "freshen" for breakfast, which was going to be ready in a minute. As Ralston climbed the stairs behind the Judge, he found himself flinging back something mirthful at Miss Sue, and it was upon her that his eyes rested with vivid pleasure. Mary had moved over to the window out of his range of vision.

The two men had reached the top of the stairs when Mary came to the parlor door and called to her father: "Don't expect to find your old slippers in the case this time, father. I just had to throw them aside. But the new ones are almost exactly the same,— only a little difference in the flowers." Her voice had in it a curious pleading quality that warred with humorous appreciation, according to the way that Ralston heard it. He was so sure of the humor that he laughed. But the Judge did n't laugh.

"Oh, Mary," he said, as fretfully as a good-tempered man can say anything, "the old ones would have held out,— I was so used to them."

Still fretting, he led Ralston into the guest room. From the guest room he passed into his own room, and through the open door Ralston could see him holding up the new carpet slippers, his face twitching in contemptuous disapproval. Presently he put the slippers down and began to tumble things about in his shoebox. Then he got down on his hands and knees, and looked under the bed, puffing irascibly. Then he took a chair and climbed upon it, and felt painstakingly along the top shelf of his closet. After quite a while he came back to Ralston, his equanimity wholly restored.

Almost immediately he began to talk

of his daughter in his accustomed way. That suggestion of restraint that had mystified Ralston down in the parlor was not in evidence at all. By and by, he took out the morocco case and looked at the photograph. Ralston, from force of habit, ranged up beside him. Bending over the photograph, both men seemed to find themselves. The Judge emitted a jealous "Ah!" and brushed a speck from the face. Then he put the photograph on the bureau, and stood back a pace or two in admiring regard, his head on one side, his chin in the air. Ralston also took up a position in front of the photograph, and gave a murmur of satisfaction as he again faced that exquisite womanly sweetness on the flat. Both men forgot all about the girl downstairs. When finally they left the guest room, both showed the high-headedness of men who have had an inspirational séance with their ideals. From the stairs they got a glimpse of Mary, standing with her arms over the back of a chair in the parlor, waiting for them. The Judge remembered that he wanted to take a look at his buff cochons,—"raising 'em on a plan of my own, Rawly, my boy," and, starting Ralston toward the parlor, went out through the rear doorway of the hall.

Ralston stopped at the open front door to gain time. The absurd fact that both he and the Judge were able to get more out of Mary's photograph than out of Mary herself was not lost upon him. While he was admitting it, with a furtive smile, two ladies in two yards across the street came out to their partition fence and swapped a dressed rabbit for a beefsteak. The neighborly commerce in breakfasts pleased Ralston so much that his smile became a laugh. He thought that he heard the laugh echoed, but, turning quickly, he found Mary standing beside him with grave eyes.

"Town has some pleasant ways, hasn't it?" He looked down upon her, suspecting that his persiflage would bring a smile to her lips. But it did not. Traveling-man fashion, Ralston had once told

Judge Banks the story of the heavy drinker who would n't go skiff-riding on the Missouri River until assured that there was a bar every half mile; and the Judge had asked amiably, "Well, and did the boat ground first thing, and was the man drowned?" So Ralston sighed now, with an educated comprehension of Mary's mental attitude, and changed the subject.

"I'm so glad to meet you," he said. "I have been wanting to meet you, the real girl, for a long while."

"Have you,—the real girl?" Again he got a sense of a potential personality. Her tone was lively.

"Yes. I have known you perhaps better than you think,—from your father's portrayal of you, and from the little photograph of you, and from my own fancies of you."

"Your own fancies? What were they?"

"What are always a man's fancies of a woman?"

"Mistakes, are n't they?" He had not paused for any reply, and her interruption did not make much impression upon him. He was lifting the delicate mind-stuff that he had been spinning for months, and was draping it about Mary with engrossing satisfaction.

"I confess that my fancies of you were so pleasant that I hesitated to meet you for fear that I might lose them. I am not going to, am I?" He had gone farther than he had intended to at first, but it seemed inevitable. He had so often talked to her in his imagination, just as he was talking now, really imploring her not to let him lose her. As he spoke, her appearance calmed him. She looked her very picture, and when she answered him he did not miss the previous vivacity of her tone because of his pleasure in its gentle shyness.

"Why, if the fancies pleased you, I'll let you keep them,—if I can."

Miss Sue called them to breakfast just then, and Ralston followed Mary into the dining-room with his chest lifting. That shyness of hers, peeping out opportunely, had been reassuring to him. He talked

to her at the breakfast table very easily. And Mary said, "How comical!" to the jokes that he could not help telling, and did her part by the conversation with little feminine flourishes of like sort, that were sufficient as long as the joke-supply lasted. A little later, when she was making shift to talk on her own account, Ralston noticed that she stole occasional looks at her father, and occasionally seemed to hesitate and give the Judge a chance to shape her remarks for her, as if that were the habit between them.

"Oh, Mary," said the Judge, as breakfast drew to a close, "I was looking at the old slippers. They'll do very well for a while yet. Don't throw them away, honey; I like them. They suit me. I am so used to them."

"All right, father."

After breakfast the Judge went off to town alone, Ralston electing, as a matter of course, to stay at the house with Mary. His desire to push on in pursuit of the real was becoming keen.

But when the Judge came back at noon Ralston responded without delay to an invitation to come upstairs, and when he got upstairs he stretched. Mary, who upon closer acquaintance had developed the glibness of a mouthpiece, had made a nice effort to entertain him, however. "You want to remember that," he reminded himself, and sternly insisted upon a feeling of gratitude to the girl.

The midday dinner was a rather spiritless affair, and, dinner over, Ralston accepted the Judge's invitation to go to town with him. On the way, Ralston, his eyes idly fixed upon Arcana's unfolding glories, skillfully guided the conversation toward Mary.

"I think," said the Judge, in the course of one of his panegyrics, "that she is what she is to-day because I took so much pains with her as she grew up. I was careful to keep the ideal woman always before her. I believe that I know the ideal as well as any man, Rawly, my boy." The Judge put his hand to his breast pocket where the photograph again lay, and gave the

picture a fond pressure. "You would n't think, to see Mary now, that she promised to be a little difficult to manage when she was a child. However, she quieted down very prettily as soon as she was old enough to understand what I wanted."

"Difficult to manage?" And after the Judge reassured the young man that such had been the case, the latter turned the thought in his mind with increasing interest. Finally he said that he did n't believe that he wanted to go "down town" after all, and, excusing himself to the Judge, retraced his steps. He felt drawn back to the Banks house. He saw that he would have to come to an understanding of Mary before he could expect peace of mind. The thought that she might have an esoteric temper troubled him. He walked toward the Banks house with his head down, lost in analysis, and he had reached the gate when he noticed that a light phaeton stood before it. Mary was coming through the front doorway. He waited for her at the gate with a purpose that he characterized to himself as little short of fell. "Young woman," so his thoughts ran, "this is where *you* — whoever you are — and I meet."

"You are just in time to go driving with me," she said, by way of welcome. As he helped her into the phaeton he noticed that her eyes were shining brilliantly. He had not observed before that her eyes could be brilliant. She lowered her lashes quickly, however, and her face assumed at once the expression identified with Ralston's acquaintance with her. She made a very pleasing appearance, in a white duck suit and hat, and they were hardly established in the phaeton before he made it his business to tell her so. She answered him, in her subdued way, —

"Do you like me in this suit? Father does, too. I wear it a good deal when he is about, so that I can be his Mary." The words were childishly filial, but the tone was as disconcerting as the brilliancy of her eyes. Ralston simply did n't know what either meant. He set himself to find out.

"You like to please your father, don't you?"

"Yes. You see, I am sorry for him." Ralston observed her more closely. Again he seemed face to face with a personality. But his attention disconcerted her, and she flushed bewilderingly and looked out upon sunlit Arcana. "Have you been on the road long?" she asked.

"Why, about six months, — ever since I met your father out in Kansas last fall," he answered, with purposeful misunderstanding, "but I've just made a turn and lost myself."

"I am talking about your business."

"Are you sure that I am not?"

She took a deep breath and said, "This is the prettiest street in Arcana." And for five minutes she discoursed about Arcana in surprisingly fluent platitudes. As they passed the high school, memories of his college days stirred within Ralston. It was memory, too, that made her say softly, "You are an S. U. man, are n't you?"

"Yes, I am, but how did you know?"

"An honor man of '93" —

"Where did you learn it?"

"On the campus."

"Oh! So you are an S. U. girl?"

"Yes, but my diploma is only a year old. Still, even when I got there, your fame still echoed on the gridiron, and in the halls of learning. Dr. Carneen everlastingly bragged about you. And Mrs. Henner had your picture." She did not see fit to tell him what part the photograph — which exploited a big fellow boyishly pleased with his football clothes and hair — had played upon her silly schoolgirl heart, but even what she did tell him made Ralston redder with pleasure.

"I believe I was sorrier to disappoint Carny," he said, "than to disappoint myself, when I had to give up law, and go in for rubber. But the law didn't seem to need me, and my uncle did."

"Such a change ought to have made you elastic."

He laughed. "I think it has."

"I hope it has."

"Why?"

She did not answer, and thereupon Ralston roused to the fact that the girl to whom he had been talking for the last five minutes was not Judge Banks's Mary. But even as he realized it, she came back.

"Where have you been?" he asked wonderingly. And as she stayed silent and began to breathe quickly, he persisted the more. "Don't you think you might tell me your riddle? Don't you think you ought to? Is it fair to be a riddle to a man who has told you frankly that he wants to know *you*?"

"Ah, but that's just what you did n't tell me. What you asked of me was that I should be still and let you hang your fancies on me. Don't you suppose that I could see that that was what you really wanted? Why, that's what I have been doing for father all these years. But now that I have had a little while to think about it, I have decided that my obligation to you is a different thing, and the sphinx is going to speak." She spoke with the terrific earnestness of youth, and Ralston saw all at once that she was honest and that a sense of justice to him and to herself was back of her speech. He saw, too, that she was very young and wholly potential, and that it would be pleasant to help her realize her potentialities. She looked up at him, half smiling, half sighing. From the animation of her face it was evident that she was finding compensation in the duty that drove her up a path starred with romantic possibilities as sweet as wild flowers. Then she resumed her argument with naïve seriousness. "You see, what I have tried to do for father is this, — I have tried to recognize that it would be pretty hard on a man as old as he to ask him to readjust his ideals. He has lived a long and useful life with them, warmed and comforted by them. And he is not adaptable. And so I have just tried to let him see in me what he wanted to see in me. It seemed only fair after he had given me my education, even though the education itself set me away from his ideal toward a new ideal." She

glanced up at Ralston again, and by so doing made him lose the thread of her thought. When he got hold of it, she was saying, "Father's ideal of a woman has the strength of ages. Why, I can remember when I first took it in, just as I realized that I was a woman. Everything was confused and roseate, and I had no great desire for individuality, so I was pleased, and took all sorts of poses up on the pedestal where father had put me. But that didn't last. By and by, I learned to slip down from the pedestal and leave father's Mary alone in her glory. By and by, too, I learned to look upon that pedestal girl as a robber. Often I go up to her and shake my fist at her. She has my father's affection, don't you see. Still, I try not to smash her, for father's sake. I don't pretend to know as yet what I should be in her place. I just know that she keeps me from having any place. I don't make a nice woman of yesterday. You have already seen it. Father himself has a subconsciousness of it that makes him ill at ease with me." Suddenly she began to laugh, a gay, sparkling laugh, like Miss Sue's. "Then, you see, in our family it's the women who have the sense of humor, perhaps because the men have had to work so hard that they have worked all the humor out of their systems. At any rate, father has n't a bit. For instance, he admires Arcana, because he made it, and when I tell him that our house ought

to be lavender in the interests of harmony, he tells me seriously that he likes a white house pretty well." That justification of her taste and that revelation of her sense of humor came in just right for Ralston. He smiled down at her, with world-old satisfaction in her.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" he said gravely, though his eyes danced. "I am going to smash your father's Mary."

"Oh, if you only would!" she cried, with girlish gayety.

"Well, I'm going to. I need the pedestal for another Mary;" — and then, seeing that she had become a little frightened, and for fear that he might say more than he ought to say all at once, he began to talk hopefully of the loneliness of traveling men's lives. Talking in that wise, they drove back home.

Judge Banks was waiting for them at the gate, and when Ralston had helped Mary from the phaeton, she ran to her father and kissed him with a pretty impulsiveness, and then hurried into the house as if afraid of herself. The Judge looked after her uneasily, but he turned to Ralston with a loyal assumption of satisfaction in her. "Is n't my Mary fine, Rawly?" he asked sturdily.

"She is that, Judge," answered Ralston; — then he added, too low for the Judge to be grieved by it, — "but not so fine as my Mary 's going to be."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IN looking over the material which the season offers for a final bit of rambling commentary to shelter under the above comfortable title, the writer has been pleased to find so many books related in one way or other to the irregular kind of prose literature for which he has a special weakness. No doubt the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing; yet so long as names like Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, Lamb, and FitzGerald continue to figure actively upon our publishers' lists, we may afford to wish peace to the Mahmud of the moment in his place of pomp at the head of the Best-Sellers.

I

The biographer's apology for writing biography, now almost a formula, has an excellent English precedent: the earliest of English biographies, now sumptuously reprinted,¹ was written, its author modestly assures us, merely to set right the name of Wolsey against the "false rumours and fond opinions of the fantastical commonalty." George Cavendish, trusted servitor to Wolsey during the last and most spectacular of his years, is a partisan of the partisans; but he has nothing to gain personally by defending the memory of his master. His book shows the sincerity and ingenuousness of a true labor of love; and great vigor and simplicity of style. Cavendish does not consider himself a special pleader. He really is not aware that his Cardinal had faults. His reverence for the king steps even with that lusty monarch's indulgence of Wolsey; he is outraged that the vixen Anne Boleyn should have compassed revenge upon

¹ *The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey.* By GEORGE CAVENDISH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

her bitterest rival and enemy. The chronicler is, in short, so completely engrossed by the spectacle of the prelate's worldly magnificence as to resent whatever may have qualified it, whether a consideration of abstract morality, the obstinacy of a king, or the counter-intrigues of a woman. Wolsey's gorgeous raiment, his equipage, his plate, the whole pageant of life in his princely household — the biographer never wearies of recalling these matters in detail; or of marveling that such grandeur should have proved so fleeting. "Who list to read and consider," runs that brief and eloquent epilogue, "with an indifferent eye, this history, may behold the wondrous mutability of vain honours, brittle assurance of abundance, the uncertainty of dignities, the flattering of feigned friends, and the tickle trust to worldly princes. . . . O madness, O foolish desire! O fond hope! O greedy desire of vain honours, dignities, and riches! O what inconstant trust and assurance is in rolling fortune!" . . . Little could the simple threnodist have imagined that his lament would continue to be heard, by however few ears, across nearly four centuries; that would have been a tickle trust indeed.

Out of Browne and Herbert of Cherbury one might construct an imaginary English Montaigne. Lord Herbert would supply that activity in affairs which Sir Thomas lacked; and his vanity in little matters would sufficiently complement the more generous preoccupation of the other. The author of *Religio Medici*, like the writer of the *Essays*, admits that he is his own theme. He is as open-minded, as little insular, as Montaigne. "I have no antipathy," he writes from France, "or rather idiosyncracy in diet, humour, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for

their dishes of frogs, snails, and toad-stools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being among them make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. . . . All places, all airs, make unto me one country. I am in England everywhere and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy to sea or winds. I can study, work, or play in a tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing." But Browne altogether lacks the brisk humor of Montaigne. His mind has, if it is possible to say so, agility, but not vivacity. It makes its way, lanthorn in hand, into many odd corners of human experience and thought, but it does not open the windows and flash the light of day upon them. At his true point of inspiration, Sir Thomas is to be compared with George Cavendish rather than Montaigne; if the master of English elegiac prose is to be compared with a tyro who had struck, as if by hard chance, a single pure note. Browne was, as the assiduous and skillful Mr. Gosse, in his present monograph,¹ makes sufficiently plain, "the laureate of the forgotten dead, of those who have discovered what he from the first divined, that this loud world is nothing but 'a dream and mock-show.' In the presence of a haunting sense of the fragility of time, of the faint mark we all make upon life, something less durable than the shadow of a leaf or a breath upon a mirror, Sir Thomas Browne decides that 'restless unquiet for the diuturnity of our memories seems a vanity almost out of date, and a superannuated piece of folly.'" One fact about Browne Mr. Gosse brings out with especial distinctness: his extreme isolation. Many later writers, Cowper, FitzGerald, and R. S. Hawker, for example, have fled from the press of the "literary centre," but nobody has equaled Browne in calm ignorance of what was going on there. Browne knew nothing of English prose as an art

which had been or was being practiced by others. Yet, says Mr. Gosse, "in spite of his unaccountable attitude toward contemporary literature, and his scorn of its attempts, in his own person he was confident of conquering eternity with the delicious artifice of style." That he felt such confidence need not be doubted. For the rest, we recall and turn back to an admirable definition of style which Mr. Gosse has just phrased: "not the mere melodious arrangement of beautiful words, but the manipulation of language with such art as to reveal a personal temperament and to illustrate a human point of view." Browne had no such generous notion of style. Certainly his manner was studied; but, lacking standards, his study was often to no purpose. He invented a custom and tried to observe it; but it was more honored in the breach. "A work of this nature," he says, of *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, "is not to be performed upon one legg; and should smell of oyle, if duly and deservedly handled." It smells. Browne's theory of "elegancy" is even more absurd than Pope's theory of "correctness." Fortunately his invoices from the Mediterranean found a limited market; and his cheerful prophecy that presently Englishmen would "be fain to learn Latin to understand English" is yet to be fulfilled. Without his Latinisms he would not be Sir Thomas Browne; but his finest passages owe their power to far deeper qualities of style. Recall the sounding fifth chapter of the *Urn Burial*, or that marvelously eloquent conclusion to the very dullest of his works: "But the quincunx of heavens runs low, and 't is time to close the five ports of knowledge. We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep; which often continueth precogitations. . . . Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odors; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose. . . .

¹ *Sir Thomas Browne.* By EDMUND GOSSE. English Men of Letters. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time when sleep itself must end, and as all conjecture all shall awake again." Is it not in the rich melancholy beauty of such lines, "elegancy" fairly forgotten and able to avenge itself but with a single "precogitations," that Browne fairly achieves style? Yet a writer capable of this has caused himself to be remembered mainly as a master of verbal contortion.

Another of the recent additions to the English Men of Letters concerns itself with Browne's contemporary, Andrew Marvell,¹ and this in the year which has produced a satisfactory and accessible reprint of his poems and satires. Mr. Birrell's biographical method is more buoyant and personal than Mr. Gosse's. He is not what would be called a scholarly critic. He is of the school of Bagehot and Sir Leslie Stephen rather than of Pater and Arnold. He takes pains to conceal the traces of research, and dares to be lively in the presence of august persons. He is neither a mountebank nor a high-priest of criticism, but he has and shows, what Mr. Gosse has not or conceals, an irrepressible instinct toward self-expression, and a self well worth expressing. "The very canons of criticism," he says in the present study, "are themselves literature. If we like the *Ars Poetica*, it is because we enjoy reading Horace." This is an utterance which your scientific critic may easily analyze into nothing; let us abandon it to him. Mr. Birrell has, as usual, quoted very liberally, and to excellent effect. Quotation is an art the difficulty of which may easily be underrated by paragraph-writers or by persons who do not write at all. You may say no end of wise things about a writer, and yet fail to convey a sense of the peculiar flavor for which you really value him. To in-

sinuate a phrase or verse of our author into the midst of our own readable (because ephemeral) discourse, is all most of us may do, without giving our readers an unpalatable suspicion that they are being seduced into the perusal of a real author. Mr. Birrell quotes by the page, and we gratefully read every line because we are sure Mr. Birrell, at least, is incapable of asking us to read anything inconsequent or dull. We have not space here to enter into his treatment of Marvell; it is admirable: we should end by quoting too much from Mr. Birrell himself, as a delightful performer in the intimate style.

II

No one would more naturally be named in the connection than Lamb. The *Life* now put forth by Mr. Lucas² is likely to prove of more importance than the recent edition of *The Works and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, of which he was editor. It will not supersede the *Life and Final Memorials* of Talfourd, but it contains, mainly in the form of letter and anecdote, much of supplementary value, and some matter which is absolutely fresh. The volumes contain somewhat too large a mass of citations from former critics of Lamb; or rather, too many fragments of the kind, for they are not brought together into any sort of unity. Too many quotations from Lamb and his sister could hardly be included; even the probable apocrypha of personal reminiscence deserve a place in a biography whose alleged merit lies in its exhaustiveness. But we may easily tire of being told what certain well-nigh forgotten contemporaries of our author—footnote persons, we may call them—have thought of the man's work. Mr. Lucas's own critical attitude is respectable and conservative; it is not specifically a "contribution to the subject." This was, in a sense, to be ex-

¹ *Andrew Marvell.* By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. English Men of Letters. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

² *The Life of Charles Lamb.* By E. V. LUCAS. In two volumes, with fifty illustrations. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

pected. There is no crux to be discovered by the most ingenious critic in connection with Lamb's life or work. In two points of fact, the work does contribute to our knowledge of Lamb.

With regard to one of them a minor degree of knowledge might have been a comparative bliss. The "Confessions of a Drunkard" is, it seems, less a dramatic exercise than it has been painted. Our present access of information is, however, mainly due to Lamb himself; for a disconcertingly large number of the letters or fragments of letters here first adduced have to do facetiously, apologetically, or remorsefully, with his lapses in drink. The familiar remark comes at once to mind: that in those days hard drinking was the rule, and it was considered a pretty thing for a gentleman to end his evenings coiled up under the festive board. But it is not pleasant to be forced to view our "Saint Charles" in such case. We could find it in our hearts to wish that he and his chronicling friends — that his assiduously culling biographer, at least — had been something more sparing of detail. Yet Lamb might have been the first to denounce such a feeling as merely squeamish and sentimental. He was never an applicant for canonization, and, as strongly as Montaigne or Browne, wished to be known for what he was. Drink gave him ease from shyness, and loosed his stuttering tongue; it was "the social glass" of which he was the occasional victim. He had a weak head, and did not always "know where to stop;" but his excesses were attended by no such mental and moral dismemberment as fell to his beloved Coleridge from the use of opium.

The other point of fact has to do with Lamb's second and more serious impulse toward matrimony. His first love appears to have been a Hertfordshire beauty, one Ann Simmons, subsequently celebrated in a series of fairly bad sonnets as Anna, and in the essays as "Alice W—." This affair Lamb seems later — not much later — to have looked back to as a species

of calf-love soon extinct; though, as representing his sole adventure in that kind, not unworthy of posthumous celebration. More than that might be said; for, whether his passion was unrequited, or whether, as some may think, he was judged ineligible by the proper authorities, he paid (as he might have put it) the last honors to blighted first love by going mad. The singular thing is that he should have had no second attack of the malady to which his sister Mary, in so many senses the saner of the two, so often succumbed. His later disappointment was perhaps too deep for lamentation: he did not go mad, nor write verses. He was by this time a middle-aged man, settled in mind and habit, provided with the most admirable of sisters, long a celebrant of the comforts of celibacy. That his feeling was deep cannot be doubted. Its object, Fanny Kelly, was a reigning actress, and, more than that, a charming and estimable woman. Lamb, after long admiration, got to know her, and eventually, in a most manly and simple letter, proposed marriage. Miss Kelly's heart was already hopelessly engaged; and she replied to that effect in a manner as straightforward as his own. Her friendship with the Lambs survived; but the rejected suitor's rejoinder closed the correspondence and the subject: —

"Dear Miss Kelly, — *Your injunctions shall be obeyed to a tittle.* I feel myself in a lackadaisical no-how-ish kind of a humour. I believe it is the rain, or something. I had thought to have written seriously, but I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns and that nonsense. You will be good friends with us, will you not? let what has past 'break no bones between us.' " We suspect Thackeray called Lamb a saint because he was so unmistakably a gentleman.

Lamb was a warm admirer of Marvell, and placed Sir Thomas Browne almost at the head of his ancient cronies. He owned to a special fondness for quaint or obscure writers; he was, after all, antiquary more than critic: he "had a taste."

His judgment of contemporaries is often erratic. He discovered more than one mighty genius who came to nothing, and breathed contempt upon more than one name held then and since in critical esteem. He valued Southey, thought little of Shelley, and despised Byron. With Byron, indeed, he had nothing in common but a love for Pope. The Greeks have probably lost little by Byron's death, he intimates, just after the event: "He was best as satirist, — in any other way he was mean enough. I dare say I do him injustice, but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. He did not like the world, and he has left it." Well, tears enough were squeezed in other quarters, and the glamour is not yet gone from his memory. Critics still busy themselves with him as a power in letters; and if maidens no longer sigh over *The Bride of Abydos*, it is certain that schoolboys still sniggle over selected passages from *Don Juan*. Those boasted naughtinesses of his: it is, alas, their memory which the gross world most fondly cherishes.

III

And to what other interest in him is the title of the latest book on Byron addressed? The *Confessions of Lord Byron*¹ is simply an abridgment of matter already printed, as the sub-title shows. It might be expected to consist exclusively of "racy" and "piquant" passages; but Byron's poetry is rather more vulgar than his letters: these excerpts give a rather more favorable impression of him as a man and a man of letters than he desired to give his contemporary public. He wished to be admired as a taking mixture of aristocrat, broken-hearted misanthrope, Bohemian, "rooter" for Liberty, perfect gentleman, and casual dabbler in poetry. He had his

wish; but not with posterity. We now perceive that he was more nobleman than gentleman (as Lamb was more gentleman than bank-clerk), more flâneur than libertine, and nothing if not a man of letters. He takes a perverse pleasure in fouling his own nest; but always, it is plain, with an uneasy sense that it is his own. "Nothing so fretful, so despicable as a scribbler, see what I am." "I by no means rank poetry or poets high in the scale of intellect." "Who would write, who had anything better to do?" He affects the amateur, and protests complete indifference to adverse criticism. Reviewers are nothing; yet even a Scotch reviewer may be pronounced a fine fellow when, in lucid moments, he shows a proper appreciation of the proper English bard. He professes to fling off his little things almost at random, yet plainly expects them to be taken with the utmost seriousness. "Histrionic" is the adjective commonly applied to him; but a shorter would suffice.

The present series of extracts is conveniently classified. Here is a seventy-page chapter on "Byron's Estimate of Contemporary Poets." "Estimate" is rather too neat a word to fit the case; notions would be more suggestive of the fact. His judgments lack, we will not say consistency, but integrity. For Scott he had something like enthusiasm (Scott, we recall, laid down his harp upon the first notes of Byron's French horn); Rogers, Campbell, and Moore, as poets who might be met in the best circles, he approved of. Shelley he somewhat more than condescended to, for Shelley was a social nonconformist, and, though visionary, had a remarkably good opinion of the works of one Lord Byron. Wordsworth and Coleridge were an offense to his nostrils; and of Keats, poet of sensuousness, this poet of sensuality uses the vilest language. What strikes us most in this attitude of Byron toward others is that, taken together, they constitute simply an attitude toward himself. Many of his self-

¹ *The Confessions of Lord Byron*: A Collection of his Private Opinions of Men and Matters, taken from the New and Enlarged Edition of his Letters and Journals. Arranged by LEWIS BETTANY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

accusations are merely "histrionic" and for effect; this, the most damning of them all, is, we believe, sincere. It occurs in a letter probably written to Shelley's widow shortly after his death: "As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel anything that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highly of my talents, — and, perhaps, of my disposition." Such a passage may fitly bring us back to our epitaph: "He did not like the world, and he has left it."

After unwillingly witnessing the gross catastrophe of Oscar Wilde's delicate career, and listening somewhat less unwillingly to his final half-stifled cries, we may well draw a long breath and turn back to the essays he wrote while he still lived, and for which he should be (but, alas, will not be) remembered. Disciple-wise, the editor of the present reprint¹ is rather zealous than judicious in his manner of introducing the text. When, after quoting Wilde's remark that "Life is itself an art, and has its modes of style no less than the arts that seek to express it," Mr. Pollard proceeds to the assertion, "His life was as complete a work of art . . . as was ever composed," — we know, at least, where we are. We are prepared to hear things said about "the taint of Puritanism;" and to be instructed to value *Intentions* because "as a book, it has splendidly the sincerity of Wilde's insincerity." There is also a good deal of talk about the relation of Life and Art, ending in the somewhat ineffectual observation, "You see, do what one will, one proceeds in circles, issuing always upon paradox." Paradox is, it seems, a commodity upon which Mr. Pollard sets a

high value; he seizes the present occasion for one or two not unsuccessful experiments of his own in that somewhat simple art. One of the essays has gained an adventitious interest since its first publication on account of its oddly prophetic character. I mean the paper on Thomas Wainewright, painter, writer, friend of Lamb, forger and poisoner. Wilde says that his career as a poisoner improved the quality of his art: "The domestic virtues are not the true basis of art, though they may serve as an excellent advertisement for second-rate artists." Wainewright was "keenly sensitive to the delight of beautiful surroundings;" loved green, and cats, and antique bronzes. He poisoned various persons because he did not fancy them, or because he fancied their money. He was finally run down, tried, and sentenced to transportation. "The sentence now passed on him was, to a man of his culture, a form of death. . . . The permanence of personality is a very subtle metaphysical problem, and certainly the English law solves the question in an extremely rough-and-ready manner." Wainewright seems to have had a fairly comfortable time of it in Van Diemen's Land, though complaining much of the necessity of associating with inferiors. He kept up his pursuit of painting, and, in a half-hearted way, his avocation of poisoning; and died of apoplexy, like a gentleman. Wilde's sentence was death itself, by lingering torture; he was in one aspect a mountebank, in another a monster to be loathed; but he had a heart to break.

As a writer Wilde was what it is now fashionable to call "an artist in attitudes." So was Whistler; so, they say, is Bernard Shaw. So, in a delicate personal way, was Lamb; and, in a loud melodramatic way, Byron. The thing is common enough; some men will always express themselves best by uttering a mood or addressing themselves to a mood. Wilde's mode of escape from mere in consequence lay (as Shaw's does not seem to me to lie) in turning to the dramatic method. At least one

¹ *Intentions*. By OSCAR WILDE. New York: Brentano's. 1905.

of his plays is likely to live; and his prose attains true distinction only when cast in the form of dialogue. *The Decay of Lying* and *The Critic as Artist* seem to me masterpieces in their kind.

"Don't let us discuss anything solemnly," says Gilbert, in *The Critic as Artist*. "I am but too conscious of the fact that we are born in an age when only the dull are treated seriously, and I live in terror of not being misunderstood." The sentence might have been written by Gilbert Chesterton; it would figure admirably upon one of his numerous title-pages. Not that his happiness really depends on his being generally misunderstood, but because it is his habit to challenge, rather than to buttonhole, all comers. "*En garde*, or you are pinked; and you probably will be anyhow," is his cheerful salutation. It "means business;" and if his rapier turns out to be a crowbar, we who have survived the bare bodkin of a James and the blunderbuss of a Shaw may hope to be not too seriously discommoded. *Heretics*,¹ goes farther than any of its forerunners toward convincing us that the humorist really has something worth saying and worth understanding. The trouble with his method is that while it is infallible for getting the attention, it is not well calculated to keep it. "There are not so very many fantastic and paradoxical writers," he says in his own defense, "but there are a gigantic number of grave and verbose writers," and it is the fault of the latter class that everything detestable is kept going. It will be perceived that this is not exactly a syllogism; the middle may be distributed, but so, for that matter, are both ends. Yet we perfectly understand what Mr. Chesterton is driving at, that he counts upon the fantastical style to get a leverage upon the inert mind of some hypothetical "average reader." He must be fully aware that it is the common sense which underlies his uncommon nonsense that people look for. This fact affords a key to a flat contradiction which

is to be found in two passages here: the first asserting that one man listens to another because he "expects him to say what he does not expect him to say;" the second protesting with equal force that people only wish to hear the commonplace. The ordinary opinion in extraordinary form is the real desideratum; Mr. Chesterton has some fresh thoughts, but much of his work is interesting not because it suggests a novel view, but because its brilliant setting gives novelty to an old one. Herein lies his appeal for people who shrink from the plodding prose of ordinary essayists. If he were to state his philosophy baldly it would come to something like this: "To be useful in the world a man should be honest, religious, determined, independent, firm in his own opinion and tolerant of the opinion of others, vigorous and uncompromising of speech, capable of humor and of wrath." Well, we should say, this is a very good working philosophy; and we should yawn and pass on. Mr. Chesterton has no notion of permitting that. He tells us what we expect, but he says what we do not expect. His peril is to be self-intoxicated into saying many things which are in no sense telling, but simply the parlor antics of an excitable performer.

Mr. Nevinson belongs to the same general type as Mr. Chesterton; both are men of the day addressing themselves to men of the day: are in that sense journalists. Mr. Nevinson, however, is content with a simpler mode of address. He wishes his criticism to be "the broad and simple statement of the delight felt in certain books and certain writers by men who do not pursue literature as their business, but keep their love for it in the midst of other occupations and adventures." We do not know whether Mr. Nevinson "pursues literature as a business," but there is nothing in the character or manner of his work to prove the contrary. Most of the twoscore brief studies in this volume² are reprinted reviews of books

¹ *Heretics*. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

² *Books and Personalities*. By H.W. NEVINSON. New York: The John Lane Co. 1905.

issued during the past year or two. They are for the most part reviews in that older and better sense of the word which is still cherished in England: not scientific analyses of certain current books, but essays on themes suggested by them. Anything, as Wilde's "Gilbert" suggests, will serve the purpose of such a critic: "There is nothing that has not in it suggestion or challenge." A few of these papers appear too slight and hasty to deserve a place between covers; but only a few. They deal with a surprising range of themes, from Aristophanes to Aubrey Beardsley; from Heine to De Wet. Mr. Nevinson has the fortunate temperament which discovers something of truth, or something suggestive of truth, in everything he reads: even in Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*, even in Le Gallienne's hapless version of *Omar via FitzGerald*. A few undisguised essays are included in the volume, of which the paper on Heine is most valuable as a critical study, and *The Faith of Literature* contains the purest essence of Mr. Nevinson's own philosophy. Of the reviews proper, those on Maeterlinck and Meredith are among the best. The final sentence of the Maeterlinck paper perhaps most fairly represents the quality of the critic: Maeterlinck's power, he says, is "the terror of commonplace reduced to abstraction. The ordinary situations of life are raised to a higher power by the very simplicity of their setting, and we are compelled to realize the poignancy of emotions which are generally stifled out of consciousness by the unimportant details of existence."

IV

Of late fiction has so often taken the form of letters, and gravely denied that it is fiction, that we may have become a little suspicious of such a book as *The Upton Letters*.¹ The allegation in the present case has a kind of novelty which might as well as not have been thought up. These

¹ *The Upton Letters*. By T. B. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

we are to take as the letters of a surviving friend published at the instance of their dead recipient and of his widow. They are compositions, little essays, rather than personal communications; but there is no reason why they should not have been considered delightful, and worth publishing, by the fortunate person to whom they were addressed. T. B., taken at his face value, is not only a schoolmaster at Monk's Orchard, Upton, but a writer of experience. It would be a simple matter to run him to earth, to make out whether there is such a person in such a place; but the question of fact is not really an important one. The book is delightful enough to stand on its own merits. Many of the letters deal, naturally and properly, with matters in some way connected with the writer's profession; but, blessedly, they are schoolmasterish rather than pedagogical. They are, that is, the utterances of an enthusiastic lover of boys rather than of an educational theorist. These are English boys, and it is a method differing in many respects from our own upon which he comments; but it is mainly a matter for astonishment to the American reader who may also have chanced to deal with American boys under similar conditions, to know upon credible testimony that the schoolboy type and the teacher's problems are so nearly identical upon both sides of the intervening water. The English schoolboy is, it appears, like the American boy of the same age and class, hard to deal with, not because he is insubordinate or dull, but because he is conventional and indifferent. The question of schoolboy honor, too, is the same burning question there as here. "In the moral region I think we have much to answer for," says our schoolmaster; "there is a code of morals among boys which, if it is not actively corrupting, is at least undeniably low. The standard of purity is low; a vicious boy does n't find his vicious tendencies by any means a bar to social success. Then the code of honesty is low. A boy who is habitually dishonest in the matter of work is not in

the least reprobated. I do not mean to say that there are not many boys who are at once both pure-minded and honest; but they treat such virtues as a secret preference of their own, and do not consider that it is in the least necessary to interfere with the practice of others, or even to disapprove of it. And then comes the perennial difficulty of schoolboy honor; the one unforgivable offense is to communicate anything to the masters." It all sounds terribly familiar, dishearteningly like what we teachers of a crude republic in youth have had to confront. We should like to be able to intimate to that youth, for his soul's discomfort, that things are not done after this fashion in the England of its ancestors. Are these young savages, after all, worth the tears and labor they occasion us? Is teaching the "noblest of professions," or simply and flatly an inexorable and useless drudgery? Such questions our schoolmaster asks himself; and it cannot be said that the answer is always clear or reassuring. Still, we can but tolerate, at worst, a profession which is capable of engaging the services of men like T. B.

v

Boyhood and youth, — those days conventionally held to be the happiest which fall to humankind: what cheap sentiment, what real tenderness, they inspire. Has any one ever really wished "to be a boy again?" to "live it all over?" Yet it should be a good moment; our Upton correspondent sees the beauty of it; but there are moments when he feels helpless to deal with it, when the system of education which he is bound to stand for seems not only inadequate, but absolutely futile. To get the romance of English university life, we must go to some such work as *Euphranor*, uncomplicated as it is by questions of professional technique. To possess *Euphranor* in the present convenient form will give pleasure to many

lovers of the famous letters and the more famous quatrains.¹ This dialogue, we reassure ourselves, is as animated and graceful as *The Decay of Lying*, and how much more gentle, more genuine, more home-felt! There are no hard touches in it; no concrete problem is solved. It is simply a celebration of youth: its phases, its ideals, the service done it by hard tasks and hard knocks; the doctor is a strong advocate of athletics, with all its risks. "What, after all, is the amount of danger in all the hunting, wrestling, boating, etc., that a boy goes through? Half a dozen boys are drowned, half a dozen shot instead of rabbits by their friends, half a dozen get broken arms or collar-bones by falls from ponies, in the course of the year; and for this small toll paid to death, how large a proportion of the gentry of this country are brought up manfully fitted for peace or war." It is only fair that, when we direct our sons to Arnold's remark about the "young Barbarians at play," or to Kipling's "flanneled fools," or to the latest football casualty, we should also put this passage in their way. One sentence, at least, in *Euphranor* they are certain to come upon sooner or later, — that lovely and plaintive valediction with which the scene closes. Perhaps their college days will have been long past, and their memory of them have grown all too dim; and they will only feel that they too must have been of that quiet party which, after the good talk of the day, the good dinner, and the pleasant excitement of the boat race, linked arms, and "walked home across the meadow that lies between the river and the town, whither the dusky troops of gown-men were evaporating, while twilight gathered over all, and the nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus."

¹ *Euphranor*: A Dialogue on Youth. With an Introduction by FREDERIC CHAPMAN. New York: The John Lane Co. 1905.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS OF MUSIC

BY W. J. HENDERSON

Of the important musical books of the year, two command especial attention. These are the first volume of the new edition of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*,¹ and E. J. Dent's *Alessandro Scarlatti*.² The former is the first disclosure of the results of some arduous labor in the revision of what was in itself a vast undertaking in the domain of musical literature. Encyclopædias of music are by no means few, but up to the time of the publication of the first edition of Grove's work, readers unacquainted with French or German had to take their information at second hand. It was reserved for an English writer, and an English publishing house, to put forth a work of commanding authority in the English tongue.

That such a work should be imperfect was a foregone conclusion. Some of its imperfections, however, were characteristically British. The inadequate articles on such masters as Chopin, Brahms, Liszt, and Berlioz would not have appeared in any book written in France or Germany. On the other hand, it is not likely that any other country would have surpassed the notable articles on Mendelssohn and Weber. The original paper on Wagner, written by the late Edward Dannreuther, was at the time of its publication the best study of that genius in the English language. Sir George Grove's own essay on Beethoven was a broad, comprehensive, and discerning piece of critical biography, and Mr. Rockstro's

¹ Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Edited by J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND, M. A. F. S. A. In five volumes. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co. 1904.

² *Alessandro Scarlatti: His Life and Works*. By EDWARD J. DENT, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Edward Arnold. 1905.

articles on certain periods and phases of musical history would have been hard to excel.

The lapse of time and the acquirement of a longer perspective made it possible to perceive wherein the work was deficient, and a most admirable attempt has been made to raise it to a level of general excellence. If the succeeding volumes contain as many valuable additions and amplifications as the first, the work will suffice for many years to come, and will remain for all time a monument to the learning, patience, and judgment of the editor.

J. A. Fuller-Maitland, who took up the duties resigned by Sir George Grove not long before his death, deserves warm praise, not only for his thoroughness as editor, but also for his addition to the first volume of a full, thoughtful, and just article on Brahms. England is slow to accept new German masters, and at the time of the preparation of the first edition Brahms had not conquered the tight little island. He has made his way to the front at last, and, while he is perhaps not revered as he is in America, he does not lack appreciation. Mr. Fuller-Maitland is a sincere lover of Brahms, and has written of him with good sense and sound scholarship.

The new article on Hector Berlioz is from the pen of that accomplished Oxford professor, W. H. Hadow, who had not risen above the horizon of musical literature when the first edition of the dictionary was made. That this paper is one of insight, learning, and fine critical acumen no one need be told who has read Hadow's *Studies in Modern Music*. Berlioz is slowly settling into his rightful place among modern masters. In the beginning he was overrated, and a little later

he was underestimated. Now he is, in the strict sense of the word, appreciated.

He is accepted as the pioneer of a movement which has given us as its latest product Richard Strauss. A visionary of musical expression and a virtuoso of orchestral idiom, Berlioz was a speculator rather than an explorer, and a preacher rather than a prophet. His place in musical history will be greater than his position in musical aesthetics. Dr. Hadow has written of this uncommon man with fine discrimination. He pleads for a recognition of what was really great in Berlioz, without endeavoring to obscure the defects which prevented him from being entirely a great master.

The Chopin article in the first edition was sadly insufficient. That in the new, by Edward Dannreuther, is far better, but it is not wholly adequate. It may be doubted whether there is a man in England who could have treated the strange and fascinating musical individuality of the Polish master to the full satisfaction of a musical world. Sanity in the discussion of this composer is rare. Chopin enthusiasts rave in rhapsodic phrases. Those who fail to discern the marvelous originality, the fecundity of invention, and the potently influential individuality of his music dismiss him with the outworn epithet of "sick man." Mr. Dannreuther wrote with grave caution, with timorous reserve, and erred in the omission of details. The article might well have been four times as long. The piano is the most popular solo instrument of the age, and Chopin was a pathfinder in the world of its utterance. The morbidity of his music is a purely personal note, just as the rage and fury of it are the outbursts of a weak soul; but as music *per se* it is the product of unquestionable genius, and should so be treated without hesitation.

The Bach paper has been improved by the consolidation of the matter originally contained in the first volume with that found in the supplement, and the addition thereto of a few hundred words from

the pen of F. G. Edwards. Acoustics was overlooked in the first edition, but there is now an article on that subject. Other improvements are the presentation of lists of the works of all eminent composers, with the opus numbers, articles touching upon historical topics prior to the year 1450, before which the first edition did not go, and a series of excellent papers on American subjects, contributed by Richard Aldrich and H. E. Krehbiel. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, and the Cincinnati festivals, which were not mentioned in the original volume, are now properly treated by men who know all about them.

In his *Alessandro Scarlatti, his Life and Works*, E. J. Dent, of King's College, Cambridge, England, has placed the musical world under a debt of gratitude. Strange as it may seem in these days of investigation and record, previous to the publication of this work there was no biography of Scarlatti. Yet he was the father of modern Italian opera and of the modern orchestra. He built some of the operatic forms and clearly defined others; and he laid down the method of writing for strings which is at the basis of our present luxuriant orchestration.

Mr. Dent undertook his task in all seriousness. His volume is the fruit of patient and scholarly research. He has examined carefully all the existing manuscripts of Scarlatti's works, and has invited the assistance of the best Italian students and musical antiquarians. The result is a work of high importance, which must be accepted as the standard authority on the life and writings of the Verdi of his time. Scarlatti's music is no longer heard; but the elements of operatic design, as laid down by him, form the framework of the productions of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Mr. Dent has made an original and invaluable addition to our store of knowledge. His book is made doubly helpful by the inclusion of numerous extracts from the scores of the composer.

Just at the close of 1904, too late to be reviewed among the works of that year,

came from the Clarendon Press at Oxford the fifth volume of the great *Oxford History of Music*. This volume is written by Professor W. H. Hadow, and is entitled *The Viennese Period*.¹ The epithet "monumental" may be rightfully claimed by this history, not on account of its bulk or its exhaustive gathering of details, but by reason of its profound thoughtfulness, and its liberal application of modern philosophic methods to the construction of a rational and enlightening review of the development of the tonal art.

The division of the work into periods, and the assignment of a specialist to the study of each period has been productive of the happiest results. It has led to a sporadic publication of the different parts, the fifth appearing before the fourth, but that is a matter of small moment. Professor Hadow has striven in his volume to trace the growth of the great Viennese school of masters and to show their influence on the rest of the musical world. With Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, and Schubert smiling upon him, he had a cheerful task.

Professor Hadow exhibits some impatience with the lax methods of those historians who reiterate established but misleading formulæ, such as the old story that after Bach there was a period of stagnation in musical history. Haydn is always named as the composer who took up the march of progress, whereas good composers were by no means wanting between the dates of the greatest of J. S. Bach's compositions and the time of Haydn's maturity. The author's hostility to the accepted view leads him to place a higher estimate on the labors of Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach than any previous historian has formed, but it must be admitted that he sustains his position with substantial argument and illustration.

His attitude is open, however, to the very criticism which he makes on the old view. He shows that Sebastian Bach's

influence as a composer was almost nothing among the writers of his own time and those of the period immediately succeeding it. Cannot the same thing be said of the work of Emanuel Bach? It is easy enough for us to see how far in advance of his contemporaries he was in the development of forms, but did they or their pupils know it? That some did and that they learned from the gifted and industrious son of the Cantor of Leipsic is unquestionable; but there is danger of overstating his influence while striving to prevent its further underestimation. This is the only debatable ground in Professor Hadow's volume; the rest of the work calls for warm and unqualified approval.

In 1900, Hans Bélart published at Leipsic a highly interesting volume entitled *Richard Wagner in Zurich*. It told in detail the history of the relations of the composer with the Wesendoncks, especially Madame Wesendonck, who was the inspiration of the days when *Tristan und Isolde* was composed. The Scribners have brought out within the year William Ashton Ellis's translation of the letters of Wagner and Madame Wesendonck, under the title, *Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck*.²

This may be regarded as the official reply to Bélart. Mr. Ellis is translator in ordinary to the Wagnerian world, and is one of those devout worshipers who hold that the king could do no wrong. These letters are deeply, painfully interesting. They have served to show that the attachment of Wagner and Madame Wesendonck was no mere outflame of musical temperament, but something deserving, if not of respect, at least of sympathy. The disclosure of all the facts in the case has demonstrated that Wagner's first wife, Minna, was neither a dolt, as she has so often been painted by blind adorers of the master, nor a termagant, but a patient, simple, womanly creature, who did

¹ *The Oxford History of Music*. Vol. V. The Viennese Period. By W. H. HADOW. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1904.

² *Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck*. Translated, prefaced, etc., by WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

perhaps fail to understand how genius licensed a man to neglect his own wife, and find comfort in the intimate society of the wives of other men. Mathilde Wesendonck was undoubtedly a woman of fine intellect and poetic temperament, while Minna had neither. But despite the beautiful sentiments with which these letters are besprinkled, sentiments which place the passion of Wagner and Madame Wesendonck in the calcium light of the dramatic splendors of *Tristan und Isolde*, honest readers will continue to cherish that secret commiseration which they have always had for the unfortunate Madame Wagner and the seldom mentioned Mr. Wesendonck. What Wagner wrote to Wesendonck in 1865 cannot be blotted out either by the letters or by Mr. Ellis's laborious introduction. He wrote,—

“The incident that separated me from you about six years ago should be evaded; it has upset my life enough that you recognize me no longer, and that I esteem myself less and less. All this suffering should have earned your forgiveness, and it would have been beautiful, noble to forgive me; but it is useless to demand the impossible, and I was in the wrong.”

Francis Hopkinson,¹ and *James Lyon*, by O. G. Sonneck, printed for the author, is one of the books that should not escape the notice of the student of music. It is an account of the work of the first American writers of sacred music, prepared by the scholarly and industrious assistant librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington. It is an invaluable contribution to the history of American music, and its production reveals the achievement of a formidable task. Mr. Sonneck had to do his work *ab initio*. There were no authorities for him to consult, no reference books to aid him. The history of American music is yet to

¹ *Francis Hopkinson*, the First American Poet-Composer (1737-1791) and *James Lyon*, Patriot, Preacher, Psalmist (1735-1794): *Two Studies in Early American Music*. By OSCAR G. SONNECK. Washington, D. C., printed for the author, by H. L. Mulqueen. 1905.

be written. It is a subject in regard to which we have nothing worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Sonneck has taken this matter up with much earnestness. He has prepared a bibliography of our secular music published previous to 1800, and this will appear within a few weeks after the writing of this article. He is also preparing an index to the musical articles, critical and otherwise, in our periodical literature and newspapers. It is impossible to exaggerate the usefulness of such work.

Along the line of investigation moves the latest book of Professor Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin University, entitled *The Study of Musical History*.² This is a succinct review of the development of the tonal art, with references to the books and chapters for further research by students. Professor Dickinson is one of the leading authorities on musical history, and he has spent years in elaborating a system of studying it. This book is the outcome of his labors, and it will be a *vade mecum* for all musicians, students, and music lovers.

E. W. Naylor's *Elizabethan Virginal Book*³ is an analytical examination of the collection of British spinet and harpsichord pieces familiar to all students of musical history under the same title as this volume. It is a careful and scholarly work, and will be of great assistance in throwing light upon the methods of the composers of the days of Orlando Gibbons.

Ernest Newman's *Musical Studies*⁴ consists of essays published by the English critic in various periodicals. Mr. Newman is a somewhat liberal writer of magazine articles on musical topics, yet it is hard to find any one essay which would better not have been published.

² *The Study of Musical History*. By EDWARD DICKINSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

³ *The Elizabethan Virginal Book*. By E. W. NAYLOR. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1905.

⁴ *Musical Studies*. By ERNEST NEWMAN. London and New York: John Lane. 1905.

At times the author has not much to say that has not been said before, but he usually has something, and that something is worth seeking in his pages.

Mr. Newman's best trait is his candor. It is probably the best trait that any critical writer can possess. It is fatal to critical honesty for the author to be committed to a theory or a plea. Mr. Newman

is refreshing in his confession of facts. He accepts them and reasons from them, but never tries to ignore or overthrow them because they war against his own notions. His scholarship is good and his point of view established favorably for perspective. He writes frankly of old and new masters, and his comments are stimulating to the mind of the reader.

AS TO OLD HOUSES

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

SOMETIMES it seems a pity that we cannot have a Society for the Prevention of Indignity to Old Houses. They might be taken apart and their elements redistributed — anticipating nature; or in some cases they might be burned. But, since some of us will always love money, and the rest of us will always need it, we are not likely to do anything which will entail a financial loss.

Some years ago I used to see in a Southern city an old family mansion, decayed and melancholy, its front door gazing sadly down the open strip between the cocky little houses which had been built on what had been its lawn, and its windows looking into the back yards of those houses. The people who had owned it, one of the former "first families," still lived in the city and kept boarders in a rented house. I wondered if they could ever bring themselves to walk that way. I am reminded of this by my recent visit to my friend, Miss Cynthia, whose house burned down a short time ago.

On my way to call on her I passed the old place, and, leaning on the fence, watched the men at work, removing the débris. The ground had already been sold. The flagged walk leading up to the house was still there, and the plants and shrubs still blossomed and smelt sweet in the long flower-beds on each side; but

the box borders were broken down and the beds were trampled. The bench under the lilacs, where so many courtships were carried on, now served to hold workmen's coats and dinner pails; and the arbor vite hedge, which had screened us so well from the passers-by, had great gaps here and there. I remembered the good times I had had there in my many visits as child and as young girl: the front parlor, with its formal air of readiness for callers, and the back parlor with its open fire and easy-going, inviting aspect; the library with its mahogany bookcases, and the dining-room with the large round table, and the good things that used to come in from the big kitchen; and the two spare rooms over the front and back parlors. It was a matter of religion with that generation to reserve their best apartments for their guests. There stood the widest and heaviest mahogany bureaus, with their drawers, big and little, their narrow tops primly set out with starched white dimity covers, the marble-topped washstands with the finest sets of sprigged china bowls and pitchers, the chintz-covered chairs and the window-curtains to match. Who of us does not know those spare rooms of the past?

Nowadays customs are different. Long visits are no longer the fashion, and we take the best rooms for ourselves. Some

of us overflow into our guest rooms (we don't call them spare rooms any more), and fill up the closets and bureau drawers. A few of us do not empty them for guests, except a few hooks, perhaps, and one bureau drawer; a *very* few of us simply lock all the drawers, and when our unsuspecting guest, fancying that she is for the time being in her own room, tries to open one to lay in some of her belongings, she finds herself a stranger in a strange land and restricted to the narrow confines of her trunk. This house had always been large enough for everybody, and for everybody's belongings. Every orphan niece or cousin, to the remotest degree, had come here to be married, and had had the famous wedding-cake, made from the family recipe and baked in the old brick oven. I myself — but I was getting an unmanageable lump in my throat, and I hurried away to call on Miss Cynthia.

I found her, alas, in a boarding-house, but wonderfully unchanged. She is the dearest little old lady in the world, and so pretty, with her white side-curls, blue eyes, delicately finished features and fair skin, the cheeks faintly tinged with pink, — last vestige of the roses of youth. The tiny lace cap which is her concession to old age, and the white kerchief over the plainest of black gowns, complete an effect which is at once precise and exquisite. She took me into her room, where were a few familiar things, saved from the flames.

"No, you must n't pity me," she said, in answer to the look on my face. "My dear, I thank God every day for that fire. Let me tell you. You can imagine, perhaps, how I loved that old house — I — the last of my family. Nobody nearer than cousins, my dear. Not much like what it was when you used to visit us." She sighed, and was silent for a moment.

"Well," she went on, "the house never seemed empty to me, — I could almost fancy them all there, — and I kept it all just as it used to be. But my income grew smaller and smaller, — interest is so low now, — and it was harder and harder to get along. I did a great

deal of work myself, and I did n't really mind. I don't look very strong, but I always say that what I lack in strength I make up in determination, — and the old house took the place of father and mother and brothers and sisters to me. So you see I did n't mind; and I expected to stay there to the end of my days. But then came that failure, and I had no income at all left, and so of course I knew I must part with the house.

"Oh, I have friends, and Robert in particular, — you know his mother and I were great friends. Well, he wanted me to stay there and let him take care of me. It was sweet of Robert. But you know, my dear, I was n't brought up that way. You remember mother. I could n't accept it possibly, as long as there was any other way. So I said I would sell. It was n't so very easy, after all, for people seem to like to build their own houses, especially large ones, and I was afraid the place would have to be cut up into lots, — fancy our house elbowed into a back yard! But at last Robert found a man and brought him and his wife to look at it. I took them about, and they liked it so much that I was pleased and more than half forgot what they had come for. I think I must be growing old. And then the woman, — she was a big, fair, stupid woman, the kind they call 'motherly.' Now *why*, my dear, do they always call a large woman motherly? Mother was small. This big woman walked into mother's room. It was just as it had always been when she was alive. Do you remember it?"

Indeed I did. A room typical of that little old lady, Miss Cynthia's mother. A touch of austerity in its crisp, immaculate white curtains and covers and primly set chairs and tables, and more than a hint of gayety in the Dresden ornaments of the mantel and dressing-table. I could shut my eyes and see the climbing white rose thrusting its blossoms in at the window where the old lady sat with her book on her knee.

"Well," pursued Miss Cynthia, "she went and looked out of the south window,

and she said, 'I shall take this room for my nursery.' *Then* I knew what it was going to be to sell the house. However, it had to be done, and I went to work to get ready. You never saw anything like that attic, and what to do with the things I did n't know. Things that nobody else could care much for, and things that I did n't want anybody else to have. I gave away cradles and cribs and little chairs to the Children's Home,—I rather like to have the poor little children use them,—and out in the back yard I made a bonfire of my own youth,—dolls and ball dresses all burned together. But the letters were the worst—and it was they that set fire to the house. You never saw so many. Letters from nobody in particular, you know; not the kind to be kept as valuable records, just the unimportant letters that go so far to make the happiness of a family, and that ought to be destroyed as soon as they are answered. But somehow we always found it so much easier to put everything in the attic. For weeks I spent my evenings looking them over and burning them in the fireplaces. It was pretty dreary work. I thought I was very careful, but the last night I was so tired and discouraged that I suppose I failed somewhat in caution, though I don't know how. At any rate, I woke up and found the house on fire. We saved the portraits and silver and some other things,—most of the things that I had left in my will to my cousins and their children; but last of all, before I went downstairs for the last time, I took a candle and went into mother's room and said good-by to it. I did n't touch a thing—I just shut the door and left it to the kind fire. It's as real to me as ever, but no one else can go into it.

"And now I feel," she concluded, "that the old house is safely laid to rest out of harm's way—that it and all the memories which were bound up in it are beyond desecration. I shall not live forever, and it is such a comfort to have it all settled before I die. It is the nearest thing possible to taking it with me."

But we cannot all have our houses burn when we are done with them, and our problem still confronts us,—these houses which are so much more permanent than we. We abandon them and leave them to their fate; and if it is because we cannot help it, if we care, we stay away forever from the place that knew us of old.

And it is not only houses, but less bulky belongings, that trouble us,—Things. For we do not all possess old family houses, but we are all subject to the tyranny of Things. As if it were not enough to break our hearts over people,—over death, separation, and misfortune,—we must needs be fond of Things as well, which certainly adds something to the hardships of life. For Things, while outlasting men,—who of us has not felt that poignancy of wonder that a bit of wood or paper should outlast the hand whose touch gave it its value?—yet are subject to many accidents of loss or breakage and are, moreover, apt at times, dear as they are, to become such an incubus as to make their possession more trying than their lack. If we take them from the houses of which they have grown to be a part, and place them in strange surroundings, it seems like offering them an indignity, and for a time we feel uncomfortable in their presence. I think Miss Cynthia was wise when she closed the door of her mother's room and left it to the fire.

One comes back to the old, trite, yet ever-recurring reflections on the incongruities of life, and thinks how, ever since man ceased to be a nomad, his progress in civilization has been marked by greater accumulations of impedimenta and vaster heaps of débris; how we spend our best efforts of mind on our bodies; and how, from this Cult of the Material, we pass at a jump into a condition which, so far as we know, or fancy we know, anything about it, is an immaterial existence, and yet, we imagine, a superior existence to this. Meantime we continue to be fond of our Things and to mourn over the fallen estate of our old houses.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A READER'S CONFESSIONS

During my boyhood I could never eat peas. It was beyond me to imagine how anybody could eat them. Beans? — yes, indeed, that was another story. In the green stage, both beans and pods, they were among the choicest of summer delicacies. Baked beans, too (but I think we said "bake beans," as we surely said "string beans," and as to this day I say "roast beef," not "roasted beef" — what is grammar between courses?), — baked beans, too, I ate, though with something less of relish. But peas — faugh! I would as soon have eaten I know not what.

It may have been "a childish ignorance;" there were plenty to tell me so; but to all such my reply was ready: "They don't taste good."

And now, a certain number of years having elapsed, peas to my better instructed palate are nothing less than a luxury. To what was the change due? That is to ask more than I can answer. You may say that Time, which is supposed to make us over new once in so often, brought the alteration about. Or you may say it was Destiny. What I say is only this: that some years ago, I have no recollection how or when, I happened upon the discovery that old things were passed away, and what I formerly distasted now tasted good. As far as the appetizing nature of peas is concerned, this is all I know on earth, and all I need to know.

Other similar gastronomic revolutions I have experienced in the course of my long career at the table. And all have been welcome. A new dish is a new pleasure, and marks a date. Every one does its modest but appreciable part to keep life from degenerating into that tedious thing, an old story. Perhaps every one contributes its mite to keep the wheels

a little longer running. A varied diet is good for us, the doctors say. They know very little about it, I suspect, but it is a point in favor of their theory, I must admit, that Nature seems to have taken it upon herself to insure a varied diet.

Well, the life is more than meat, and I have spoken of peas and beans, not in the way of allegory, to be sure, yet not for their own sakes, neither, — though both are spoken of in a more than respectable connection, unless I misremember, in the best of old books, — but as a convenient and becoming prelude to a paragraph or two touching revolutions in taste of another and perhaps more elevated sort, — I mean in the matter of books.

One of the most striking of these, in my own case, has to do with the *Sentimental Journey*. It was perhaps fifteen years ago that a friend looked at me with astonishment, "a wild surmise," I might almost say, when I remarked indifferently that I had been running the book over, but could see nothing in it. He is a polite man, my friend; he said little, a mere word or two of soft disclaimer; but it was plain to see he was shocked.

I ought to have accepted his feeling as a kind of compliment, a testimonial, all the better for being indirect, to my general reputation as a reader. "You," his look said "to speak in that way." And I am proud to think now that his look was justified; for now, fifteen years afterward, though I could not make oath to having ever read it through, I should be straitened to name half a dozen books that I take down oftener than this same *Sentimental Journey*.

I still find it rather insubstantial. If Sterne ever had any ideas, he was pretty careful not to let his pen into the secret of them. He was an artist. He knew what he was about. Ideas were not in his line. They would have spoiled the brew. As

well put slices of beef into an ice cream or a pudding sauce! Dainties should be dainties. They should melt on the tongue. Yorick was not a *chef*, but a pastry cook. Every man to his trade, quoth he, — and happy is the man that knows it.

And I like his pastry. Perhaps I should have done as much fifteen years ago, had I had the wit to accept it for what it was. Perhaps I was trying to make a meal of it; which is an unfair way of treating what the pastry cook sends you. Nothing is good in itself, but in the way it is taken.

And so with the *Journey*. In these days I take it in bits. The chapters are short (as dessert plates are small), and one or two at a time go sweetly into the mind. There never was prettier English, — after you have read it long enough not to be put out by the crazy punctuation, — and for my part I love the sound of it as I love sweet music. As for the indecency there is in it, — for that, I suppose, a man must prove his own spotless moral character by always showing himself conscious of, — I have grown to pass it over, in the spirit of Sterne's reputed apology, as I would the innocent freedoms of a child playing on the carpet. The main thing with me is the writing, the exquisite, unpremeditated perfection of the sentences. I am going to read some now.

But first let me say that what we are talking about has, like everything else, another side to it; for, alas, there are books not a few that I used to read with delight, which now, for reasons better or worse, I can hardly endure to look into. As I said in my boyhood, they don't *taste* good. If I were to turn all such with their titles to the wall, my shelves, I fear, would look like shelves in Bedlam.

I have no thought of naming these melancholy castaways. Some of them would awaken surprise for their goodness, it may be, and some, quite as likely, for their badness, though I have no Toppers on my conscience, and modestly flatter myself that in this regard I am not greatly worse than the general run of bookish people. We are all in the same boat, I

think. To all of us time has brought its changes. We may have grown wiser with years, or we may have grown foolisher; at any rate, we are different. To a reading man, whatever may be true of people in general, life is not all a sameness.

But now for a page or two of Sterne, or an essay of Elia, which latter is a dish I have *always* liked. Pray Heaven I always may. A dainty dish, I call it, to set before the king.

MR. RICKMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

READERS of Miss Sinclair's excellent novel, *The Divine Fire*, will remember with pleasure the conversation between Mr. Rickman and Mr. Maddox anent the determination of the former to wear his best trousers every day. Mr. Maddox reminded Mr. Rickman that he must be prepared for a good deal of wear and tear. Mr. Rickman replied, in effect, that rain or shine he would wear those garments and none other, —

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,” — and Mr. Maddox breathed the pious wish that his friend's “spring suitings” might last forever.

As readers know, they lasted. The wear and tear made them strong as pontiac mittens. But few, very few of us disport our best garments every day. Few do so in a literal sense; and yet there is some philosophy even in this. Who that has put on Sunday clothes on a weekday, when nothing demanded, nothing even excused it, but knows the uplifting deviltry and scandal of doing so? Sunday manners oft go with Sunday clothes. An air, a courtesy, an increase of self-respect, a feeling of leisure, cling like camphor to the sacred habiliments. Most women are perpetually “wearing out” some antiquated or unbecoming gown. “It's perfectly good, and I must wear it out this fall.” Perfectly good it is, but the wearer is longing to hand it over to the ragman for a dipper. And yet the day was when it was a Sunday dress. Best clothes every

day! how many wrinkles would not this simplification of the wardrobe save! I know a lady of small income, who cannot live without two short skirts, two street suits, two house and two evening dresses. Each gown must have its understudy, or faded sister who must be married off first. "What! wearing your new dress here at home? Have n't you some old thing," etc. But she who can endure to sit at home with her father and mother, grandmother and Aunt Jane, in her best raiment, has taken the first step toward wearing, like Mr. Rickman, her fine ideals every day.

The economies of our ancestors pursue us. Alas, we are economical of our ideals. We shut them up in our unsunned parlors. In a kind of fanatical way, we cherish them; but this is the kindness that kills. We cannot bear to parade them every day. "I thought to myself, thus and so; but it seemed best not to express my opinion before," etc., — thus we hide away our convictions. "What can you do? They turn everything you say to ridicule." "It would only have provoked them to answer them back. I let it go." "I wish somebody would prevent the Snookses from driving that horse of theirs with the proud foot." This person's Sunday clothes are under lock and key; for they are very perishable. "Why does n't somebody speak to that girl's mother about her goings on?" "Yes, I know he sells liquor in defiance of the law; I think it's awful; but I don't want to get my neighbors down on me."

The undesirable acquaintance never sees his host in his Sunday togs. "I am sorry for poor Smythe; but I simply could n't have him coming here every few days." "No, I could n't ask her to lunch, with the Jenkinses coming." Sir Willoughby Patterne, when he sent word to his waiting cousin of the Marines, that he was not at home, — how frayed and greasy were the trousers he wore then!

But let no one too harshly condemn those misers of the soul who thus display their tatters to the harsh weather. Poor

and forlorn they are; and a chill blows through them to the bones, — a chill beyond that of the east wind blowing up a snowstorm in the early spring. Readers! I know that chill! I too have kept my Sunday clothes in camphor, — I too have worn these sleazy, frayed, and dowdy garments when better were to be had. At this moment they cling to me, shirts of Nessus — alas, they fit! I cannot tear them off all at once, for the threads of habit have sewed me up in them!

A DAY WITH A POEM

If you want a day that shall combine the practical content of sport with the fine rapture of a love affair, spend it with a poem. Not some one else's poem, of course — your own. And it does not have to be intrinsically what the cold world calls a poem, when it is done; anything coming out that general shape and size will suffice for a day of magic. It can turn a hall bedroom into an Arthurian wood, a dingy dressing-gown into a garment of spun gold, a lonely, empty city with the glare of August on its pavements into a shining sea where love and glory will come swimming to meet you at your plunge. It is drug and drink, and no consequences, — except the poem, of course. And that is usually very small.

The first little stirring and nibbling begin while you are moving about your room before breakfast. You have had no premonition that the angel was coming to you that day: you have waked up as usual, taken your glass of water, awaited your turn at the bathtub with no suspicion of hovering wings; then suddenly you find yourself with suspended hairbrush, staring trance-like. You rouse yourself with a shake, for you do not yet believe; but presently you are off again, mouth a little open (or lips parted, if you prefer), the buttonhook dangling from limp fingers. Then you know, for the tiny nibbling has begun. The captious may claim that angels do not nibble; but they never felt a little poem stirring up and down their

ribs, hunting the way out, while the glory shone around.

Breakfast is a vague dream in which the right-hand spirit knows naught of the left-hand body with its bacon and coffee, and its pitiful attempts to appear present-minded and as usual, — for to be caught in the first stage of a poem would mean a shame to which the first stage of the toilet bears no faintest comparison. You, the honorable, the truth-loving, will tell black lies rather than admit the fact when the angel of generation has descended.

After breakfast comes the struggle with conscience; for you are, of course, poor, and your regular bread-winning work awaits you. Poetry-making is a luxury to which the modern poor has no right, and that means a serious dilemma for the muse, for the God of Compensations never sets this particular angel nibbling at the prosperous, and it is only the ideas of the denied, of the sad and grubby, that are truly poetical. Still, the struggle is as brief as that of the drunkard after his first glass. In ten minutes the legitimate work on which the grocer or the landlady wait is shoved aside: you are off for a day with a poem.

Having taken the plunge, a period of cold reaction follows. To you is suddenly revealed the bald paltriness of the idea you have been nursing, the hackneyed beat of the metre it has begun to assume: for a terrible quarter of an hour you See Truly, and know your place in the scale of Things As They Are. Perhaps you throw it aside and take up duty, perhaps you cling to the memory that you felt just this way in the first attack on your inspired best; in either case the result is the same a quarter of an hour later — you are murmuring, "care — flare — despair," in a mounting haze of oblivious delight.

After that there are no more cold moments. You twist and shift and beat the air with your broken lines, and send a golden half hour after a single word, — a majestic hour has to wait upon a line. By the end of the morning you have a sheet

that is all gaps and interlines, a magic scroll to which as yet only you and the angel hold the key. Some one knocks to tell you that luncheon is half over: you would hurl a boot at her were it not that this might betray the poet. So your enslaved body goes down and tries to pretend for a few moments, then mutters an excuse and flies back to join its musing spirit.

By mid-afternoon the gaps are bridged, the interlinings interlined for the last time. You write out a clear copy and sit steeping in it, mouthing it, smiling at it. Then you find excuses to take your mind away for a few minutes, that it may come back with the delicious shock of freshness. You and the angel sit with your work between you in a realm of beauty and peace wherein there is not one need, one lack.

Some one calls in the hall, or a piano starts up, or a child clatters home from school. The bubble breaks, letting the angel out. You are tired and rather hungry as you uncover your typewriter, and sit down to cash up the results of the past seven or eight hours. They do not seem to you impressive. You carry them, without shame, to your family or your friend: "Is that thing any good?" These usually, with some kindly tact, help you to the conclusion that it is not. You slip it into a drawer and try not to see your legitimate work, lying with the early morning's dust still undisturbed.

But you do not feel guilty, down inside. You do not even feel disappointed. You have had your day.

MARY MILTON SPEAKS

Good masters and fair ladies of the Cosmopolitan Culture Club: Nay, do not be so alarmed! It is, I know, out of the common for a spirit to appear upon an occasion like this, but I heard my name spoken as I flitted past this house, and have delayed my terrestrial errand to listen. Alas, that after nigh two hundred and fifty years my character should be so maligned! Alas, that misguided people

should still believe that I destroyed my husband's domestic comfort, and made his life wretched with my frivolity! I think one of you was just saying that Mr. Milton and I, "in the mysterious providence of God, met for mutual misery." I am glad there is some one who thinks that the misery was mutual. All through my married life I was grieved by criticism, and since then I have been "to ages an example;" but now, if you will grant me the privilege, I should like to show you how much more I suffered than did my famous husband. It is with diffidence that I undertake the task, for

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

I heard one of you gentlemen reading some remarks which he said were made by the Reverend George Gilfillan. So that clergyman has the assurance to declare that "Milton's wife had nothing to complain of except his austere manners and life, and of these she might have been aware before the marriage." Might have been aware, indeed! Ladies, I appeal to you. If you met a man as handsome as John Milton was when I first saw him,—a man with a soft, pink-and-white complexion and fair auburn hair,—a man who looked not a day older than twenty-five,—a man who had written in praise of

Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides,—

would you expect to find him austere? La! he was finer looking than any of the soldiers who came to our dances at Forest Hill, and he smiled so sweetly, and talked so fair, that I thought I was going to live

In unreproved pleasures free.

Ah me! I soon realized that I was

Married to immortal verse,

and that my husband's sentiments were far more truly expressed when he wrote,—

Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;

And looks commerçing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

"Nothing to complain of!" How would Mr. Gilfillan have liked to have a wife who sat alone, and made the family keep quiet in order that she might compose denunciations of the political opinions of his family and friends?

One month of "Spare Fast," "Retired Leisure," and poisonous politics was enough for me, and I showed Mr. Pensero that I had no intention of turning to marble to please him. Once I was back in happy Oxfordshire, what cared I for the solemn lectures he wrote me, or for the silly tracts he published? Many a hearty laugh I had over his *Divorce Doctrines and Disciplines*, his *Tetrachordons* and his *Colasterions*. But courting that model, Miss Davies, was no laughing matter. One has to draw the line somewhere, you know, and — well, I thought I ought to make the best of my bad bargain.

You mentioned the fact that I went down on my knees to Mr. Milton when I asked him to forgive me. Pray, what else could I have done to make peace with a man who maintained that the fault was all on my side, who held himself to be infinitely superior to any woman, and who could write, even after years of wedded life, —

God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour.

Well, I went back to my pensive spouse and bore with his peculiarities as well as I could. Was it no hardship, think you, to have a husband who lived by rigid rule, — getting up at an unearthly hour in the morning, requiring to be read to and sung to exactly so much every day? Why, the strain of having his meals ready on time was enough to bear. And then, though Mr. Milton wrote so much about religion, he never went to church. Rather inconsistent, was he not? He could not have

thought his own family worth converting, for he held no devotions with us, but had the Bible read to him in Hebrew; very edifying to us poor ignoramuses. How could he, who did not deem women fit for education, blame his wife for not being a scholar? Surely there were scholars enough in the house. Besides the wonderful Phillips boys, who were held up as patterns because they had learned Latin in a single year, there was a whole parcel of student lads; enough to drive any woman out of her senses. And then there was Pa Milton to put up with. So you can imagine that when, on account of political persecution, my own family came, too, and my poor, deformed baby Anne was born, our house in Barbican was crowded full. Is there any lady here this evening who envies me the privilege of having lived with the great poet? How would she like to have had charge of the housekeeping for that combination monastery, boarding-school, nursery, and family hotel? She will surely grant that I had very little time for frivolity. The only comfort I had was the thought that my husband wielded a mightier weapon than any of our dashing young Oxfordshire officers, and now and then, when the babies were asleep, the hose all mended, and the morrow's meals planned, I would commit to memory a verse or two I had heard our guests commend. I meant to surprise the poet with them some day, but the opportunity never came.

One would think that my husband's conscience ought to have pricked him for his treatment of poor mother and her children. Taking all their property just because father owed old Mr. Milton! Perhaps he was uncomfortable, for he was uneasy enough, goodness knows. After the old folks died we moved and moved: from Barbican to Holburn, from Holburn to Charing Cross, from Charing Cross to Whitehall, from Whitehall to Scotland Yard, and from Scotland Yard to Petty France.

Precious little notice did John Milton ever take of his own dear children, though

he wrote pages of stuff about Eddie Phillips's baby sister, and called her a

Soft, silken primrose fading timelessly; and any one could see that he had no family feeling by reading his *Comus*. Imagine two men hunting for their sister in a dark forest and palavering about "Tyrian cynosures" and "innumerous boughs" for nineteen lines before they mention the lost lady!

I heard you say that Milton's marriage with me occasioned the world to entertain a very unfavorable idea of his disposition. Pray, what idea should the world have of a disposition that could not be sweet unless life was all honey and roses?

Well, good people, I have interrupted your remarks, and will now leave you to quote Howitt and Cleveland and Ward and St. John and Gilfillan to your heart's content. Much those worthies know of the merits of the case! Do you find that the Phillips boys — who lived for years in Milton's home and enjoyed the blessings of his rule and rod — ever said that I was to blame?

But I must not prate of "dispraise or blame." It is all over now, and I know that

All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about.

I trust I shall be forgiven for my momentary display of earthly temper, and be dismissed with peace and consolation

And calm of mind, all passion spent.
Farewell.

A PLEA FOR LENIENCY

No one hastens more eagerly than I to render homage to precision and felicity of phrase. To encounter these qualities in the conversation of others yields me much the same satisfaction that — fortune favoring — I myself derive from hitting upon the exact epithet to define my thought, or upon the melody of words to reveal the emotional undercurrent. My admiring sympathy goes out to Jowett,

— the story is well known, and as well worth repeating, — who, in one of his lectures, having characterized several Oriental peoples, each by an appropriate adjective, hesitated long for the illuminating word which should aptly describe the Egyptians. Regardless of his audience, he gazed into the tree tops outside his window, and waited. The very reluctance of his inspiration may have suggested the triumphant result: "that *ambiguous* people dwelling on the banks of their ancient river." And Jowett smacked his lips. The delight of the moment must have been great and worth waiting for, but this pause took place in a lecture room.

Such a pause in conversation not only sends the wits of the speaker wool-gathering, but stimulates his interlocutor to come to the rescue with a series of undesired and confusing suggestions.

I wish to make a plea for leniency toward the inept and inadequate word when uttered in the urgent stress of conversation. It is better, for instance, that the pianist who ventures to play Schubert's *Erlkoenig* should at the expense of a few false notes make the horse *dash* through the forest and reach the courtyard *mit Mih' und Noth* than that he should secure absolute accuracy by portraying a furniture van struggling through ruts. When you have immediate need of the contents of a locked trunk, having lost the key, do not send for a locksmith, but seize the nearest crowbar or poker and

terfered into fuller possession of it himself; the conversation is in a way to begin. Then lavish upon the elaboration of the thought all the beauties that can be woven out of words, — precision, balance, music, — but let us, dear lovers of language, remember to be discreetly gentle and listen with averted glance while the thought is still in *negligée*.

MASTER VERGIL

For traveling company most books, like most people, are too exacting. They

probably weakly yield and take a word or two of his now and then just to relieve your own stuttering misery; the result will be that you come to a full stop with some stupid platitude, whereas you started out in full chase of a real thought.

There is another nuisance, in the form of the placid individual who, not being engaged in fitting dresses to thoughts, is at leisure to watch your sartorial efforts with a total disregard of the thought you are trying to array. Such a one corrects single unimportant epithets, remoulds your phrases, suggests better pronunciations and intonations, until you either forget what you wanted to say, or lose interest in it, and feel constrained to offer refreshments and a cigar.

At no time more than when a thought is struggling toward expression should a friend bear with a friend's infirmities. A deep sympathy should be poured out with lavish affection about the one who is seriously striving to say some real thing. In this atmosphere of patient, sympathetic intelligence the inept word, the crude phrase, the wholly inadequate expression will be enabled to do their work and the thought-transference will be effected; the thought will be safely lodged in the mind of the other, slightly bruised in transit, but intact and intelligible. With an "I know what you mean," "exactly," or "go on, I understand," much help may be rendered, and at last, when the thinker of the thought has placed his friend in possession,

and by reason of this effort has open
break open the true
sure summon the
damage, since in the
have secured the
a rough, wholly ina
may in conversation
understood; it is yo
way of getting at yo
Of course to make
versation two are
says of speaking the
and one to hear. I
continually running
samples of his own

will not yield to a mood; they will be asserting themselves against us, or tugging us aside. And why travel, especially afoot, if one cannot be lord of his day? Therefore, because it is serenely complaisant, trust the paler allurement of pure art. Take with you some fair book not human enough to challenge you on your road. *Manon Lescaut* has the simplicity of perfect breeding, a lovely purity of style for no considerable matter. Or take *The Sentimental Journey*, if you have forgotten who wrote it. But I will always take the epic of travel, the *Aeneid*.

It may be the foredoom of artificial epic that it should live, if at all, by style alone. That all literature lives by style is a platitude; but in the *Aeneid* the import of the matter was so thin at first that it has long been threadbare. If the *Paradise Lost* was ever a moulding moral force, it is probably that no longer. The epic of rebellion against a doctrinaire God touches our time only in so far as its cold heresy is lost in its high beauty. Vergil's gods were from the beginning purely *ex machina*; his hero is alien to us; but no verse, unless it be Milton's, wins the ear more masterfully. No wonder it seemed to the Middle Age an incantation.

The purely artistic pleasure in art is given by the *Aeneid* undisturbed. Homer is human, giving a pleasure as of realism, and now and again searching the heart; Vergil, where he is human at all, is so romantically, as in the poignant fourth book. Habitually he moves but splendid shadows in armor through a colored landscape.

. . . Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.

This soothing of our souls is not shadowed by the unreal cares of the unreal *Aeneas*. When the ships are scattered in that magnificently theatrical storm, and the warriors, cast dripping on the beach, instead of cooking plain food over a fire of sticks,

. . . arida circum

Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flam-mam.

Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque
arma
Expediunt fessi rerum;

we have already forgotten them for the
scenery: —

Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reduc-
tos.

Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique mi-
nantur

In coelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
Aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet
umbra.

Fronte sub adversa scopolis pendentibus an-
trum;

Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;

Was ever finer harmony of sound and
form?

And see how alien the hero is from us when for rare moments we are troubled by a transpiring of personality, and how little he means to us as a personality in the sum of the whole. For this the crux is the episode of Dido, surely the greatest book of all, the most cogently artistic in narrative, the most glowing in figure, the most remarkable in verse. Dido is a woman. Has Vergil another? Beside this passionate creation set in high romance the pious *Aeneas* for a space becomes real enough to be despised; then, as he slinks off behind the divine will, lapses again into armor speaking platitude. Doubtless this impression is due in part to race. The Latin hero leaves us wondering and cold, is not to us heroic. The southern nations seem to keep a different standard of heroic love, to value ardor more than the northern constancy, and withal to be more demonstrative of feeling in speech than is found by us of the north consistent with heroic strength. Chaucer, whose Cressid is one of the most human figures in fiction, can make little of Troilus. Only Shakespeare has leaped this barrier; and has not even he a little Germanized his Latins, as Wagner has Germanized Tristram? But allowing that to Vergil's Romans and their descendants *Aeneas* has been more nearly than to us a

man and a hero, can we suppose that he has ever seemed to any one a moving personality? At least the distinctive power of the *Aeneid* is not here.

Except for Dido, what humanly reaches our sympathies now and again is something incidental,—almost, it would appear, accidental. The mother of Euryalus in the midst of her wild grief lamenting that she cannot shroud his body with the coat that had been taxing her aged hands; the affection of Mazentius for his horse; Nisus and Euryalus talking low on the camp wall; the old Evander's thought of his dead wife — *Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem* — beside the bier of his son; the mere illustrative figure of the house-wife weaving before dawn,—

. . . castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis, et possit parvos educere natos; —
the stuff of the *Aeneid* is not these, but Laoeoön in agony; the descent of Mercury, the figures as sun on brass, more splendid than any others ever strung on so thin a thread of fable. Vergil sings

arms, the sea and shore, dawn and moonlight, but not the man.

This typical absence of human appeal leaves free the enjoyment of the *Aeneid* as a supreme work of artifice. It is a pleasure faint, doubtless, to most men, but untroubled, art for the sake of art. The just word charged with suggestion and not surcharged —

. . . lucet via longo
Ordine flammorum, et late discriminat agros —
the elaborate cunning of the sentences, each a pattern of rhetoric and prosody, suit well the glittering pomp, the unrelaxed etiquette. The methods of the most elaborate, the most highly colored, of the great poets, are so manifest as to appoint him perpetual teacher. Just because his habit is so far from the imitable simplicity of Homer, Vergil is the master of poets. And as the master of poets, so the gentle companion of those whose journeys must be far lower and more literal than Dante's. For solace as for study it is always safe to embark upon his sounding line.

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